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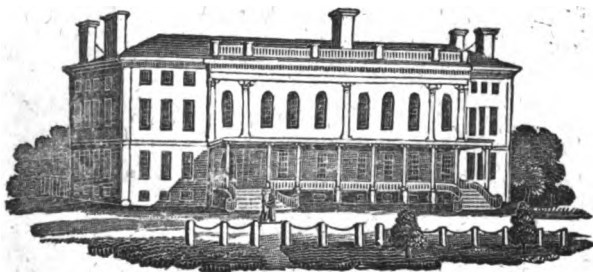
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HARVARDIANA.

VOL. II.



*Nec primus, neque ultimus sit curriculo vitæ ;
"medio tutissimus ibis."*

CAMBRIDGE :

PUBLISHED BY JOHN OWEN.

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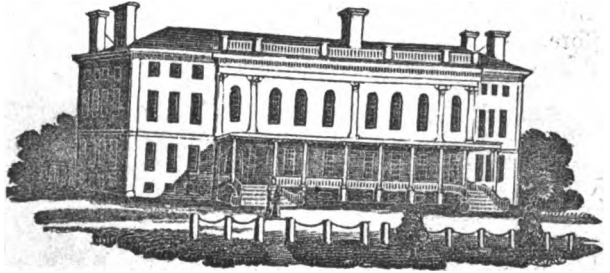
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1836

SEPTEMBER.

HARVARDIANA.

VOL. II.—No. I.



"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi floctere arcum."

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M DCCC XXXV.

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*Bridgham Antis
New York City*

NOTICE.

THE delay in the appearance of the present number has been caused by a deficiency of subscribers at the beginning of the term. Sufficient encouragement being now given, the work will be published monthly, as heretofore.

HARVARDIANA.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

NEVER were we more firmly convinced, than at present, of the wisdom of the advice of Cicero, always to write the introduction last, for the purpose of suiting it to the subject, and not the subject to the introduction. Would that it could be followed in the case of periodicals! Even if it could be, however, their contents are usually so diverse, that we should, perhaps, prefer the trouble of preparing an introduction to the unknown, to that of fitting one to the complex and heterogeneous materials of which they are composed. We wish we had the faculty, so largely possessed by the author of "Sea and Shore," of scribbling long prefaces about nothing; the aforesaid individual having occupied five pages in telling his readers of a smart saying in Lacon, "Put fire into your writings, or your writings into the fire," a maxim the observance of which would undoubtedly make fuel cheaper. If it were pertinent in us, to comment on the state of the country, to enlarge on Education, to make remarks on the political aspect of Europe, or to discourse upon any

general topic whatever, the undertaking would be comparatively easy; but the truth is, our *plain* and *single* object is merely to announce the continuance of *Harvardiana* for another year, and that is very briefly done.

This number then commences the second volume of *Harvardiana*, and is the first instance in which a college periodical has continued longer than a year in Cambridge. We enter on the duties of editorship with diffidence, united with a firm determination to discharge them to the best of our ability. A work, like the present, is highly beneficial to young men connected with a literary institution. It excites them to thought; it induces them to follow out the trains of ideas suggested by reading, and, by conducting them to novel and interesting conclusions, it must tend to infuse into them a wholesome love of literature, and fondness for composition.

The character of the work must be expected to be as various as that of college society. Here are found in close proximity minds of the most different order. The frank and high spirited son of the South, — the cool and indefatigable Northerner, — the poet, with tremulous nerves and flashing eye, — the reserved and imperturbable mathematician, — the loiterer, delighting more in observation than in reflection, — the meditative and subtile metaphysician, are all here for a time united, and will probably impress their distinguishing peculiarities upon the work.

Whatever may be its fate, even while this child of Harvard is yet unborn, we begin to feel a fondness for it. We can, in some measure, realize the attachment that prompts authors to apply diminutives of tenderness to their productions. We feel confident that the sons of our Alma Mater, under whose notice it may come, will extend to it the indulgence, — usually granted to a younger sister, — of making itself heard in the world, while we know that no overweening partiality on our part will blind us to its imperfections.

A MOEBEAN BETWEEN AN OLD AND YOUNG MAID.

Oh, how annoying 't is to walk
 With teasing, rattling beaux,
 Men who can only nonsense talk,
 As each blue-stockings knows.

Oh, how delightful 't is, when eve
 The cool breeze wakes, to rove,
 And hear the heart, I ne'er could grieve,
 Breathe forth the vows I love.

These men, these men, I cannot guess,
 For what they were designed;
 They've little sense, of beauty less,
 A plague to woman kind.

The man that ne'er will from me rove,
 By every charm is graced,
 He loves *me*, — can I doubt that love
 On *sense* is firmly based?

How horrid, frightful 't is to hear,
 When you are just asleep,
 A fretful baby in your ear
 A cry unceasing keep!

How sweet in night's lone hours to breathe
 The infant's fragrant sigh;
 Its arms about our neck to wreath,
 And kiss its tear drops dry.

'T is said man found no bliss below,
 Ere *we* to earth were given;
 But when *we* came, as all men know,
We changed the earth to heaven.

The desert globe ere woman's birth
 No happiness contained;
 But man was there, or else the earth
 A desert had remained.

A LEAF FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE BOOK.

TURNING over the pages of a journal kept during the summer vacation, I came to a record of a visit up the Hudson. I had visited it in early childhood, and its gorgeous scenery had ever after made a deep impression on my memory, causing me to revert to it in after years, as to some indistinct vision conjured up by the spell of romance. Taking an early departure from New York, we were abreast of the Palisadoes, ere the sun had attained his meridian, and while he was yet pouring down his golden morning beams over the rich foliage of the picturesque banks, and polishing the placid stream to the brilliancy of a mirror. The Palisadoes are a massive pile of rocks a few miles above Weehawken, rising perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of a hundred feet, and reaching for twenty miles along the Western shore of the Hudson. Here and there, their continuity is broken by deep dells opening into the back country, and then again, by ravines down whose craggy sides tumble cataracts, rushing down the steep and precipitating themselves, amidst a storm of foam and thunder, into the bosom of the Hudson. The opposite shores present a different scenery, — gentle hills undulating into the distance, their slopes dotted with elegant villas, — and broad verdant plains stretching far into the interior, over which the eye roams in delight at the signs of prosperity and serenity exhibited in the old Dutch farm houses, and their capacious out-buildings. They are the same old red houses, so well known in the pages of Knickerbocker, and, methought, I could see Mynheer in his porch, puffing away at his pipe, his heavy sombrous features illuminated with a momentary flash of indignation, as the proud steamboat swept by, cursing these degenerate times,

in which the traveller's ears are stunned with the roar of steam pipes, and the rattling of rail road cars, instead of being soothed to quiet by the creaking of the sail of the old Dutch packet sloop, as she sought her way from Albany to New York, warranted to perform the passage in the amazing short space of six days.

How serene was the traveller's life in those days; one was not hurried from town to town, with hardly time for observation, or the drawing of breath, but you took passage in a good Dutch sloop, commanded by an experienced "New Amsterdamer." Like a wearied man she crept along the bank during the day, to shield herself by its shade from the sun, and at night folding up her sails, anchored till the dawn under a friendly lee shore. Then she again resumed her course, and if perchance you did not get on the overslaugh, you might get to New Amsterdam in a week, but if you did, why, forsooth, you were constrained to sit down and imitate the imperturbable calmness of the Dutchman, who quietly furls his sails, and whiffs away at his pipe, patiently waiting for the rise of the tide, or a strong wind to float him off. The Dutchman is your only true philosopher—that evenness of temper, and that patient bearing with the waywardness of the world, which it is the constant effort of the stoic to acquire, is a natural gift to Mynheer, and so grateful is he for it, that he rarely fails to improve it, until finally he lapses into that character, which neither the storms of nature nor the petulance of man can move.

Our boat was full of passengers, most of them tourists, retreating from the South to the cool shades of Saratoga and Niagara. There was the citizen just escaped from the heats of the city, and the pent up air of his narrow dwelling, gazing with rapture on the varied scenery of the banks, and breaking forth into ecstasies at the bril-

liancy of the day which came down beaming from above, as if he had never before seen the pure light of the sun, or gazed upon a field of verdure. And there was the Western Virginia planter, with his broad white beaver, flapping over his bronzed brows, as the breeze swept across the stream, his countenance of lofty aristocratic bearing, but yet expressive of frankness and a noble heart within. Leaning on his arm was a beautiful Southern brunette, her wild black eyes flashing with mirth as the young Virginian at her side was recounting some college freaks, from which he had just escaped to travel with his guardian, her father. How mellow was her voice, which every now and then broke forth into a sprightly laugh ! It still rings in my ears, like the lingering echo, when I have shouted in the caverns in my youthful days. What a motley world is a steam boat ! I could never travel in one, without finding something curious or novel to arrest my attention, and stamp itself on my memory.

We had swept by West Point, and now referring to the guide book, I found that the bold peaks rising in the distance, and seeming to block up our course, were the Catskills. Catskill mountain-house is about two thousand feet above the level of the ocean. The view embraces the country lying outstretched before it for fifty miles ; the hills, on account of the height, seem to sink to a level with the adjacent land, and the earth has the appearance of a vast plain — fields of grain dot its surface with variegated colors, and the whole scene appears like an immense brilliantly colored map. In a thunder storm, the clouds are seen to collect themselves in the vacant air, and to hang, suspended in a mass, over the earth beneath ; now the thunder roars, and the lightning flashes, the clouds are rent asunder, and you get a glimpse of the world below. While the earth beneath is drenched with rain and covered with darkness, the spectator on the

mountain top is enjoying a cloudless atmosphere, with a dazzling sun over head ; — the storm has ceased, the huge clouds are rolled up like a scroll, and away they fly to the distant east. The rain has brightened the verdure, and a glorious prospect lies at the feet.

I betook myself to a solitary jutting rock, hanging out over the precipice, and there communing with my own thoughts, swept my eye across the boundless view. Yon slender stream, creeping by serpentine windings into the bosom of the highlands, is the broad Hudson, here dwindled by the distance into a narrow creek ; — that diminutive vessel, gliding adown its surface, is that mammoth of steamboats, the North America, now seemingly not much larger than a cock boat. Every thing on the earth beneath, seen from this immense elevation, dwindles into insignificance, — not a human being is to be seen, not a murmur reaches you from the great tumult below, and the quiet and serenity, which pervade it, seem to you to make it a place more fitting for the shades of the blessed, than for the petty beings who possess it.

EXTRACTS FROM A "HASTY PUDDING POEM." *

HAIL Muses all! for all are needed now,
To ask your favor, I a stranger bow.
In entering realms that own your gentle sway,
Homage to you I dare not scorn to pay.

* The introductory lines refer to a "Hasty Pudding Poem," published last year, on "Common Sense," the author of which, perhaps, thinking this subject little congenial to the Muses, told them he wished none of their assistance.

Not mine his dauntless soul who spurned your power,
 Told you on him your contenance might lower,
 Or smile propitious; that he ne'er would grieve,
 Should you of earth and all its scenes take leave,—
 E'en should he see you on swift pinions rise,
 To dwell for ever in your native skies,
 He'd greet with laughter your departure hence,
 So you but left him "good old Common Sense."
I turn to you; *he* may such threats rehearse,
 Who feels *himself* the source of all his verse;
 May seize the wreath the Muse designed his own,
 And crown himself, whom else the Muse would crown:
 But I, a novice in the art of rhyme,
 Could scarce make one line with another chime,
 Did I refuse the Muse's aid to ask,
 And deem myself sufficient for my task.

What shall I sing?—Lo! Independent Day,
 Its noise, and merriment have passed away;
 Freedom has now become a hackneyed theme,
 On which of light I cannot throw one gleam.
 The cause of slaves is plead in verse and prose,
 And Temperance Lectures all men can compose.
 What *shall* I sing?—a poem needs a name,—
 For want of better; call it Love of Fame.
 A passion wide extended as mankind,
 Found in all lands controlled by human mind;
 That, Proteus like, assumes a thousand forms,
 Excites the mariner to breast the storms
 And icy coldness of the northern seas,
 Or in the hot and suffocating breeze,
 That sweeps o'er Afric's desolated soil,
 Supports the traveller faint and sick with toil;
 Shouts as the stars and stripes victorious wave,—
 Or "goes about" the fallen wretch to save,
 Rouses the man, the child, the blood of age,
 Something to leave on history's deathless page.

* * * * *

True love of Fame asks not for vain display,
 Not for itself it enters life's affray ;
 No human being as its rival deems,
 Success of others as its own esteems,
 The love of friends, of country, man, inspires,
 And in its race of glory never tires.
 One hour would choose, with virtuous glory rife,
 To all the tasteless joys of peaceful life.
 Who feels its kindling warmth more gladly dies,
 If by his death one wretch from misery rise,
 Than he would live, hailed emperor of a world,
 O'er which the red-hot bolts of war he'd hurled.
 Though mountains rise, though stormy seas may roll,
 To separate him from his destined goal,
 Though Plutus offer wealth, and bright-eyed loves
 Again illumine fair Calypso's groves,
 His spirit yields not to the syren song,
 Nor faints when obstacles before him throng.

And when the soul has run its earthly course,
 And borne by faith, prepares to join its source,
 The love of Fame still warm within it burns,
 The shades of death to brightest visions turns,
 Confers existence in the time to be,
 Itself a type of Immortality ;
 And when the waning spark of life has fled,
 To endless glory consecrates the dead.

Its influence witness on the youth, whose days
 Move on obscurely, in life's hidden ways.
 Filled from his birth with aspirations high
 That with himself his memory may not die,
 No sympathy of soul he feels with those
 Who, from the break of day e'en to its close,
 Can ne'er the pages of a book turn o'er,
 And join the *social* circle, but to snore.

Companions genial to his soul he meets
 In nature's lone and favorite retreats,
 And every prospect, beautiful or grand,
 Spread out by Nature o'er his native land,
 Is but the germ developed in full grace,
 Which at his birth within his heart found place.
 The mountain-form that soars from earth to heaven,
 Till by its summit, yon blue dome seems riven,
 Whose silvered head looks down on smiling groves,
 Like hoary time, amid a band of loves,
 But faintly represents the deep sublime,
 His heart has treasured, unimpaired by time.
 When, leaning o'er the glassy lake, he sees
 Of spire, tree, bird, flower, fruit, the images
 In softer tints come rising from below,
 Than are the colors which around him glow,
 While through the darkened foliage in the stream
 With difficulty breaks the golden beam,
 Like face of Naiad, 'midst the leaves revealed,
 And the next instant from the view concealed,—
 While in the amber depths the gold fish roves
 Through branches thick where rest the nests of doves,*
 His soul reflects the scene that meets his sight,
 In hues as much more rich and exquisite,
 Than grace the landscape in the lakelet bland,
 As is that landscape lovelier than the strand.

The stupid boor, returning from his toil,
 Who sees that youth reclined upon the soil,
 In contemplation lost, or with fixed look
 Upon some dearly-prized and favorite book,
 Sighs at the thought of all the Indian maize,
 Large turnips, beets, and carrots he might raise;
 Wonders that one so foolish can be found,
 As rather till his mind than till the ground.

* *Piscium et summâ genus haesit ulmo,*
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis. Hor. Ode, II.

He would prefer the first green peas to raise,
 To being author of all Shakspeare's plays;
 A slumber sound beside the kitchen fire,
 To all the bliss the Muses can inspire;
 And when he's dead, he's quite content to let
 Friends bury him, cease weeping, then forget.

Not so the youth; though poverty now bind
 In narrow limits his ambitious mind,
 Though some regard with pity, some with scorn,
 Him whom they deem for nothing useful born,
 The love of Fame infuses in him power
 To bear the miseries of the present hour;
 To the great world his eager view expands,
 Where patient zeal a sure reward commands.
 He sees himself, his humble state forgot,
 By crowds surrounded, envious of his lot,
 His name is passed with haste, from mouth to mouth,
 And now he views—ah, no, mistaken youth!
 Of all the pangs, and many a pang has torn
 Thy aching bosom, since life's early morn,
 One pang remains, the keenest and the last,
 Let this be suffered, thy career is past.

When years have fled in swift succession by,
 And, with her love, divine philosophy
 Has touched his soul; when, with her fairest smile,
 Fancy in vain strives Judgment to beguile,
 When he but waits a favorable breeze
 To launch his bark upon the open seas,
 The strength that erst has borne him on his way,
 Slowly begins to wane from day to day;
 The prospect brightening with resplendent light,
 Comes disappointment with the shades of night.
 Sickness enervates his once hardy frame,
 The body's worn out by his love of fame.
 Pale is his brow, and short and choked his breath,
 Instead of glory, nought remains but death.

Ah! love of Fame, this bitter cup to drain,
Lured you yon pale enthusiast to your train?

* * * * *

Thus let it be; who asks the race to run,
The prize to win, must not a danger shun.
What though the body cold and colder grows?
The soul with still increasing ardor glows.
Tell me, ye votaries to the love of pelf,
Who all mankind would sacrifice to self,
When stretched, in life's last hours, upon your bed,
Gather such visions round your aching head,
As cheer his soul, who prays relief from pain,
The "noblest end by noblest means" to gain?
The low and scantily-provided room,
That saw his birth, and soon shall see his doom,
The friends who crowd, his parting words to hear,
Then turn aside to wipe the starting tear,
All, all, now vanish from his dying eyes;
Fancy commands the long-wished scenes to rise:
His spirit quits those spots with misery rife,
To mingle in the contest stern of life.
He manifests his native strength and zeal,
Men pay him homage, for they homage feel.
His piercing eye, his manly face, where rest
The noblest thoughts, the index of his breast,
Drive back dismayed the knaves who thought him fit
To plunge like them in black corruption's pit.
For empty titles, office, mines of gold
Ne'er will his stern integrity be sold.
For thunders of applause, it is his choice
To hear his praises from the "still, small voice."

His wish is granted, Fancy bids him stand
Fame's spotless votary 'fore a wondering land.
A smile of triumph misery's look succeeds,
The flame, that lights it, nought external feeds;
'T is nourished in him, on an altar pure
Of virtuous acts for ever to endure.

Fancy beholds with joy the rapturous gleam,
 In mercy will not wake him from his dream.
 As when the billows of the troubled deep,
 The storm subsiding, gently sink to sleep,
 While on the sea, yet struggling in its might,
 Dances and plays a golden beam of light,
 So on the dark and yesty waves, that roll
 In devastating fury o'er his soul,
 The light and gladsome smile of Fancy shines;
 And when the soul the weakened frame resigns,
 It leaves behind, as witness of its joy,
 A smile no earth-born misery can destroy.

But are there not in Harvard some who claim
 A vivid, all-absorbing love of Fame?
 O yes, most truly many such there are,
 They're met in crowds, here, there, and every where.
 There's one of them—his name I shall not tell—
 You do not see him, yet you know him well;
 A cane he carries; oft he stands before,
 Amid the idler's crowd, some college door,
 And into chapel often late he creeps,
 And sits—where? where?—why he sits where—he sleeps.
 Wish you to see him, if you'll with me come,
 I'll quickly introduce you to his room.
 Here is the door; knock, knock,—no answer made,
 He's gone, or locked the door, I am afraid.
 Ah no! I've opened it, see where he sits,
 Absorbed in one of his most studious fits.
 His head towards the table is inclined,
 On Homer thinking? no, he has just dined.
 He's fast asleep; now, let us take a plan
 Of all that makes a literary man.
 How spruce his coat; his linen *priceless* white,
 For ne'er of pay his laundress sees the sight.
 His locks are curled and perfumed, and to rest,
 His lily head sinks sweetly on his breast.

Hush! here's a bottle,—come, a joke let's play,
 Since jokes are now the order of the day.
 A drug I have, that with this wine will make
 A sleeping potion; stay, till it's mixed;—now wake
 Yon noisy snorer, not long time will pass
 Ere of the liquid he'll take many a glass,
 Which first will seize him with acutest pains,
 And when these cease, will stupify his brains.
 I will examine it, and will report
 Such wine was ne'er from foreign countries brought,
 Home manufacture—merely made to sell,
 And that it is a poison, quick and fell.
 Perhaps, at first incredulous, he'll sneer;
 But as the pain grows more and more severe,
 Then by the words that from his lips may drop,
 You'll know the last thoughts of a *learned fop*.

No sooner said than done; the sluggard oped
 His heavy eyes and hailed his friend,—then groped
 With hand unsteady for the rosy wine,
 And swallowed what he called the juice divine.
 The drug began to work; at last convinced
 By reasoning strong, though at the thought he winced,
 He quietly resigned him to his fate,
 Nor asked for aid, where aid must come too late.

“Lay me,” he softly sighed, “upon yon couch,
 Do not derange my ringlets by your touch;
 Adjust my bosom—horrid torture, oh!—
 Place near my head my *Metastasio*—
 His *Artaserse splendid*—what a pity
 I didn't buy a new stock in the city.
 Will none deliver me?—my frame is shivered—
 Well then I'll take *Jerusalem Delivered*.
 Put by my side the *Saul of Alfieri*,
 I do not want *Dante Alighieri*,
Inferno's not a poem to my taste,
 And *Paradiso* here its sweets would waste.

For Purgatorio and I must be
 Promessi Sposi? — prithee, hand it me.
 The torpor soon my senses will enchain,
 O save my fame from slander, dress from stain.
 Have you e'er read the *grand* works of Baretto?
 Hand, if you please, de Immortalitate.
 Slowly I sink — anoint me with cologne,
 Italian Dramatists — alas, I 'm gone.
 Ah, some one's making at my door a rout,
 Will you inform them I have just gone out?"
 Thus having said, the youth his slumbers takes,
 Again to prate of learning when he wakes.

Are there found any who can dare pretend
 True love of fame would trample on a friend?
 Can he prove false to *one*, whose aim has been
 The praise of *all* the good and just to win?
 On earth wherever such a man there is,
 Who for his own mean ends would sacrifice
 One generous heart; — the noble attributes,
 The elevated feelings he pollutes,
 Whatever sanctifies the human name
 Let him put off, make self his only aim;
 And when the closing hours of life are near,
 No friendly step, no kind word, let him hear.
 And if for one soft hand he dares to pray,
 To wipe the death dews from his brow away,
 O may the nature he has long degraded
 Laugh at his pangs, and garlands that have faded
 Wreath round his brow in mockery of his woe,
 And taunt his sight with pomp and empty show;
 And when he's borne upon his *splendid* bier,
 No prayer shall rise, no eyelid drop a tear.

Friendship! loved spirit, thou that pure and warm
 Spring'st from the heart, I call, and not the form
 That on itself has long and justly drawn
 Of every honest heart the bitter scorn;

Oh come, each mind from selfish thoughts to clear ;
 Come did I say ? unbidden she is here.
 Have those, who have so long together dwelt,
 No kindly interest in each other felt ?
 Is there one here, who asked not to delay
 The gladsome hours that fled too fast away ?
 But vain you breathed that wish, for soon or late
 All that have met are doomed to separate.

Then will the club permit me to express
 To all who leave us, hopes for their success.*
 May you have happiness without alloy,
 Minds filled with wisdom, hearts o'er-fraught with joy ;
 The friendly spirit may you long retain,
 Unseared by love of power or love of gain.

* * * * *

But though Harvard you must leave,
 What does it avail to grieve ?
 Let us, throwing off all gloom,
 Sing the joys that are to come.
 Come, bright Hope, and bring with thee
 Symbol of their destiny.
 Lo, a basket, wreathed with flowers,
 Round which dance the smiling Hours,
 Arms entwining,
 Faces shining,
 Bosoms swelling,
 Bright eyes telling
 All the joys she from it pours.

Lift the cover, now let 's see
 What within it there may be.
 Many a lawyer's plea and jest,
 Sermons, " published by request,"

* The remainder of the poem was addressed to those members
 of the Club that belonged to the last Senior Class.

Congress speeches, never ending,
 And to nothing ever tending;
 Instruments for amputations,
 Fourth of — you know what — orations;
 Smiles and frowns,
 Bands and gowns,
 Doctors' canes,
 Lawyers' gains
 In large quantities abound.

Ah, I see a bright eye peeping,
 From the basket now is creeping
 Rosy Cupid, making sport
 Of wigs and gowns with learning fraught.
 Hark! I hear a silvery sound,
 Ah! among the leaves are found
 Infants swarming thick as bees,
 Of loveliness sweet images.
 Their tiny voices fall upon the ear,
 Like fairy music that you scarce can hear.
 Laughing, playing,
 Dancing, straying,
 'Midst the leaves they lose their way.
 Hopping, skipping,
 Jumping, tripping,
 Nought they have to do but play.

What in the basket now remains?
 Let us see what it contains.
 What from its recess may arise?
 An old man, without teeth or eyes,
 Trembling, druling, — "pray give o'er,
 Of dismal thoughts we want no more."
 One word permit, and that to each shall be
 O be it long ere such state come to thee.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A POET.

"This thought once formed, all counsel comes too late ;
 He burns to *write*, and hurries on his fate ;
 Swiftly he sees the fancied laurels spread,
 And feels the unfading wreath surround his head."

THE first and best years of my life were misspent in the pursuit of a phantom ; and the story of that period of folly and madness is made public only from the hope, that it may serve as a beacon to others.

My father, the clergyman of a beautiful village on the banks of the Connecticut, had four children, of whom I am the oldest. I was early fixed upon as the genius of the family ; for no other reason, I believe, than that nature had given me a very uncouth exterior ; in the place of beauty, it was supposed, I must, like the owl, have wisdom.

Like many others, I had early a fondness for poetry, and, before I was fifteen, had written numerous short pieces on deaths, marriages, and other occurrences in the village. As I was the first poet who had appeared in the place, I made a great noise, and was lauded by all the critics, from the 'Squire down to the shoemaker, and looked upon as a personage, who was to immortalize my birth-place. Some went so far as to select the spot, where my bones should repose after my glorious career ; a spot which they foretold would be more frequented by literary pilgrims, than that where the remains of the bard of Avon rest. Ambitious boy that I was, I considered this no very improbable prediction. Had I been sent to one of our public institutions, I might have been undeceived before it was too late. But the sages of the place all declared, it was a shame, that a genius like mine should be cramped by the discipline of a College. So I remained at home.

When I was about nineteen, I was at a party where dancing was introduced. I made many attempts to get a partner; but they were all engaged: a glance, however, at a friendly mirror told me the whole truth. I threw myself upon a seat in a corner of the room in a state of great agitation, which was fearfully increased by the meaning glances between the young men, who had always been hostile to me. But resentment was changed to contempt, when I called to mind the predictions of my future eminence. I left them, resolved "to spurn the pleasures of a thoughtless age," and to devote my whole soul to poetry. Thus I should rise to a height, whence I could look proudly down on those who had thus openly insulted me.

I studied the works of the great masters with enthusiastic admiration. My plan was, to store my mind with all that is excellent in written poetry, and I did not doubt that I should then be able to produce a work, which would combine all the beauties of preceding bards, and still be entirely original.

At the end of six years, "The Washingtoniad," of nearly ten thousand lines, was finished. Newton was not more agitated when he saw the conclusion of his demonstration of the laws of gravity, than I was when I wrote the last line. I could not have been persuaded to exchange the glory, which I thought within my grasp, for that of the bard, whose works bear the "Impress of Eternity." I gave it to one of the principal publishers in New York, resolved that it should never be disgraced by being sold. In a few weeks he returned it with a note informing me, that he had received the opinions of certain eminent persons upon my work, and could not publish it. I now looked upon myself as a persecuted man, against whom a combination had been formed from envy, and valiantly determined to frustrate the nefarious designs of my enemies. To effect this, a copy of my poem

was deposited in the State Library, there to find a secure retreat, until the storm of war had passed away.

“Secure of praise from ages yet unborn,”

I cared little for what I deemed a temporary obscurity. It was consoling, too, to recollect, that some of the greatest monuments of human genius had not been better treated by an undiscerning world.

My purse now happened to be in the last stages of a consumption. How was it to be revived? Had not Homer repeated his poems from house to house, and from village to village? I will fly, said I, from the reach of envy, and try the effects of my muse on the simple peasant.

Elated with the idea, I left New York immediately, and, after travelling two days, came to a retired farmhouse in the State of New Jersey. It was the close of a beautiful summer day, and an elderly lady and two rosy-cheeked maidens were sitting in the porch. Having seated myself unceremoniously among them, I began to repeat what I considered the most moving passage in my poem, and was in the middle of it, when a man came up to the door with a horse-whip in his hand, which, after eyeing me for a few moments, he began to apply very deliberately to my back and shoulders. All my remonstrances and all my prayers to Apollo and the Muses were vain; I was forced to fly.

My next essay was at an inn, before an assembly of bar-room politicians. Mounted on a box, I recited some of the patriotic passages with great applause. I left my host the next day, well satisfied with my success and with his good cheer, which was freely bestowed. Without going into a detail of my wanderings, I actually went to the Falls of Niagara and returned to New York, on the *strength* of my poetry.

Some time after my arrival, I was holding forth in Broadway, when I was seized by the Police and confined in a mad-house. Here I remained, no matter how long, since it was long enough, thank Heaven, to work a complete revolution in my character. I came out convinced that the decision of the public on the works of an author is more impartial than his own, and that I was neither born a genius, nor a poet, but had been a victim of village flattery.

S. T.

“CACOËTHES SCRIBENDI.”

“Tenet insanabile multos cacoëthes scribendi.”

Juvenal.

THERE is a certain period in life, when mankind are peculiarly liable to a disease not mentioned in the books, but generally known by the appellation “Cacoëthes Scribendi,” which is various both in its symptoms and effects. In most cases, when an individual is first seized by it, his face presents a livid appearance; he trembles, as if afflicted with the palsy; he is abstracted in company, makes incoherent observations, and does not return pertinent answers. As the disease increases, the patient’s aversion to society is augmented: he is fond of solitary walks and of gazing at the moon, when “honest folks are abed,” and is observed to be particularly affected when the clock strikes twelve. If you see a man stop suddenly, and put his hand to his head, as if something hurt him, depend upon it he is troubled with this disorder, and has just

narrowly escaped an idea; if you overhear a person muttering "bright stars, lonely forest, dark stream, convent bell, one o'clock, awful silence, weeping Evelina," he is another of these unfortunate victims. The principal diagnostic, however, is the desire for pen, ink, and paper, which they crave with as much eagerness as a man sick of a fever longs for water.

Sometimes the disorder is of a placid character, and the patient is content to sit down quietly in his room, and pour forth, from the end of his goose quill, remarks on the analogy between the languages of the east, or cool speculations upon the possibility of reaching the north pole; whereas another, fastening his ink-horn to his button hole, may think the assistance of the outer air, an invigorating walk, and a delightful prospect necessary to aid him in his unfortunate condition, and enable him to bring forth the crude ideas in his brain.

Let us describe more particularly the behaviour of those who are laboring under this grievous visitation. Observe that man, with thread bare coat, outstretched neck, and anxious face, whose muscles twitch, as if in constant irritation. How rapidly he hurries through the streets, peering anxiously in every direction, that nothing may elude his observation. He seems to feel an interest in the whole human family. He is upon the wharf when a vessel arrives—and stands ready to receive the mail coach as it rolls in; and even if he meet an old acquaintance, who has been long absent, among the passengers, his first question is, "What's the news?" and his second, "How are you?" He is the most inveterate talker in the world, and is well-informed on every topic. He will talk with the farmer about the state of the crop; with the merchant about the rise and fall of stock; with the Temperance advocate about the habits of the people, or with the politician about the situation of parties. He

keeps the exact run of the prices current, without ever earning a penny by his knowledge; and knows the place of many a vessel upon the ocean, without owning a fraction of her cargo. He is, in some degree, endowed with ubiquity, and may be seen in places of the most opposite description. In lawless mobs and in courts of law — at festive entertainments and at religious discussions — at musters and at the legislature — at exhibitions of great men and great oxen — at fires, centennial celebrations, and executions, he is to be found the same busy and indefatigable spirit. He will run, as eagerly as a child, to see a new company march into town, and go with the same alacrity to see them march out of it. No one hears with more pleasure than he to fish stories, whether of sea or *land* — the “moving accidents by flood and field” of Shakspeare. A large *cabbage* makes him, as well as the tailor, laugh in his sleeve; a mammoth onion draws tears of delight from his eyes; *il s’entête d’un veau à deux têtes*, and the most extravagant *lusus naturæ* affords as rare sport to him as to the good dame herself. The heat of summer does not incommode him, provided it be above 100°; nor the cold of winter, if so be it be 40° below zero.

The Yankee is proverbially inquisitive, but the Yankee, we refer to, outzekiels Zekiel. If a man faint in the street, he endeavours to restore him to life, in order to find out his name, business, place of abode, and various other interesting particulars. Wo to you, if in his company, you let fall a hint, that you possess any important piece of intelligence! No matter if your dinner get cold, and your wife lose her temper, — he fastens upon you with the avidity of a vampire, and in spite of all your struggles does not let you go, till he has extracted from you all the information he wants. He wishes the bride and bridegroom joy, and then asks their middle names. He con-

gratulates the blushing mother, and inquires how many pounds the child weighs. He drops a tear over the remains of his friend, and then looks on the coffin-plate to ascertain his age. He is the hundred eyed Argus ; he is another Monsieur Tonson, to be met at every corner ; he is the incarnation of Curiosity — in one word, he is the *Editor of a Newspaper*.

Notice that spruce, dapper, little man, with a pleasant, satisfied countenance, who is sauntering leisurely along, with as free and *nonchalant* an air, as if he never was in a hurry. He seems so delighted with the conversation of the lively, beautiful girl, who is fondly leaning on his arm, that you might think him always thus complacent and happy. Mistaken idea ! He is the Editor of a periodical, issued on the first of every month. His last number is just out, and he is rejoicing in the conviction, that he can now enjoy a few days of uninterrupted leisure. He can now, for a little while, breathe the fresh air of the country, or course the azure deep ; but as time rolls on, and the moment approaches, when he must set his intellectual mill in operation, to supply the expected *meal*, how anxious becomes the expression of his face. He is ready to become a confirmed materialist, to adopt the opinion, that there are no ideas in the universe, for leaves perversely fall and stars obstinately twinkle without suggesting a single thought. The moon looks stupidly down, as if ashamed of all the sickly sentimentality and whining adoration of which she has been the cause, and the whole system of nature moves on and hardly evolves an idea in his mind. He consults old authors, and seeks to draw from them something that may afford the *materiel* for an article. He invokes the spirit of the age to unfold to him the prevailing characteristics of the times. He does his utmost to write something witty or striking, and when the meagre offspring of his brain lies

before him, enveloped in the neat dress of the printer, a ray of joy illumines his features; and thus he goes through the year, alternately smiling and frowning with the revolving months.

Cast your eyes on that fat and jolly son of Comus. A laugh twinkles in his eye, and reposes in each fold of his ample cheek, and his nose is at this moment tickled either with a laugh, or a pinch of Maccoboy. How lazily he rolls along! See, he has just met another of the same fraternity. There is no phlegmatic coldness between them; far otherwise, for they are so diverted with each other's comical appearance, that they cannot speak for laughing, and separate without saying a word. This is exactly the character of their works, which are filled with "broad grins," but contain no true and delicate wit. They are *Editors of Comic Almanacs*.

But it may be said, these are not instances of persons whose malady is "cacoëthes scribendi," but of men, who write for a living, not from any fondness for composition. This may be, in fact we think is very likely, but we have been describing the disease as it exhibits itself, without inquiring whether it was real or assumed.

Whenever this distemper attacks the young, some have recommended a remedy similar to that by which small pox is prevented or mitigated, and have advised that the juvenile patients be put to writing letters to their *dear* relations, or themes upon "*Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons*," and give assurance, that in this way they will be infallibly *inoculated* with a thorough distaste for all composition whatever. Numbers have tried this plan, and have found the *inoculation* to take in almost every case.

But there still remain some in whom the disease rages in all its virulence, and whom it is difficult to relieve. The Thomsonian system of heating medicines will not

benefit them, for warm weather no sooner approaches with its flowers, and fruits, and purling rills, than the disorder appears. Neither can the regular doctors render any assistance towards removing it, for it is excited by the very sight of the *mineral* as well as the *vegetable* kingdom.

The best method appears to be to let it take its own course, for it can cure itself sooner than you can cure it. Let it proceed till it has reached its height and assumed another form, in which it is styled "*cacoëthes edendi.*" Let not the critical reader for once make a mistake, and suppose we mean that the patient has then a desire to *eat* his words, when our simple intention is to say, he wishes to *publish* them. Some, even after this stage, are so incorrigible, as to persist in writing what is never read, and in publishing what is never bought. Most individuals, however, after passing through the by no means *fragrant* smoking and *vinegar sprinkling* of those *quarantine hospitals*, (we hope we may be pardoned the term,) the reviews, come forth thoroughly purged and sane.

THE DILEMMA.

I CANNOT choose, — I never can, —
 Fond lovers, how doth Cupid fool ye ! —
 Was ever fairy bright as Ann ?
 Was ever maiden fair as Julia ?
 Sure ne'er was mortal heart more vexed ; —
 Two saints with but a single chapel !
 Paris himself might stand perplexed,
 Or, tired of doubting, halve his apple.

You'd swear the golden orb of day
 His gleam on Anna's locks impresses ;
 You'd turn from starry night away,
 To gaze on Julia's jewelled tresses.
 Like heaven serene is Anna's eye,
 When not a cloud the brightness dashes ;
 But Julia's, like a stormy sky,
 Now melts in tears, now burns in flashes.

When Pleasure throngs the halls of Pride,
 And lightsome forms around are glancing,
 Whose fairy footsteps gentler glide,
 Who moves than Julia more entrancing ?
 But when the stars keep watch on high,
 And silence lulls the lone savannah,
 Then to the moonlit grove I fly,
 And whisper love to lovely Anna.

I would I were a Turk bashaw,
 And followed Mahomet the glorious ;
 Or held the fine old Jewish law,
 With Solomon, the sage uxorious ;—
 I'd fill my halls with beauty bright,
 And queenly Julia make Sultana, —
 But who should be my " Heart's Delight,"
 My " Harem's Joy," but lovely Anna !

ELAN.

Life of Edmund Kean. BY BARRY CORNWALL. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1835.

THIS volume is little more than a mere compilation of the magazine and newspaper accounts and critiques of Kean and his acting. The author dismisses, with half a dozen pages, the actor's visits to America, while he informs us, that, in one place he had "a dinner of cold salt beef," in another, "a cold boiled leg of mutton and ample jug of cider;" that at Guernsey, he got drunk "on brandy at eighteen pence a bottle," and in Ireland, on "Irish whiskey;" that while "journeying towards Bristol," he saw "a small river," in which "he swims about for a few minutes," with various other minutiae, equally entertaining and instructive; thus wasting the time of his readers, and filling up his book (which last, by the by, seems to have been his main object) with vague generalities and *microscopic* particulars. Did Mr. Barry Cornwall's faults as an author end here, destructive as they are to the interest of the work, they would yet be pardonable; we could forgive his illy sustained and undigested narrative, by setting it down to mental incapacity, and, at least, have the consoling reflection, however disappointed we might be, that the author had done his utmost for our amusement. But when to these errors he adds that of a negligent style, interspersed and *relieved* with disgusting vulgarisms, it surpasses human patience, to yield it further endurance. A few specimens of this characteristic of the work will, perhaps, be not amiss.

"Besides *moistening his clay with the dew*, for which Ireland is so famous." — p. 85.

"We hope that the little landlady has by this time *feathered her nest* to her own entire satisfaction." — p. 103.

"When he returned, which he took care should be *the day after the fair!*" — p. 109.

"The tragedian *roaring drunk*," — p. 162.

This is, doubtless, what Mr. Barry Cornwall would be disposed to call a free and easy style; and, to put his readers still more at home, he, at times, is marvellously witty; the subjoined are some of his happiest efforts:

"If he is to *crack* one (i. e. a bottle) every day, it should be literally rather than metaphorically." — p. 104.

"Kean himself with his youngest son on his back should trudge forward on foot. It was not the first time that he had acted foot traveller (!!!) but it was the first time he had *carried double*." — p. 111.

"It seemed that Kean, on the preceeding evening, finding that to be *half seas over* was very delightful, rashly calculated that water was his natural element." — p. 162.

We would inform our readers, that the words italicised the author apparently intended a play upon. How well he has succeeded, we leave each one to determine for himself.

But we are growing long, and must hasten to a conclusion. The annalist of *any* actor fills no very eminent place in the literary world, and when such a low-lived fellow as Kean is the subject of his tale, perhaps, none stands lower. Mr. Procter seems to have felt this, and comes forward very much in the manner of a big boy, who is desirous of joining in the sports of his inferiors in size, and yet is afraid of compromising his dignity by so doing. His breast labors with the wish of *making up* a book, but he still hesitates between his dignity and his subject — "honor will not mend a wound," cries Jack Falstaff — "dignity will not write such a book," cries Barry Cornwall, yet, less magnanimous than the mighty Jack, he could not add, "then I'll have none of it." But yet, while following his inclination, he never forgets

his condescension, and keeps up, throughout, an awkward show of mock dignity, ridiculous in its misplacement, and contemptible in the weakness of character it evinces.

Had Mr. Procter, when he had once taken up the task, possessed moral firmness enough to write, as it is evident he felt, the work might have been instructive; had he been more of a kindred spirit with the tragedian, it would have been, at least in parts, amusing; but, such as it is, not having the good points of either, and cumbered with the worst faults of both, it seems destined to sink into an early grave.

A. A. A.

Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in Cambridge. By T. PARSONS. August, 1835. Boston: Russell, Odiorne, & Co.

THIS is a very appropriate address. It has a definite aim, and speaks of contemporary topics of thrilling interest, and is much preferable to the pointless and vague declamations on Education, and on the "brilliant prospect of an eternity of the Union," which form the chief subject of anniversary addresses. The Orator evidently speaks from a sincere conviction of the importance, to the national welfare, of the success of appeals to the educated men of the country, to coöperate with the political sages in the dissemination of salutary political principles. In the general apprehension of a growing instability of our institutions, it is not meet that the issue of the great battle between truth and error, which we are here fighting

for mankind, should be committed to politicians alone. Literature owes too deep a debt to Freedom, to be inactive, when peril is hanging over the head of her favorite child. Statesmen, in the language of fear and doubt, are crying aloud for succour — they tell us they see the great fountains of disorganization breaking up, and that unless some mighty force seals up their sources, the flood will burst upon us with fearful devastation. It is proper, then, when the war-cry is raised, that a Herald should be sent into the fields of Literature, to proclaim the danger. He comes; and, in the trumpet tone of this address, he sounds a peal that must startle the most supine.

After having traced the progress of democracy, from its origin, in the ancient states, to the present time, and commented on its violent spirit, and the necessity of curbing it with the strong arm of reason, the author proceeds to show the great insecurity of the experiment we have undertaken, and its inevitable failure, if not managed with wisdom and address. Even now he sees cause to doubt; and in his own words, "if I dare to hope that the opening dawn of the manhood of mankind is breaking upon us, I know that we can yet see but the first faint streaks of the morning; I know too, that the whole heaven above us is black with clouds, and that from them storms may descend and strew the earth with ruin, before the coming day is established." He then defends his course in introducing a topic, so foreign to the ordinary addresses of literary societies. "Am I asked why I utter reflections like these to a literary society? May I not answer, in the spirit of that question lies the mischief. We have here no power but the law, and the law has no power but that of public opinion. Shall this opinion be left to corrupt beneath the poisonous influences of passion and vice, and of a craving for unhallowed power?"

Of the propriety of such addresses to a literary society, we are fully convinced. We heard some few timorous souls, when the address was delivered, doubt of its truth, and derisively speak of it as a "false alarm," but we also heard the voice of venerable wisdom and experience sanction its sentiments. Literary men are as much interested in the fate of the country, as any other class; and they have a power to control and purify public opinion, not even inferior to that of the most popular statesman. Is it unreasonable then to ask their aid, when the necessities of the times demand it? And is it not an unworthy action, to meet this call for aid with squeamish complaints of intrusion on the tranquillity of literature?

But we conclude. The address is of rather too impassioned a character to be suitable to a critical literary society, but yet its excuse may be found in the importance of the topics discussed. It abounds in deep thought, and fervid eloquence, — an eloquence sometimes rising to the loftiest grandeur, and in the situation of the times, it comes to us like the warning eloquence of Demosthenes, when Philip was marshalling his forces against Athens.

NOTICES.

Washington College, Pa. — The Hon. Charles F. Mercer is to deliver an address before the literary societies of Washington College, Pa., at the annual commencement of that institution, on the 30th inst.

Rev. Sereno E. Dwight, formerly pastor of Park Street Church, Boston, has resigned his office of President of Hamilton College, in Clinton, New York. He complains that the finances of the institution are in an embarrassed situation, though the number of students has been regularly increasing. He recommends the removal of the College to Utica, as calculated to restore it to prosperity; but this recommendation was not received with favor. This College was founded in 1812, and then had a President, three Professors, and two appropriate edifices.

At the last anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa of Union College, Schenectady, New York, the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, LL. D., was elected primus orator, and his Excellency, Governor William L. Marcy, secundus, for the ensuing year.



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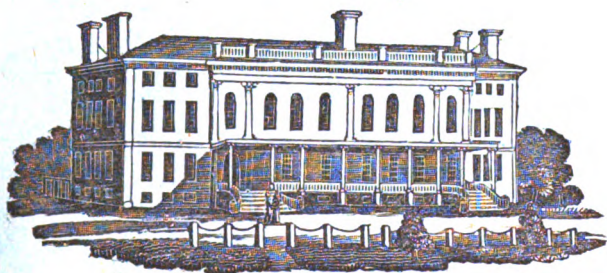
"Thermopylæ" does not agree with history, but possesses poetical merit. Will the author turn his attention to a more modern subject? The article by "H" is too long, and lacks interest. "Leaves from a College Journal" are written in an easy and agreeable style. Will the writer favor us with a communication on some topic within his "experience," of more general interest? The "Bottle" was discussed long ago, and pronounced to be of the first "brand." Will the author of the review "broach" something more appropriate to the season? "Lines suggested by the singing, &c." are smooth, but suited only for the atmosphere of Cambridge.

This work is conducted by UNDERGRADUATES OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, and published
Monthly at two dollars per annum,—payable in advance.

OCTOBER.

H A R V A R D I A N A.

V O L. II.—N O. II.



“Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum.”

CAMBRIDGE AND BOSTON:

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1835

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HARVARDIANA.

No. II.

LEAVES FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE BOOK. — No. II.

I LIKE to visit our old battle fields. The associations connected with them are fraught with such generous emotions, that I always leave them with an exalted idea of my race and country. I love to refresh my memory of history, with an actual view of the spot in which some of its momentous events have occurred. There is a holy influence about the place, which inspires me with something more than my usual ardor. I feel a glow of admiration at the zeal with which men will devote themselves to their country; my patriotism is invigorated, and I return with firmer resolutions to stand by my country, for which so much blood has been shed.

The early wars between the Colonies and the French for the possession of the border posts, seemed a necessary preparatory step to the Revolution. By these conflicts the Indians were taught a salutary lesson of the power of the colonists, and the Americans were trained in the severe trials of Indian warfare, to a skilful handling of their weapons in the struggle for Independence. In these wars the Commander-in-chief received the rudiments of his

military education, with many of his subalterns; and it was on Braddock's Field that he first gave proof of that consummate wisdom and prudence which so distinguished him above other men.

In the wanderings of an idle summer, chance brought me to Pittsburgh, and from that city I took occasion to visit Braddock's Field. It might have been expected that the long lapse of time since the battle would have left but little remembrance of it in the country around; but no, it was still fresh in the memory of the old settlers, and the rising generation had received ample accounts of it by tradition. On the crown of the hill, in an old log hut, there lives an old revolutionary soldier, who acts as guide to the curious stranger. His memory is stored with facts gathered from participators in the battle, or extorted by dint of inquiry from the Indian survivors. We found him laboring with his children, in making a clearing in the woods, and wielding the axe, as if his arms were nerved with the strength of manhood, instead of being oppressed with the weight of fourscore. On invitation he came limping down into the road, and taking his walking crutch from the hands of one of his descendants, he set out to guide us around the field. Here, in the bosom of the West, in close vicinity to the Indian battle grounds, the scenes of his glory in the wars of Anthony Wayne, raised to an humble independence by the bounty of his government, he has set himself down to spend in tranquillity the remaining years of his life. As I gazed upon his weather beaten countenance, and marked the furrows which time and care had worn upon it, the dark scenes of the Revolution came athwart my memory, and my heart yearned at finding myself in the presence of one of the survivors of the days which gave birth to my country. I felt as if I stood before a venerable parent; I could give utterance to my feelings only by a gush of tears — the warm effusion of gratitude.

The country around is of a wild and romantic character, and seems a fitting spot for deeds of violence. The Alleghany mountains are seen far in the distance looming up with their black summits into the sky, and the whole surface of the country is broken up into mountainous ridges and hills. Braddock's Field lies on the slope of a hill, rising with a gentle ascent from the Monongahela. Two deep ravines enclose it on either side, and at the time of the battle it was a wild tract of woodland. Relics of the battle still lie scattered over its surface — its very soil seems thick with human bones, and at every step you strike upon some fragment of the human frame, or some piece of military weapons. Mementos of the battle are in the hands of the inhabitants for miles around; and if the same spot should ever again be a contested ground, the surrounding population might rush to the conflict, armed with the very weapons which were wielded here an age before. The Indian tomahawk might again be grasped — the heavy musket of the British grenadier, and the unerring rifle of the Colonist, might again pour forth their destructive contents.

But let us withdraw now, as our veteran guide begins to feel the twitchings of pain from the bullet which some Indian foe planted in his side, when he fought under "Mad Cap Wayne," as he calls General Anthony Wayne. Standing on the doorstep of his hut, let us survey the scene as it existed at the time of the battle. Sweep your eye around the horizon. See ye nought in motion in those deep woods, which fringe the border of yonder stream? Aye — at yonder ford, there issues forth a little band of armed colonists, with a tall Indian in the advance as their guide; and now above, at the other ford, is seen a gay troop, with a mounted general at their head, forcing their way across the stream! This is Braddock's regiment, and the other is commanded by Colonel Washing-

ton. They have reached our side, and now they advance in irregular files up the hill, notwithstanding Colonel Washington is standing by the horse of Braddock petitioning first to scour the woods with his rifle rangers. Hark! in those dark defiles at our side, I hear the click of the rifle, and the burnishing of the tomahawk! And now, as the troop ascends the hill, down, deeper down the murderous band nestles in the tangle, awaiting with fiendish delight the approach of their unsuspecting victims! Oh, would that the General had heeded the persuasion of the Virginia Colonel! But it is too late; they are abreast of the ravines, and now, down upon them, the French and Indians pour a shower of rifle balls and tomahawks. The gallant band is staggered for a moment, but the Virginia Colonel, pushing on his forces in the advance, encourages their drooping spirits. They rally—but too late; the deadly rifle is thinning their numbers, and ah, treachery is in the ranks, for there falls the British general by the fire of one of his own soldiers*—panic is spreading amongst them; the officers' voices are unheard—and away they tumultuously hurry down the hill! The banner of England is trailing in the dust, while the white flag of France, planted on the top of the hill, waves in triumph. More than six hundred men, on this day, poured out their blood a sacrifice to

* Such was the fact, as, according to our guide, Braddock was killed by an American soldier, who related himself the circumstance to him. Braddock had given some rash orders to a soldier, which the soldier was loth to obey. Braddock turned to him, and accused him of cowardice; and on the soldier's persisting to refuse, he raised his sword to strike him down. At this moment, John Hammond, to save his brother's life, fired his pistol at Braddock, which struck him in the armpit, and mortally wounded him. The arm, however, followed its original direction, and cleft the skull of the soldier.

arrogance and temerity. Such was the battle of Braddock's Field!

Not an Indian, of all those who fought with the French, now survives, save an old chief who lives up near the sources of the Alleghany, and whose head is whitened with the snows of more than a century of winters. This chief, who bears the name of "Corn Planter," was a conspicuous actor in this battle on the part of the French. His tribe still hold the grounds on the Alleghany, which their ancestors for ages before them possessed. Old "Corn Planter" has witnessed two generations fall before him, and has seen the hunting grounds of his sires become the sites of populous cities, and flourishing farms. At times, when he comes down to Pittsburgh, he visits the battle field, and there, arm in arm, may be seen the old soldier and Indian chief, treading with faltering step, and recounting over and over again the battles of their youth.

THE SONG OF THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

DASH on, thou dark blue wave, —
 In freedom onward roll!
 I love thy wild career,
 It cheers my saddened soul;
 To dance upon thy bosom,
 So proud and joyously,
 My frame with rapture thrills,
 My eye gleams bright and free.

The heart which softness feels
 May love the placid stream,
 When o'er it brightly steals
 The silent pale moonbeam.
 But dear to me thy roar,
 It doth a bliss impart;
 It breathes a spell which wafts
 A gladness o'er my heart.

Dash on—dash on,—thou wave,
 And sweep the foamy sea;
 Thy waters seem to lave,
 And set my spirit free.
 What though my weary limbs,
 These iron fetters bind,
 I yet am bold in heart—
 I yet am free in mind!

HARVARD.

NATIONAL NOVELS.

WHILE we are erecting monuments of stone to the valor of our ancestors, it is also meet that we should present to the eye some living memorial of their characters; that their history should be interwoven with our national literature, and thus an imperishable remembrance of their deeds be transmitted to posterity. It is not sufficient that history records their exploits; it presents us with but a *partial* view of their worth. We can only attain to a just estimation of them by a knowledge of their general character. National novels are the best medium

for obtaining this knowledge. It is the part of the novelist to portray *character*, not, as of the historian, to record *events*. He examines into past and contemporary history to acquaint himself with the character of the subjects of his fiction in real life. Possessed of a perfect knowledge of his hero, it is his part to develop the character, by creating circumstances which elicit its principal traits. What a correct impersonation of the loyal cavalier is Sir Henry Lee in "Woodstock!" What a faithful delineation of the Southern Whig Peasantry of the Revolution, is the character of Horse Shoe Robinson! The characters here mentioned are correct representations of classes; but the portraiture of individual character has been equally successful; witness James the First, in the "Fortunes of Nigel."

The lapse of time has now consecrated the memories of the men of the Revolution, and sufficiently removed us from the equality of familiarity. Some venerated relics still survive of those immortal days, whose memories, rich with personal recollections of the great commanders, afford a valuable fund of information to the novelist; so that now, ere this venerated band shall become extinct, the national novelist should hasten to catch their dying whispers, and thus preserve unbroken the chain of history. We rejoice to observe this actually done in the revolutionary tales of Cooper, Kennedy, and Simms.

Genius has the power of consecrating whatever it touches. Scott has made the scenes of his novels shrines of literary pilgrimage from all parts of the world, and sacred spots in the eye of the people. Gratitude forbids us that we should cease to remember one spot hallowed with the blood of our fathers; it is then for genius, through the novel, to point out, and invest these spots with the enchantment of the associations of romance, and to assist the historian in keeping alive a remembrance

of the past. The novel, for this purpose, is more effective than the history, as from its superior interest it gains a more extensive reading. As a fiction it will be generally read, and thus may become a medium of the widest influence in developing those feelings of patriotism, which the exhibition of devotion to liberty and country must always promote.

Inexhaustible materials for fiction may be found in all the different stages of the history of the continent ;—the Indian traditions still handed down among the tribes of the west—the inflexible and moral Puritans, with their perilous wars with the savages—the romantic character of the Southern settlers—and the great drama of the Revolution, with its stormy prologue and eventful scenes,—all these different periods abound in distinguished historical characters, with whose delineation the novelist may weave into his tale a graphic picture of the times. With this prolific source of material, opportunity is afforded of creating a purely national literature, founded on our own history, and separate from that of any other nation. Such Sir Walter Scott has done for Scotland, and Miss Edgeworth for Ireland ; and such we hope some master spirit, who feels within himself the ability, may do for America. Thus the novel may become a useful appendage to history—recording events too minute for the dignity of history to commemorate, and presenting a perfect portrait of each character, which is only known in the history by his most prominent actions. Our traditions should be recorded, and preserved in the popular memory, that they may serve in moments of national gloom as quickening appeals to patriotic exertion. The purest models of patriotism are to be found in the characters of our fathers. Let them be illustrated, and set before the people ; in their bright examples being incentives to imitation, and in their history of sacrifices

marking with reprobation the citizen recreant to his country's interests and honor. We want a fund of historical recollections to keep alive the spirit of liberty. Our country's history is rich in such animating recollections. They should be sought out. The scenes of one's own country's history most forcibly speak to the feelings of man. The invocation of the Athenian orators, to the shades of the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ, always came like an exhorting voice from the sacred dead. So let the memory of the men of '76, with the fields of their glory, be kept alive, and cherished by the pen of genius; and we also shall have in our history names of power, whose bare mention shall wake the sleeping energies of the nation. Novels of this character would elevate the tone of public sentiment, by directing it to the contemplation of high moral excellence, and a correct appreciation of the services of public benefactors, and might even correct the present vitiated taste for tales of gross profligacy, and unnatural horrors, by the very contrast which the different characters of the two species of writing would exhibit. Thus every mound, which covers the bones of a soldier, may teach a practical lesson of patriotism. The curious stranger, who then visits our shores, will not travel from Maine to Georgia with but few objects to interest him, except the great wonders of nature; but at every step he will pause to ponder over some spot, hallowed to his mind by the writings of genius, and the local associations which they have awakened. The Chronicles of the Cid, wove into verse, were long the battle songs of the Spaniards; his heroic character was the model of the aspirant after true military fame, and the simple exhibition of his virtues, in the martial ballad, infused into the Spanish soldiery a romantic love of valor and honor, that for ages made them irresistible in the field. Are there not in the public characters of the fathers of the Republic virtues

more elevated and inspiring, than even those of the Cid and his fellow champions? Truly there are — patriotism, which in the Cid was a selfish love of glory — sacrifices, for liberty and the general good, without a parallel in the annals of history. It is for the welfare of the country — for the just formation of the national character, that they should be embalmed in some species of writing which most frequently meets the public eye. Novels form the reading, in some degree, of all classes; and it is in works of this character, treating of local history, that this desirable design may be best effected.

THE FAITHFUL ABENAQUOIS.

The following incident occurred at a village of the Abenauquois, on the Ottawa river, where the French had established a military post, early in the 17th century. It is related by Père Lamartine, in the "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*," as a singular instance of strong affection in a native.

"HUSBAND, dearest, do not leave me,
 Thus in misery, —
 No! thou canst not so deceive me,
 Let me go with thee.
 Think upon the accents winning,
 Which my heart beguiled;
 Think upon our love's beginning;
 Think upon our child.
 If thy haughty people spurn me,
 And the pledge I gave;
 If a wife thy pride would scorn me,
 Let me be thy slave."

Thus, before her husband kneeling,
 Prayed the Indian girl;
 But in callous tone unfeeling,
 Spake the heartless churl.
 "Manta, vain thy lamentation,
 Vain thine agony;
 Never to my Christian nation
 Canst thou go with me.
 Know that o'er the deep blue waters,
 Which our regions part,
 Home, and wife, and lovely daughters
 Wait my longing heart."

Wildly frantic Manta started
 At the dreadful sound,
 Senseless then, and broken-hearted,
 Sank she to the ground,
 With her infant in her bosom,
 Child of woe and shame!
 Like a yet unfaded blossom,
 On a broken stem.
 Reckless of her death or living
 Spurred he through the wild;
 And the Indian girl reviving
 Followed with her child.

Through the forest, o'er the river,
 Fast his way sped he,
 But the Indian woman ever
 Followed patiently.
 Famine, toil, nor mountain steepness
 Checked that wandering dove;
 Who can tell the strength and deepness
 Of a woman's love!
 O'er the wide and pathless prairie,
 Toward the rising sun,
 Still he hastened; faint and weary
 Manta followed on.

Crouching there, the ambushed foeman
 Smote him from his horse ;
 There the faithful Indian woman
 Found his bleeding corse.
 Speechless, numb, in frozen sorrow,
 Seated at his head,
 Through a night that had no morrow,
 There she watched the dead.
 Death's deep shadows gathered round her
 With their icy fold ;
 There, at dawn, her people found her,
 Lifeless, stiff, and cold.

ELAH.

Life of Edmund Kean. By BARRY CORNWALL. N. York.
 Harper & Brothers. 1835.

SINCE *Harvardiana* does not profess to be a reviewing magazine, bound implicitly by what has been once asserted in it, we would wish to correct partially some opinions that were advanced in the last Number. We perhaps are wrong in saying, we wish to correct, for this is only a matter of individual preference, and we are equally open to objection for any opinions that we may express.

The purpose of the *Life of Kean* appears to be this, — to lay before the admirers of the drama, an exact, impartial account of a man, who was allowed by all to be one of the brightest ornaments of the English stage. However much disappointed authors and actors may complain of the little respect paid to the dramatic profession by

the public, it is apparent to impartial observers, that the stage is not yet altogether neglected, and that any thing connected with its improvement and decline is anxiously, perhaps too anxiously, watched by many. The theatre is considered not merely as a source of amusement, but by some it is regarded as a school of eloquence, and even as a criterion of public morals. It is not for us to decide whether this opinion is correct or not, but, at any rate, its existence proves that the stage is not condemned or despised altogether.

It is in consequence of this feverish anxiety of a portion of the public, concerning every thing connected with the prosperity of the stage, that the whole life of the actor, his public triumphs, and his domestic relations, are so eagerly examined. His companions are earnestly scanned with the eye of curiosity, and men are not content till they have opened his mind, and laid bare all his principles of action, nay all his thoughts. To satisfy this curiosity, the numerous memoirs of actors and actresses are penned, from the common newspaper column and a half, to the labored volume. To this cause, the narrative of the life of Kean, public and private, at the scenes of his triumphs, in the saloons of wealth and fashion, and in the taverns where he could throw aside the fetters of rank and ceremony, probably owed its existence.

Kean was not born to the hereditary possession of the stage, but was obliged to work his way up, with slow and toilsome progress, from the lowest rank of a travelling band of low actors, to the eminence, whence he dazzled and astonished the world. The very date of his birth is unknown ; and the biographer, in consequence of the early obscurity of the subject of his narrative, to give an account at all perfect, is obliged to plunge into the lanes of innumerable and nameless villages. He, who afterwards drew from the collected thousands of Drury Lane

the tears of sympathy and terror, was to be found at one time, accompanying his peddling mother in the exercise of her trade; at another, swallowing greedily the cheapest drink afforded by a knavish landlord to a poor, beggarly "camp-follower." No one who wished a true, correct account, would expect elegant, high wrought descriptions of scenes like these. The *Life of Kean* is not a romance; it is a narrative of facts, many of which must have been in the highest degree repulsive to the author. He knew his difficulties, and attempted, by playful pleasantries and humorous descriptions, to render that tolerable, which otherwise must have been disgusting. That he may at times have offended the rules of good taste, that he may have been drawn down by his subject, from the region of refinement to a less congenial atmosphere, is not denied.

Whether the life of so low a person should have been undertaken at all, is a question that will be discussed elsewhere; but this *Life* was undertaken, and, in our opinion, successfully conducted.

The biographer is deterred by no difficulties, but follows the subject of his narrative from his boyhood, through the periods of youth and manhood. We see the actor as a husband, as a father, and in this last character we rejoice to find marks of deep, generous feeling. We are carried from scenes, where the afflicted father is compelled for bread to assume the guise of merriment, to his home to see him mourn over the loss of his early hopes, and we feel that he was not wholly debased. We consider it no trifling merit of the work, that it presents so full, so perfect a picture of the man in every situation.

Soon scenes more congenial to the author's taste, than wanderings to and from the provincial theatres, open to view, and the reader accompanies, with lively interest, the actor to Drury Lane, shortly to be the field of his triumph. But innumerable disappointments are thrown

in his way, and not till after many alternations of hope and despair, is he allowed to appear. Shylock is chosen for the opening of his splendid career, and the audience, although with tempers vexed by the unsuccessful attempts of other aspirants to fame, and with faculties clouded and benumbed by the sleet of a stormy English evening, soon perceive in the "quick, flashing eye, in the countenance taking at every turn a vigilant or sinister expression," that the Shylock of Shakspeare is before them. The barriers overcome, and the course entered, a triumphant career lies before our actor, and Othello, Richard, are disclosed in their true and full proportions to the admiring multitude.

We are not acquainted with the newspaper remarks of those days, but the criticisms of Mr. Barry Cornwall on Kean's style of acting, and on the characters of Hamlet and Othello, do appear to us to possess some little merit, or at least to deserve more than a sweeping censure. Were *we* to choose specimens of our author's style, we should give his criticisms one and all, but time would fail us, and the book is at the perusal of all.

Unless we are afflicted with that morbid craving for attention from every foreign writer, which some of our countrymen show, we see no reason for feeling aggrieved, that so small a space was devoted to Kean's visit to America. He played in the same characters, that had been criticised in an earlier part of the volume. Of his success, the books of the various theatres, as well as the memory of some of us, will give ample proof.

V.

Speeches of the Right Hon. George Canning. 8vo.
 Kay & Brother. Philadelphia. 1835.

IN a nation yet young, and but just forming its oratory, it is necessary that it should have some classic models of eloquence, by the study of which it may create a correct style. It should have some manuals of instruction to guide aright the education of the student; and it is for these reasons that we rejoice in the appearance of this second number of a series of volumes, containing collections of the best speeches of the great English Orators. They are prepared by Mr. Robert Walsh, the eminent editor of the "American Quarterly Review." The selections are made with judgment, and the prefaces are written in an elegant and pure style. The volume under notice contains the best speeches of George Canning, preceded by an interesting and comprehensive biography.

Mr. Canning's speeches are characterized by all the essentials of perfect oratory, though the development of each of these requisites, beyond the degree to which he possessed them, is necessary to make a perfect orator. Brilliant wit, deep and solemn pathos, the keenest satire, and great logical acumen, he possessed in an eminent degree. As a man of practical wisdom, he always adapted his address to the character of his audience. Within the Parliament house, his speeches seemed framed after the most rigid models of ancient eloquence, pure in their taste, and entwining the choicest flowers of classical literature round the solid pillars of argument. In addressing the people, he brought down his mind from its commanding elevation to a level with their own capacities; not indeed sinking into vulgarity, but yet speaking in a homely English style, with an eloquence that made every

word thrill upon the ear, and, like one of our own orators, seizing every public occasion to impress his hearers with a love of country, and an attachment to high moral principles. His rich imagination indeed, at times, led him to decorate his discourses with too much ornament, but this was only an occasional defect. He was one of those men who are originally endowed with great capacities of mind, and who develop their powers not by an exclusive cultivation of one faculty, but by a due improvement of all. We should think that he received from nature a greater proportion of the imaginative than of the reasoning faculty ; but yet, by a proper cultivation of the latter, he became one of the closest debaters in the English Parliament. His success was an illustration of the great necessity of extensive acquisitions, and hard study, to form an orator. His speeches, imbued with classical lore, give proof of his devotion to the great writers of antiquity, and their many illustrations, drawn from almost every department of literature, testify to his varied learning.

His career was a brilliant one from his youth upward. At Eton, he was distinguished as a scholar, and as a writer for a college journal founded by himself, entitled the "Microcosm," which was conducted with remarkable ability. At Oxford he gained great reputation for his indefatigable devotion to study, and his success in competing for several prize essays. In consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, he was obliged to leave Oxford without graduating. He betook himself to the study of the law at Lincoln's Inn ; where his talents immediately attracted attention, and, as a young man of abilities, his acquaintance was solicited by the leading members of the rival political parties. At the advice of Burke, who in this instance, as with Barry the painter, generously offered him counsel and assistance, he left the law, and com-

menced preparing himself for a statesman. At the age of twenty-four he entered Parliament.

Although thrown into contact with the great orators of the golden age of English eloquence—Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt, he soon attained a high distinction as a Parliamentary orator. He enlisted with the ministerial party, and thereby put himself in opposition to the great orators of the liberal party. He soon became their most formidable opponent, and even contested with them the palm of eloquence. While Pitt was at the helm of state, guiding the vessel with an energetic arm, and a cool judgment, through the stormy waves of public excitement, raised by the French Revolution, Canning, with a voice of power, which was heard even above the roar of the tempest, was encouraging the mariners to duty, and infusing into the most timid a spirit of courage that made them look danger in the face, and bring the glorious vessel, unhurt by the fury of the storm, into a harbour of peace.

He seemed born for his age and country. At the outbreak of the French Revolution, the accumulated weight of the liberal opinions of two centuries was brought to bear upon the British constitution. Had not the greatest intellectual power of the country come to its assistance, it might have fallen a victim to partisan violence. It was fortunate then for the destinies of England, that Canning lent his aid to the ministerial party. His political wisdom was manifested in this particular, that observing the increased sway of liberal opinions, he deemed it most prudent to relax in some degree the severity of tory principles. He therefore infused into the policy of that, the then reigning party, a tone of liberality, which modified their character, and diminished the virulence of opposition. Like our fathers, in the formation of our constitution, he made provision to adapt the British constitution to the character of the times,

without however impairing its stability, or original form. His views thus answered to Burke's description of a good government.

"If there be one criterion, which, more than all the rest, distinguishes a wise and prudent government, from an administration weak and improvident, it is well to know when, and in what manner, to yield what it is impossible to keep." *

His elocution was of a commanding character—of deep intonation, with a strong, and flexible voice. It was manly, and gave proper effect to his sentiments. His face bore the impress of his mind. His forehead rose high and bold, and his eyes were brilliant with intellectual light. He died when in full possession of the great object of his ambition—the Premiership—amid the universal regret of the nation. The exhibition of such a life, marked with so many virtues, is an ennobling object of contemplation. Such men as Burke and Canning raise the standard of moral excellence, and exert an influence which extends to the latest posterity. An examination into the character of such minds, in their biographies, must produce a beneficial influence on the reader; inspiring him with a love of virtue, by an exhibition of its genial effects as developed in their practice, and prompting him to a persevering cultivation of the intellectual powers, by showing him what great effects they may produce, when properly improved. Though it was satirically said of Burke,

"He, born for the universe narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,"

yet we think it cannot be properly said of Mr. Canning. His powers were such as could insure success as an orator, and it was necessary, at the time he entered on

* Speech on America.

political life, that every powerful mind, adapted to politics, should devote itself to the defence of the state. His energies, united with those of Burke and Pitt, prevented the overthrow of the government, and the consequent long train of evils which would have ensued on such a calamity. As every statesman has it within his power to do, he improved the condition of society by the enactment of wise measures, tending to promote tranquillity and the security of personal rights, and he lent his influence to the exertions, then begun, to suppress the slave trade, and which afterwards had a successful issue. The influence of his actions may be seen in all the beneficial effects growing out of the above results, and which at once exempt him from the denomination of being "a mere politician," a name which is so profusely applied by the unthinking to statesmen who have not founded a new empire, or overthrown an old one.

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

'T WAS not thine eye so calm and bright,
 Nor cheek of rosy hue,
 'T was not the smile that met my sight,
 That could my heart subdue;
 Although that soft and azure eye
 With brightest gem on earth could vie.

'T was not that all-enchanted sound,
 The music of thy voice,
 Where that sweet melody is found
 Which bids the heart rejoice;

Although 't would all the passions move,
And wake the softest strains of love.

'T was the tear of compassion,
That dimmed thy bright eye,
That caused me to love thee,
And heave the deep sigh.
Like the dew drop at even,
That kisses the flower,
Like the rain drop from Heaven,
That waters thy bower ;
Like twilight's first star,
Shining bright and alone,
Was that beautiful tear
From thine eye, my loved one.

J. W.

THOUGHTS ON THE "CANT OF CRITICISM."

" less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose."

THE fact herein stated we hold indisputable.

Why is it that the author, he who attempts to please or improve a community, and enrich or elevate himself, by a public exhibition of his depth of thought, his wit, or his fancy, should be assailed by such myriads of difficulties, pass before such an infinity of courts of errors and appeals, and be lauded and condemned by final and

irresponsible judges without number, over and above what can ever fall in the way of the artist or the architect? If either of these, by a brilliant painting, a grand or beautiful edifice or statue, challenge the attention of the public, it is his undoubted right to demand that his work be examined and criticised by men of science and skill, proficient in his art, or, at least, that their judgments, their praises, their censures alone be generally respected and followed. But let ever so unpretending a piece of literary architecture be once erected and brought to view, every artisan who has ever wielded a pen, who has driven a nail or fitted a joint which has gone to the making of a theme or a sonnet, or who has even dreamed of doing so much, deems it his privilege to scan nearly and minutely all its divisions and proportions, to test the strength of its solid, the accuracy and beauty of its ornamental parts: perhaps, without taking so much trouble, to form at once a decisive, irreversible judgment on the merits of the whole, and trumpet it to the little or the great world, of whose tastes and opinions he has the guidance. And who can tell the number of such censors? —

“Go count the busy drops that swell the sea.”

Amid their hosts, how hard for any fit, true standard of public taste to preserve its station, and to be discerned and followed!

And why is it thus? He will doubtless be able to answer the question, who has first succeeded in satisfactorily accounting for the general prevalence of that “*cacoëthes scribendi*,” whose nature, symptoms, and means of cure were so eruditely set forth in the last number of our magazine. For that pestilence, so obnoxious in itself, becomes a subject of vastly increased moment, when considered as the basis, the first cause, and the constant

sustainer of the still more extended and more fatal one we are now discussing, and which might not improperly be denominated *cacoëthes censendi*.

“Quod medicorum est
Promittunt medici, tractant fabrilis fabri;
Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim” —

and, when this is the case, and when moreover it happens that “ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss,” it certainly becomes us to pay a portion of our serious attention to these ever great and ever growing evils.

An insuperable difficulty meets him at the outset, who undertakes to enter into any general statement of the causes, manifestations, and remedies of the propensity just alluded to. They are as absolutely endless as the characters of mind it affects. We shall be content with faithfully representing a few of the appearances of persons in real life, who have met us while under its actual influence, generalizing, classifying, and affixing names, both generic and specific, in such manner as may best suit our individual convenience.

One of the first subjects of our attention will naturally be the literary *croaker*. No mind can be a fitter receptacle of *cacoëthes censendi* than one characterized by that grumbling, unquiet, sometimes tart and waspish, temper, which finds its highest delight in sneering at all characters, and frowning upon all enterprises, that meet its observation. The unhappy victim of this propensity directs his view to the literary efforts of his friends and neighbours; conscious perhaps of his own inadequacy to the production of any thing approaching to the grand or beautiful, he finds it a convenient method of obtaining at least the negative fame of a critic, to ridicule the attempts, laugh at the failures, and sneer at the successes

of equally competent and more venturesome souls. He "turns critic in his own defence."

"All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side."

Winning indeed must he be, who is able to change his unvarying smile of scorn into one of approbation and delight ; grand, powerful beyond measure must be that which can awe and force him into rendering a tribute of admiration, whose uniform and natural offering is indifference or contempt. He is perhaps himself hardly conscious of the resistless power by which he is held in subjection to the fatal propensity under our consideration. Scanning every work that may fall in his way with eyes eagerly bent on the detection of defects and blemishes, his distorted vision at length comes to view these in all cases as the principal objects of notice, the main constituents of the piece, and its nobly or beautifully wrought passages (if indeed he be capable of at all perceiving or appreciating them) merely as the effect of incidental and unavoidable flashes of wit or genius. With a judgment thus miserably perverted, thus wretchedly illiberalized and debased, has he been wont to pass sentence upon the characters of those about him : it is idle to hope a better fate for their works. This creature has from his earliest recollections upward been lost in one continued, stupid wonder, why all the silly, disgusting, teasing, vexing, maddening things in the world happen to lie precisely in his path. We leave him to settle the problem, and to learn, as we trust he sooner or later will, the interesting truth, long since preached by a fallen spirit, in regard to the mind, as being "its own place." This is no fancy sketch. The last time we saw our friend the prototype, (for friend of ours he certainly is, and we have no small pride in the relation,) he was intensely occupied in search-

ing out the ugliest portion of the first number of a recently issued periodical. We left him, as he threw it aside, with something between a sigh and a sneer, at the emptiness and *flatness* of all sublunary things.

Next come your true critics *magnifiques*. The distinguishing characteristic of this class is an uncompromising disdain of all tastes and opinions pertaining to the sovereign *οἱ πολλοί*.

“So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.”

It has been our fortune too to be an intimate of one of this species. Blessed with a generous heart, and of powers and a judgment by no means contemptible, in an evil hour he fell in with the lofty mystifications and sublime absurdities of a pair of modern poets we may not name. His brain was turned: dim images of pastorals, tragedies, epics, and laurel crowns have from that time forth crowded it with a medley of phantasms, beside which the vision of the inspired Bottom himself, — that vision which “man’s hand may not taste, his ear see, nor his tongue conceive” — might sink into the most insignificant and prosaic reality. Gloriously abstracted from the petty and gross world below, his whole interests, sympathies, affections seem transferred to that realm of ether, where “thron’d on the centre of his thin designs,” he delights to reign in peerless sublimity, “lord” (we hope) “of all he surveys.” How should a head thus lifted above the atmosphere of our planet be within the infection of *cacoëthes censendi*? Alas! who will not stoop to conquer? Our dear friend, (and he is but one of a class,) amid all his time consecrated to moon raking, has ever found ample opportunity for inspecting the literary efforts of his terrestrial neighbours. And still worse, (what a piece of work is man!) our critic *magnifique* is no less a

critic *enrieux*.* A few months since his lofty spirit was suddenly seized, and completely overwhelmed, with something very like a feeling of generosity and compassion for a then newly commencing magazine. He blessed it with his most condescending and cheering smiles. But there was no accounting for the distorted vision of those in power: in utter disdain of his high approbation, they, in the blindness of self-complacency, ventured an irreverent remark on some of the minor pieces of the above mentioned modern poets. Whoever has faithfully perused and feelingly sympathized with the sensations experienced by Gulliver, when, on waking from sleep, he found himself fairly bound to the earth by the choleric little citizens of Lilliput, may form some conception of the lofty yet bitter wrath of our hero, when he first beheld the reward of his condescension, manifested in this gross insult to the gods of his idolatry, (no small part of which he of course appropriated to himself,) and felt his own hitherto resistless Pegasus thus momentarily checked in his soarings, by such a corps of nonentities as the editors of a magazine. Not that he was susceptible of any thing like mortification, resulting from wounded feelings and a diminution of self-esteem;—the farthest from it possible. The satire of the aforesaid editors he of course viewed as proceeding from arrogant, pigmy intellects, between which and his own transcendent spirit intervened space 'immeasurable. He remounted indignant to his home in the clouds, whence he has since monthly descended, to watch the labors of those who presumed thus to slight his proffered favor, and to

* "Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable." Whoever presumes to question the correspondence of our sketch with nature, is requested to look carefully once more at least before his final decision.

let fall upon them his high malediction. Moreover, the event just narrated seems to have been the ultimate cause of an attack of the true *cacoëthes censendi*, of the most virulent and malignant character. It would be painful to pursue his farther history, and he must be left here, if we would secure time and space for a portrait of yet one more sufferer.

This is that most obnoxious of all censors, the critic *ponctuel*. He may be seen, almost daily, darting along the streets, with a host of foreign and home-bred reviews in one hand, and of grammars, dictionaries, and dissertations on nice points in language, in the other, the very personification of optimism, the fac-simile of Dr. Slop himself. His whole capacious brain has been for years absorbed in one thought;—it is the abstract notion of that seventh folly of science, a “faultless piece,” pronounced by the highest authority something which “ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er shall be.” In his pursuit after it, he has always at least the negative happiness of knowing where it is *not*, he being blessed in profusion with a certain happy faculty, enabling one successfully to

“distinguish and divide

A hair ’twixt south and south-west side,”

which faculty, moreover, he is ever exercising to the extreme discomfort of his less punctilious neighbours. And thus, buoyed up “on wings of gilded butterflies,” he moves on, ’mid “trifles light as air,” in undoubting, untiring search after that real substance answering to his ideal perfection, which is ever eluding his gaze, and evading his grasp. Success to his labors;—and such a wish we must utter in the spirit of the purest benevolence, for, of a certainty, he is by no means the most placid or harmless of the multifarious orders of creatures, lying under the influence of *cacoëthes censendi*. His

teasing preciseness and verballity, his fondness for giving a "local habitation," and a very noisy one, to those "airy nothings" in his brain, so much better dreamed of than endured in waking life, and, above all, his unhappy keenness of perception and sensibility to errors and defects, invisible to ordinary mortal sight, render him any thing but a desirable companion for a half hour, and any thing but a pleasing or improving subject of contemplation to our readers.

As above stated, the labor of enumerating and fully describing all the genera and species of the mighty hosts subject to the influences of *cacoëthes censendi*, would be absolutely endless. There are your critics *ignorans*. Of these there are of both kinds, the ignorant *in toto* and *in parte*, (by which last we would denote one destitute of knowledge or taste on some particular class of works or branch of literature.)—Then there are your "laudatores temporis acti," and in turn your admirers of every thing novel;—"some foreign writers, some our own despise." Then come the critics *singulaires*, (above described,) and in much larger numbers, that vulgar species who

"ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town."

Moreover, there are in awful abundance critics *sublimes* and critics *vulgaires*, critics *poétiques* and critics *prosaïques*, critics *enthousiasmes* and critics *stupidés*, critics *philosophiques* and critics *ridicules*.

If this be a true view of *cacoëthes censendi* and its victims, it will be at once perceived how utterly hopeless is the task of the philanthropist, who essays, by any general prescription, to "administer" to such infinite varieties of "minds diseased," of which perhaps almost every individual would require a different treatment.

There are however, a few considerations which, offered purely by way of preventive, may be of some service, and which, therefore, we beg leave, in the shortest imaginable compass, to subjoin.

What, then, are the essential constituents, the distinguishing characteristics of a true critic? The settling of this point, as it will be advantageous to all desiring to become such, may, on the other hand, be somewhat profitable to those vile profaners of the art, who abuse and pervert it, without inquiry or care about its nature and purposes.

In the first place, it may be thought almost needless to mention those obvious requisites, a sound judgment, a cultivated taste. The first of these is of course absolutely indispensable, and must be held of primary importance. It is in consequence uniformly pretended to by all true or false professors of the art. This, however, will clearly be of little avail, if unattended by the second requisite above mentioned, a cultivated taste; — cultivated, we mean, in regard to the particular department of literature and kind of works, on which its criticisms are to be employed. The architect, whose principal concern is with foundations and stone pillars, seldom deems it his duty to criticise what is intended purely for ornamental or fancy work; he would become an object of ridicule, if he should. Equally presumptuous must that literary critic be held, who, having directed his studies, for example, entirely to works of a philosophical and scientific character, fancies himself entitled to pass judgment on those of belles-lettres, perhaps of poetry, without knowing or seeking to know any thing of the nature and objects of this part of literature, or even to comprehend the true definition of the term which expresses it.

Perhaps one might consider, as included in a sound judgment, that non-descript, undefinable, yet every where

useful quality, denominated *nil admirari*. The intelligent critic will always be found far from extremes.

“For fools admire, but men of sense approve.”

He will rarely be led, by even the most glaring and gross faults of a work, into indiscriminate and uncompromising censure: he will always be ready, amid the highest beauties, to discern and point out defects.

It is perhaps the most material part of the province of the critic to decide what should *not* be written. Such qualities then as originality and beauty of conception, imagination, wit, depth of thought, and others, of vital importance to authors in different departments, are not in themselves equally essential to their judges and censors. Yet it may be doubted, whether they will not serve as very efficient aids in the formation of that judgment and taste, which all accord in positively requiring. Pope did not think it extravagant to say, that they alone should “censure freely, who have written well:”—and certainly, that a critic be able to enter into the spirit in which an author writes, to feel something of his enthusiasm, to form some conception of his trains of thought, will be of incalculable advantage in enabling him to come to some just appreciation of the mind of the writer, and of the soundness, the beauty, or the grandness of the writing.

All that we might add is best expressed in the following passage, from that youthful yet masterly performance of Pope—the “Essay on Criticism.”

“But where’s the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know;
Unbiassed, or by favor, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learned, well bred; and though well bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanely severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;

Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?"

THE LAY OF THE JILTED.

BELIEVE the cloud that veils the sun
 Will ne'er depart—will ne'er depart,
 Believe that pity's voice will melt
 The miser's heart—the miser's heart;
 Believe that storms will never curl
 The quiet wave—the quiet wave,
 And trust that charms have power to rend
 The silent grave—the silent grave;
 Believe that flattery's fawning tongue
 Will ne'er beguile—will ne'er beguile,
 Aye, trust the faith of woman's frown;
 But not her smile—but not her smile.

The gladdening rainbow surely tells
 The storm is past—the storm is past,
Her sweetest smile but shows the heart
 Is most o'ercast—is most o'ercast.
 Her vows as fair and fleeting are
 As winter snow—as winter snow,
 The lover swears her softest *yes*
 Is always no—is always no.
 Cupid one day his skill would try,
 I watched his dart—I watched his dart,
 It pierced the maiden's whalebone stays,
 But not her heart—but not her heart.

ELAH.

TO ADELA.

LADY, by the stars that glisten
 In yon conscious arch above,
 By the viewless forms that listen
 To my plighted vow of love,
 By this heart which fondly flingeth
 All its incense on thy shrine,
 Speak the word that rapture bringeth,
 Whisper, dearest, thou art mine.

O delay not ; — bitter sorrow
 For thy coyness have I borne ;
 Let me not, another morrow,
 Feel within the festering thorn !
 Ah ! that gentle smile thou wearest
 Speaks of pity for my pain ;
 Bless thee ! bless thee ! sweetest, dearest !
 Let me see that smile again.

Lady, do those witching glances,
 And that bosom's gentle swell,
 And the soft blush that entrances,
 Sign a joy words cannot tell ?
 Speak they not the first of blisses,
 First on earth, and first above ?
 Seal the holy bond with kisses, —
 Holy — for the bond is love.

ELAH.



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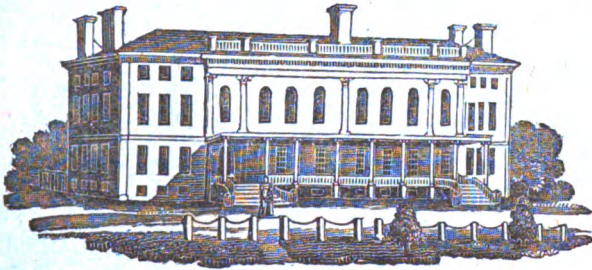
"A Child of Nature" is indeed a *natural*; he has "wandered abroad" twice to no purpose: we advise him for the future to stay at home and keep quiet. "Mother Goose" we *presume* is so well appreciated, that there is no need of attempting to unfold her beauties in Harvardiana. "Complaint of the letter H," "Characters," "The College Bell," "Friendship and Love," "Farewell," "The Grave," and "X. I. O." are inadmissible.

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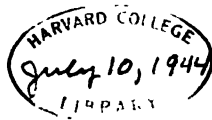


"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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No. III.

A TRADITIONARY TALE FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE BOOK.

DAWN was first breaking on the Alleghanies when a little band of eastern settlers, on their way to the prairies of the west, began to ascend from the foot of the mountains, where they had encamped the preceding night. The mist of the morning was retreating from the glancing beams of the sun, and came rolling in tumbling waves down the mountain side. Their way was slow and toilsome along a path, which the Indian hunters had marked out for their transits into the western plains. As they ascended into the upper mountain regions the country grew more wild, the forest spread thicker above their heads, and falling into a single line the elder of the family, who had been hurried before by the Indian wars, across the mountains, went in advance as a pioneer. The Pennsylvania settlements had penetrated to the mountain, and were sparsely scattered around its base, so that the Indian had already begun to retreat before the advancing flood of civilization. A few Indians yet lingered in the rich valleys around, but most, harassed by the contracted space of their hunting grounds, had already commenced their march to the west, and

had ascended into the mountain, there amid its solitudes to pursue their wild course of life, and to descend in revengeful bands to desolate the neighbouring fields. As the emigrants penetrated deeper into the mazes of the forest, the wildness of the scene struck even their stern spirits with alarm. Nought was heard around, save the deafening rush of the mountain cataract, the roar of the blast among the creaking pines, or the shrill howl of the panther and wolf in their pursuit of prey ; no signs of civilization met the eye, and the thought of the treacherous Indian, lurking in ambush in the bramble, caused the cautious pioneer to stop his little band, to order a general priming of the rifles, and to send his two sons to the front as scouts to guard against surprise. They, from previous collisions on the eastern frontiers with the Indians, knew well the nature of their foe ; so treading lightly with moccasined feet, onward they went, bending to the ground at a steady pace, protruding forward their rifles, with their eyes peering into every thicket, and every now and then casting a backward glance to be assured that they had not outdistanced the following train. Now the little band wound their way up a tortuous path to a ledge of rock, and collecting on its summit, they huddled together to refresh their strength and jaded limbs. The mules were let loose to crop the surrounding herbage, and the gray haired veteran knelt with his family to offer up the first Christian prayer, that had ever ascended to heaven from out those solitudes ; then followed a hymn of praise, whose notes awoke the slumbering echoes around, until the whole wood seemed to shout in sacred melody. Oh it was a solemn sight, to see that aged veteran, his gray hairs streaming in the wind, amidst his family circle, in this solitude, with uplifted hands raising his supplications to God for guidance and support ! Hanging on his arm was his faithful wife, and around them, looking up as to guardian spirits, his hardy sons and ruddy cheeked daughters. See ye yon fair damsel with those soft eyes of blue, so expressive of deep feeling, who is

praying fervently at the side of her brother. She is the favorite daughter, the pride of her mother's heart, and the flower of her native valley. Amid the desert she blooms with all the luxuriance and freedom of the wild flower ; at home at her father's cottage, she grew modestly retired, like the violet blushing at the approach of the rude stranger. Although she was a rustic's daughter, you would have thought she had spent her life in the courtly city, so fair were her features, so light and graceful her form. She flitted like a sylph, and her countenance was radiant with beauty and intellect ; those tears, which are glittering like dew drops among her loose ringlets, are remembrances of her absent lover on the banks of the Connecticut.

Poverty had stricken them at home, and following her family to the Prairies, she tore herself from the side of her lover. He would fain have followed her, but parental authority forbad it ; and at the moment of the departure of the emigrants, he was commanded to a distance, so that they were denied even a parting embrace. Her lover was high in rank and fortune, and yet pledged his affections to the simple daughter of the poor pilgrim farmer. He returned to find the object of his affections departed. Thoughts of her danger in the western wilds swept like a winter storm across his heart, chilling it with anxious alarm. The brave youth, whose nerves had never relaxed before the most savage foe, or in the thickest hour of battle, now trembled, and dashed away a tear from his eye. Taking down his rifle from its wonted nook, flinging his powder-horn and pouch across his shoulders, he strode out of his father's house, resolved to seek his mistress. Calling to a few bold lads of kindred stamp with himself, ripe for adventure, he soon collected a little force, and on the morrow they took their way across the state to Albany, then a mere hamlet of Dutch settlers. After a few days' delay at Albany, which they spent in trafficking with the Indians for furs, and moccasins, and other articles of

use in their expedition, they resumed their pursuit, and diverging down into Pennsylvania, and following up the windings of the Juniata, they finally lit upon the track of their objects of pursuit. It was at the log hut of an old settler on the Blue Ridges, that these joyful tidings were received. By dint of repeated inquiry, they became satisfied that the party described by the woodman was the one which they were in pursuit of. No specific questions were needed to ascertain the presence in the party of the engrossing object of interest with their leader. The old woodman had an eye as sensible to beauty as his more refined brethren, and with the volubility, which characterizes the solitary man, when casually meeting with a stranger, he soon rattled out his stock of information; first comparing the soft beauty of her eyes to those of a mountain doe, he had shot a few days since on the Juniata, then again likening her voice to the notes of a mocking bird, which was singing on the limb of an ash before the door, and impressively finishing by declaring that it sounded as sweet as his wife Jane's, on the day she said yea to him some thirty years ago.

The emigrants, tempted by the beauty of the situation, had lingered a few days at the woodman's hut, to provide themselves with the necessaries which could only be procured on the civilized side of the mountain. The hut was built in a valley which the course of the river had opened between the mountains which bordered the stream on either side. The Juniata might be seen winding its course for miles below in gentle curves, now disappearing in the mountain, and then again glancing forth and throwing up its sparkling crest to the sun. Now a trapper, dashing in with his horse to chase after the deer, which was just clambering out of the stream up the opposite bank, then an Indian, paddling softly in his canoe to steal in surprise upon a bevy of ducks, which

were sporting in fancied security upon the tranquil waters. Before the door of the hut, a lofty spur of the Alleghany mountains swept up with a broad swell, clothed to its very summit with a thick forest—its brilliant green stood out in bold relief against the pure blue of the heavens, into which it seemed to penetrate—a primeval silence reigned in the depths of the forest, unbroken save by the noise of its natural inhabitants, or the scream of the eagle as he wheeled his flight above the lofty elevation. Hark! the huntsman winds his bugle,—what a glorious flood of music is rushing through the mountain pass! Stop, the effects of that enchanting spell must be told in verse.

The Bugle Horn! how wildly swell its notes,
Pouring in liquid swell o'er yonder stream,
Elastic bounding up the mountain's side,
And flashing through the vale as morning's gleam.

Hark! Echo sends the rich notes back again
From yonder deep-mouthed caves, and forth they rush
In frenzy mad to mimic back the strain;
But louder grows the din they hoped to hush.

Ten thousand voices ring from every glade!
The woods, where silence has unbroken reigned
From Nature's dawn, now shout from out their shade.
The ancient dwellers of their depths, enchained

In momentary wonder, stand—then start
From out their coverts to the mountain side,
'Thence down the vale in hurrying troops they dart,
Until those magic strains afar have died.

The emigrants had passed on only a week before the arrival of this latter party. Time was pressing; so with the first streaks of morning light in the west, they took their departure, leaving behind a good broad axe and blanket, as a *douceur*, for the woodman's hospitality, at which

present I have since understood, the old fellow was very indignant, in the belief that they supposed his hospitality must be paid for as an entertainment at an Inn.

The party followed in the track of the emigrants with speed, resting only with short delays during the nights. Soon they began to ascend the mountains, and at their last encampment, were only a day's travel behind the emigrants. Let us now leave them to pursue their journey alone, while we return to the advanced party. We left them encamped among the mountain steepa. Here they remained during the night, and with the morning resumed their march as before. They were descending in a straggling line, down a narrow gorge of the mountain, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and, in the same moment, the two scouts were seen running at full speed backward to the train, beckoning them with passionate gestures to halt. In hurried accents the scouts related the near vicinity of the Indian foe — that they had suddenly come upon a cluster of wigwams, and that before they could retreat, they were fired upon, and one of their number severely wounded. Soon their report was verified, for ere they could marshal themselves into close ranks, with the women and baggage, in the rear, the Indians came pouring down from the opposite side into the pass, completely blocking it up. With savage exultation, they raised the war whoop, at the sight of the feeble force of their opponents, and began to scatter some arrows among them. The old leader knowing his force too small to expect to maintain resistance, or secure victory, against the great body of the savages, thought it best to try conciliatory measures. Taking therefore a blanket, and raising it on the end of his rifle, as a sign of peace, with uncovered head, he moved towards the Indians. His venerable appearance, and this demonstration of peace, gained him an interview with the chief. He was

of a tall, arrow-like form, with a bold bearing, and eye that glanced with the fierceness of the eagle, with a countenance of commanding dignity, and a whole mien alive with the majesty of the primitive Indian. With his bow slung across his naked shoulders, and with folded arms, and keen gaze, on a jutting rock, with his band drawn up behind him, he awaited the approach of the white. "Whence comest thou, pale face," said he, before the old man had gained the foot of the elevation,—"Ye have driven the red man from his hunting grounds, ye have torn up his wigwam, as the wind whirls up the oak, and now ye have come to drive him from his resting place, with the eagle and her brood. Speak, or my braves shall shower their arrows upon ye, as the Great Spirit pours out the hail upon the wicked." "Great chief," said he, "my white brother has driven me from the place of my fathers, because I was poor and wretched,—I go to hunt the buffaloe and wild horse, on the Prairies, with my red brethren,—pray let a wretched pale face pass to his resting place." Nothing would pacify the obdurate chieftain,—blankets, and the most richly fashioned rifles, were offered in vain for his acceptance; but he spurned them like a proffer from the evil one, and forbade the emigrants to proceed. At that moment a deer leaped down from a neighbouring declivity, and dashed through the emigrants,—in a moment a rifle was poised and brought to bear upon him—the bullet sped above his head, and struck the foot of the rock where the Indian chief was standing. The chieftain started, and believing himself betrayed by the whites, hurled his tomahawk with whistling force against the suppliant before him—the aim was fatal,—it cleft the brain, and the victim sank without a groan. Maddened with revenge at this brutal outrage, down rushed the armed force of the emigrants—the rifle soon struck down some of the Indians in the advance, and they

forced their way to the enemy. The onset was repelled, and the Indians followed up on the recoil with horrible yells, and darkening the air with their clouds of arrows. The emigrants were scattered, and the Indians followed, with the swiftness of the deer, their flight among the rocks — here through yon narrow cleft a hapless fugitive is threading his way, with his pursuer gaining ground upon him at every step — there, one has reached yon lofty peak, and shouts in defiance at his disappointed pursuers below. Now their armed foes put to flight, the Indians turn upon the defenceless body of women and children — already have they butchered the matron, and a child which clung to her even in death, and now, with wild entreaties and shrieks, the daughter is calling for mercy from the monster who is brandishing the tomahawk above her head. But what shout is that! what men are they who are wheeling over the crown of the hill?

They are the body of adventurers — they have heard the firing — they see the massacre, and now down they rush to rescue the miserable remnant from the grasp of the savage foe — and ah, their young leader sees his mistress on the verge of death — onward he dashes — the savages alarmed at this new succour, gather up their spoils and betake themselves to flight — the young girl is rudely dashed against a jagged rock, and helpless she is falling down the steep to be crushed at its bottom — she is caught in her lover's arms — the body of her persecutor rolls down the precipice, shot by an unerring rifle. The Indians, believing in the presence of some supernatural assistance, precipitately took to flight, and ere long their numerous tread died away in the distance, like the last roll of the subsiding thunder. Only six of the twelve men who were armed escaped unhurt; they came down, one by one, from their places of concealment in the thickets. The bodies of the two aged parents were buried in

one common grave, and the lover and bereaved daughter shed their mingled tears on the green turf, which covered their remains. To this day the traveller, who takes the waggon road across the mountains, may see upon the summit, a few feet from the road, a small mound with a grey stone at its head, with its rude inscription now almost defaced, which marks the place of their burial. — For ever sacred be the graves of the first pioneers across the Alleghanies!

With sad spirits the shattered band retraced their steps to the civilized seats of the East — months passed away before they reached the banks of the Connecticut. One summer's Sunday eve they glided up the stream to the landing place, whence they set out; groups of idlers were lounging along the banks, and the village church was just pouring forth its throng — all around was cheerfulness and joy, but sorrow and grief sat upon the hearts of the strangers, and they groped their way amid the animated multitude, like a funeral procession through the streets on a festive day. The affliction, which had fallen upon the old farmer's family, the chivalric daring and romantic enterprise of the son, repressed the anger of the father, and he consummated their mutual happiness, by crowning their nuptials with his sanction and presence.

An infant — softly slumbering it lies
 Decked with rich gems; o'er its unconscious head
 A canopy of royal worth is spread.
 But look again, — a monarch — fair hands fling
 The obsequious wreath; with shouts the heavens ring.
 And last a bier — life's pageantry is fled,
 The babe, the monarch mingles with the dead.

PHRENOLOGY.

A Pythic Ode.

DAUGHTER of Science, last and best — Phrenology !
 To thee I strike my — bump of Ideality,
 For thee I soar, divinest Anthropology,
 (Thou lovest length of words) o'er dull reality.
 Be thou my guide, — leave to profounder sages
 Their schemes of mind, — the jargon of the schools,
 Nor vainly strive to blot the work of ages,
 In giving useless brains to brainless fools ;
 Who dream that nature fixed the head so pat on,
 For slaves to bow, and fops to hang the hat on.

Thou show'st of human kind the nice gradation,
 And where the difference lies 'twixt man and monkey,
 Allot'st to each his sublunary station,
 And just how far the dunce shall head the donkey ;
 Thou prov'st the bestializing scheme unfitting,
 By Scotch Monboddo taught, — who strove to show
 That men had tails once — lost at last by sitting ;
 What gave them speech he saith not, — did he know
 How Congress sit a livelong session through
 With nought but words, he'd say 't was sitting too.

Before thee folly quakes, — fraud trembles in his
 Disguisements vain. — O Gall, thy name was apt !
 Thou wert the gall of bitterness to ninnies,
 And rent the veil that roguery round her wrapt.
 And thou, who sleep'st beneath yon simple tomb, —
 The sole return for thy rich gifts we gave, —
 Though to its sod no awe-struck pilgrims come,
 One humble heart throbs faster at thy grave ;
 Gentle as sage, the very child did love thee,
 Guide, teacher, friend, — light be the earth above thee.

And oh ! if e'er those halcyon days shall come,
 When truth shall be the load-star of mankind,
 When reason's light shall dissipate the gloom
 Of ignorance, brooding o'er the human mind ;
 When bards shall know the unwonted clink of money,
 And charity rob satire of its scourge,
 Thorns leave the rose, — and stingless bees make honey,
 When treason howls no more at freedom's dirge,
 Nor quacks advise, nor atheists teach theology,
 Thine be the praise, — for thine the work, Phrenology !

ELAH.

THE ——— MAGAZINE.

“VASTLY well ! vastly well, indeed, Mr. Quilldriver, that a man of your capacity should pretend to judge a composition, so faultless as this !”

“Sir, the article may be a good one, but our magazine—”

“May be ! this is absolutely intolerable ! may be, why, Sir, let me tell you, that no article ever written exhibits the subject in so enlarged, impartial, and in all points satisfactory a view. Every sentiment, Sir, is the result of deliberation, and worthy of careful recollection.”

“Besides, Sir, the subject is not suited to our periodical —”

“The subject, Mr. Quilldriver ! what subject can be imagined, more interesting than ‘Our Foreign Relations’ ? No, Sir, it is your stupidity alone, that prevents your perceiving the superiority of this production ; which, let me

tell you, shall not be degraded by an appearance in your detestable Magazine. — With the utmost contempt, therefore, I wish you good morning.”

This, reader, was the conclusion of a spirited conversation, which took place, about ten years since, between Mr. Quilldriver, Editor of — Magazine, and no less a man than myself. As it is the foundation of the following remarks, more detail may be important. I was, at that time, young, ambitious, and inexperienced; the world shone brightly before me, and I proudly believed that its glassy waters, were only to be ruffled by a person soon to become the admiration of the world. Marriage had raised me above necessity, and I determined to devote the time thus at my disposal to elegant literature. As an early step on fame's ladder, I wrote the above mentioned article. Thinking little exertion necessary for a man of my ability, my composition was bad; not so good, perhaps, as a little attention would have rendered it. But my ambitious eye could see no defect, and I considered it as faultless an offspring of goosequill and ink, as could be found in the annals of literature; which opinion the refusal of the Editor of — Magazine did not at all shake.

I left the publisher's office in utter contempt, not to say pity, of his stupidity, and in less than half an hour, my wife, (who perfectly agreed with me in pitying the man's obtuseness,) and a servant, had received directions for a temporary removal to the country. My objects in so doing were several; I had no doubt of the injustice of my refusal; I thought of the horror consequent on the withdrawal of my support to — Magazine, and pictured to myself the humiliation of its proprietor, in requesting its renewal,—or the failure of the periodical. We took lodgings a short distance from town, that I might easily be apprized of the news of the day. In a short time all was ready for our departure,—or rather, all were ready

but myself: though fully determined to leave town, I was unwilling to do so in too great obscurity; my departure, since intended as a punishment, must be made known. "Supposing," said my wife, "you send an anonymous communication to the daily journals announcing the fact?" "Certainly, a good suggestion, my dear, and I penned the following. "We understand that the accomplished and elegant author, Mr. M —, is under the necessity of taking the country air, for the reëstablishment of his health, so nobly sacrificed to literature, and the gratification of the multitudes, who have admired his writings!" Having despatched this to a respectable newspaper, and subscribed for the chief publications of the day, I left town, to observe the gradual extinction, as I hoped, of — Magazine, or to enjoy an apology from its Editor.

"The envy shown towards the distinguished men of this age is equally detestable and intolerable" exclaimed I, as we sat at our country breakfast-table, surrounded with half a hundred damp newspapers. "Very intolerable indeed," observed my wife; who was more remarkable for a general assent to my propositions than for striking originality. "To what do you refer my dear?" added she. — "Why, not more than two of these villainous papers contain the account of our leaving town! See! here it is, in one corner of the 'Penny Post' — stuck down, too, in fine print in 'The Poor Man's Gazette!' Do Mrs. M —, see if it be not here," said I, taking up a respectable journal. My wife looked it over with patient eagerness; after perusing in vain the interesting matter, she muttered, 'No! certainly omitted — let's see — 'Auction Sales,' — no, 'Brig Juniper,' — no where here, — Stay, 'Interesting items!' possibly among them — Let me look — 'Death by mad dog,' 'Mammoth hog' — yes, my dear, as I live, here it is immediately before 'Anecdote of a

drunkard !” Such was the fact ; but by a blunder of the villainous printer, the seventh and best word, viz : ‘ elegant ’, was totally illegible ! “ This, then,” groaned I, “ is the reward of true merit ! ” and we finished our breakfast.

With no unnecessary detail I merely state that, not at all disheartened by being unnoticed in the newspapers, and conscious of my real importance, I wrote twelve essays on the same subject as my first, and despised mankind for a stupid and envious race. No letter came containing the desired apology. The next number of — Magazine, at length appeared, and with my greatest exertion, I was unable to detect any egregious blunder, although its contents were far from interesting. There was something disagreeable about them—they wanted that indefinable elegance displayed in my writings. “ This,” said I, “ is an unfair criterion, let us await the next number. Although, don’t you perceive, my dear, a slight falling off ? ” “ I think I do, my dear,” was the reply. She had not read a single page !

Time at last brought the second number ; but alas ! it seemed not to have suffered so much as was desirable. Although by no means perfect, it was better than I had wished, or anticipated. Thinking that the Editor’s rage prevented his requesting a renewal of my contributions, I wrote him a highly dignified letter, stating that a suitable apology might regain my favor. He answered, he would willingly apologize, did “ the numerous duties incident to an extensive publication,” leave him leisure for so doing.

My situation had now become somewhat uncomfortable. What profited my great talents, if no one but myself could appreciate them ? The object of my late conduct seemed unlikely to be attained, since, by some means, the Magazine was supported without my aid, and the public

journals did not notice my absence. I comforted myself, however, with the belief, that though the publication might drag out a sickly existence, it would soon suffer an agonizing death. What then was my dismay, to receive, in due time, a journal, double the size of the former one, under the odious name of — Magazine, accompanied by formidable proposals, stating that, “on account of extensive patronage &c., the Editor had concluded to issue a larger sheet,” &c. &c. &c. Scarcely believing my sight, I glanced hurriedly over its pages, and was horror-stricken to observe at the head of its “occasional notices,” the execrable paragraph which announced *my ill health*, italicised in such a manner, as rendered me both contemptible and ridiculous! In one moment, the book was lying in my grate, yet not without having taught me a salutary lesson.

* * * * *

Reader, in a week from that day we were quietly re-established in our town-quarters. I had discarded half my periodicals, and read the other half, not to see if my name were mentioned, but for information: in a word, I had more respect for others, less for myself. Years have passed away, and I find mine to have been, by no means, a solitary instance. Observation of mankind has told me, that most of us, notwithstanding our high aspirations and imaginary superiority, are chiefly important in our own estimation.

ALPHA.

THE VOW.

SAYS Jane, when fifteen, On my life,
 No man shall ever call me wife,
 Unless possessing
 A form as faultless as Apollo's,
 And then you know of course it follows,
 He must in dressing
 At least to Beau Nash equal be,
 Or else he'll never do for me.
 Whoe'er pretence
 To be my lord and guide dares make,
 Of Franklin must precedence take
 In common sense.
 In temper sweet, in learning skilled
 In all that Grecian sages filled,
 Or Roman heads could carry,
 Or else by every Vestal maid,
 Diana in pure robes arrayed,
 And bachelors grown old and staid,
 I vow I'll never marry.

Sweet Jane, it was thy girlish vow : —
 As time passed on and touched thy brow
 With envious wrinkles,
 As life's sands faster seemed to run,
 And mists of age stole one by one —
 Thy eyes' bright twinkles,
 Still less particular thou wast, —
 And now alas, thyself hast cast,
 With all thy graces,
 Into the arms of one who ne'er
 For Franklin, 'pollo, Nash, did care.
 Sorry thy case is, —
 An ugly, plodding sloven thou hast wed,
 Thy protestations in thin air are fled.

MORAL.

Master, if Miss should ever swear
 Perfection she must marry,
 Ne'er shoot yourself, or rend your hair,
 For if you only tarry
 Till she shall fear Old Maid her name may be,
 Be sure, perfection she will find in thee.

A FAINT AND A FEINT.

"Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes."

King Richard III.

IMAGINE a richly furnished drawing-room, in one of the most fashionable streets of a neighbouring city. The furniture, the paintings, the ornaments are in that style of elegance, which proves a presiding hand of taste and refinement. And where shall we better look for the divinity of this little world, than in the young lady, in the simple but elegant morning dress, who stands near the window, half hidden by the folds of the rich purple curtains? Is she not beautiful? Look at the sparkling of that dark blue eye, and the bend of that swan-like neck, as she listens with pleased attention to the low, melodious tones of the tall, handsome, coxcombical gentleman at her side. The conversation, generally lively, at times assumes a half tender tone, from which it again retreats, both seeming conscious of some indefinite danger, which might attend a too earnest mode of speech. Yet an acute observer might remark, that the reluctance of the fairer speaker to this

style of conversation would not be altogether insurmountable.

And who may be the interesting pair, to whose privacy the reader has been so suddenly and unceremoniously introduced? Of the lady, I can only say, that she is the daughter of one of the most wealthy, and respectable lawyers of the city; that she is beautiful, gay, and withal something of a coquette. Report says that she has refused offers by dozens—that she has broken the hearts of three poets, one merchant tailor, and three or four genteel personages, of no particular profession; and that, for the past winter, at most of the balls, which she has attended, she has danced the first cotillion with a dashing Virginian,—the identical young gentleman, to whose melodious tones aforesaid, she is lending no unwilling ear. Indeed, common fame, (which all know to be a common liar,) declares that the heart of the lively belle, so long invulnerable to the darts of Cupid, has at length yielded; or at least, that the fortifications are so far weakened, that the fortress only waits for a vigorous *coup-de-main*, to surrender *with* discretion.

It cannot be supposed, that the foe was altogether ignorant of the state of affairs in the hostile garrison: yet, though this was declaredly the day fixed for his departure to the South, he seemed rather to shun, than to seek an opportunity for the attack.

The cause of his hesitation can only be conjectured. Perchance the prize lost its value, when just within his grasp; perhaps dim visions of matrimonial evils, of a scolding wife (forgive him, fair lady,) squalling brats, and tradesmen's bills, may have arisen to "give him pause";—and perhaps he had not made up his mind. Whatever might be the reason, he seemed determined that matters for the present should remain undecided—but so was *not* Miss Caroline Illerton.

The visit—it was merely a morning call—was now approaching its conclusion. The gentleman was preparing a well turned speech, by which to express the sweet sorrow of parting; and the young lady began to cast impatient glances towards her mother, who with true maternal tact, had withdrawn to the farther end of the apartment, and was intently occupied with the morning papers. On a sudden she spoke—

“Caroline, my love, was not the vessel, in which your cousin Sarah sailed, the Franklin?”

“I believe so, mamma. Is there any news of it! Has it arrived?” There was a tremulousness in Miss Illerton’s voice as she spoke, probably arising from her anxiety for her cousin’s safety. “She has certainly a very affectionate disposition,” thought Charles Willoughby.

“The Journal says, but I hope it is not true,” replied her mother, “that the Ship Franklin, bound for Mobile, with several passengers on board, was lost in a storm off Cape Lookout, and only the mate with five seamen, were able to—”

“Lost! O, my dear cousin!” burst from the lips of the horror-struck Caroline.

“Caroline—Mr. Willoughby—Caroline is fainting;” cried her mother, springing from her seat. “Where are my salts? where *did* I leave them?”

It was true; the shock had been too great for the very affectionate disposition of Miss Illerton. Her eyes closed, her cheek became pale as death, and she sank into the arms of her admirer, which gladly opened to receive the lovely burthen.

“A little water, Madam,” said he, hastily to the terrified mother; “some camphor, if you have any.” Mr. Charles Willoughby was too experienced in the matter of ladies’ faints, to feel much anxiety for his charge. He gazed upon that pallid face, and thought he had never seen her look so lovely. The cheek seemed yet more delicate, for

the want of its usual high color; the ruby of her lip was but slightly shaded. The moment was too tempting. Mrs. Illerton had left the room for her salts. Willoughby bent down, and imprinted a long, long kiss on that passive lip. He looked up; the father of Caroline, stood before him, with displeasure on his brow. He had been called from his study by the outcries of Mrs. Illerton on her daughter's swoon.

"Mr. Willoughby," said he, — "as a gentleman —"

Willoughby saw himself ensnared; but there was no escape. He could only say —

"Pardon, Sir, the warmth of a lover. I have reason to hope that Miss Illerton herself, will not utterly condemn the freedom, which I have dared to take;" and the blushing confusion of the now recovered fair, seemed to confirm the assertion.

"Indeed!" replied the acute and well-bred lawyer, with a smile, "if such be the case, I can only leave you to discuss the question between yourselves," and he left the room. What past after he was gone, must be left to conjecture. It is, however, certain that the departure of Mr. Willoughby was deferred for a month, — at the end of which period, the bridal rites took place in Trinity church. After the ceremony, awful to relate! Miss Caroline Illerton ceased to exist. It is understood, however, that a lady very much resembling her, but passing under a different name, arrived not long after, at the family seat of the Willoughbys, in Queen's County, Virginia. How true this report may be, I have no means of ascertaining. There is one more circumstance worth mentioning. Caroline's younger brother, a very provoking little wretch, as all brothers are, on being informed of the fainting scene, &c., roundly asserted, that his sister had known of the loss of the Franklin two hours before, — for he himself had read it to her in the Journal. "I rather guess, Carry,"

said the tormenting rogue, "if Mr. Willoughby hadn't been by, you would'nt have fainted quite so easily, hey!"

The urchin was right.

The horse before the cart is certainly the most usual arrangement; but no one will pretend to deny, that the cart before the horse would be far the more striking. On this principle, I have proceeded in the construction of this article; by putting the example before the rule, I have attempted to secure attention to the latter. Be it known, then, that the incident above related, though in itself unworthy a serious notice, acquires a momentous importance, as a portion,—an episodal illustration, as it were—of a remarkably profound and particularly long-winded essay on "faints," which I shall forthwith proceed to inflict on the reader.

And here I cannot help pausing, to chuckle over my own sagacity, in inventing this shrewd arrangement. Here I sat, like a crafty overgrown monster of a spider, throwing out my shining net, for the capture of these buzzers of readers. To them it appeared little more than the flimsy web of a common Magazine story, over which they might skim, without danger of entanglement. But ah, ha! no sooner are they fairly in the snare, than I rush from my hiding place, seize the unhappy wretches before they can extricate themselves, throw over them the web of a moral dissertation, bind them hand and foot with the threads of ratiocination, and finally drag them away to my cell, there to suffer death, under the excruciating tortures of a literary bore!

But to my subject. I have long been of opinion, that much less attention has been paid to the singular phenomenon of fainting than it deserves. Men have been wholly blind to the important bearing which it has on the state of society in general. No one has hitherto sus-

pected, that it formed the distinguishing characteristic of woman, as a part of the animal creation. For by what other peculiarity is she to be known? *Chattering* is too extensive a designation, as it would also include the genera of magpie and monkey; *blue stocking* too limited, for who cannot call to mind many individuals of the species, whose only tinge of blue, resided in a pair of soft heart-subduing eyes! On the other hand, there is no woman but does, or can faint, and there is no other race of beings that possess this power. Woman, therefore, is to be characterized as a *fainting* animal.

I now proceed to develope some of the objects and uses of this art, for art it unquestionably is. No one can doubt, that the great end and aim of fainting is matrimony. This opinion is founded on the common observation, that those of the sex, who have arrived at this blessed state, seldom have recourse to swoons; they are generally contented with occasional touches of hysterics,—for which reason these should never be resorted to by maiden ladies,—such, at least, as are under a certain age. For, besides the bad effect which they have in giving a most distressing and uninviting appearance to the sufferer; they are at present looked upon as decidedly vulgar,—in fact are seldom witnessed among the very first classes; while there is not an idle slattern in the city, who does not take shelter under a paroxysm of "*hystrikes*" from the up-raised broom of her incensed mistress, and every literary milliner feels herself bound to fall into "*historical fits*" over the affecting tale of Alonzo and Melissa.

Great care is necessary in selecting the proper time and place for a faint; in fact, every thing depends upon the situation of the parties. The exquisite tact, in these particulars, displayed by the young lady, in the scene which I have feebly attempted to describe, at the beginning of this essay, cannot be too much admired; had the swoon

taken place a day sooner, or later, — in a ball room, or entirely unwitnessed, the consequences would have been far different. And here let me advise young beginners never to hazard a faint in a crowded assembly, as is somewhat the fashion at present; for besides the trouble and distress which it occasions, it is, like a rose in winter, or a mad bull in a china shop, decidedly out of place, and therefore can produce no good effect. These points, however, important as they are, must be left wholly to the judgment and taste of the fainter; no rules can be given sufficiently minute, to comprehend every case that may occur; and if they were given, such is the inherent love of independence in the fairer part of humanity, it is ten to one they would never be followed.

There is, however, an embarrassment, which often occurs to amateurs in the art of fainting, — namely, the want of a proper occasion. It is provoking, when we consider how few distressing casualties happen among one's friends and relations. I have known one young lady so much straitened on this account, that she was compelled to swoon on the strength of her great grand-uncle's sprained toe; and I am sorry to say, that the attempt was a decided failure.

To all, in this disagreeable state of perplexity, it may be a satisfaction to learn, that a tolerable faint may be obtained from particular kinds of reading, — such for instance as Mrs. Radcliff's novels, and those of the same order, which abound in horrible incidents, — blood-chilling catastrophes, — hair-stiffening ghost stories, — in short, all the farrago that goes to make up the supernatural romance. Perhaps this fact may be best illustrated by an actual scene, like the one with which I commenced.

Imagine, on a cold winter evening, a well lighted parlor, whose sole occupants are a pretty damsel of seventeen, about to make her first essay in the art, and a good-look-

ing, gentselly dressed gallant, on whom the experiment is to be tried. The young gentleman, seated at the centre table, is prepared to read, with thrilling tone and awful emphasis, the horrid tale of "The Bloody Mystery," or the "Five Ghosts of St. Magog." At a little distance, the lady, most earnestly engaged in listening and netting a silk purse, awaits the important moment of the swoon. Thus commences the tale, —

"Dark was the night, and wildly howled the storm around the deserted Castle of Wiggletoni; but regardless of the tempest without, Angela Angelina Angelica Angelletta Simpkinsinetta slept sweetly in the haunted chamber, secure in the consciousness of innocence. Little did she dream, that it is in darkness and storm, that the demons of Murder and Violence stalk abroad in triumph. Just as a peal of thunder shook the castle to its foundations, the door creaked on its hinges, and Stiletto Daggeroni, with a bloody poignard in his hand, entered and stood over the helpless Angela Angelina Angelica Angelletta. (Here the lady may hazard a slight shriek.) 'Ha!' he murmured, 'now shall she feel the vengeance which she has despised! Angela Angelina &c., thine hour is come!'

"The hapless maid opened her eyes, and beheld the frightful vision. 'O spare me!' she shrieked.

"'Never!' yelled the assassin, and raised his blood-stained dagger. (Here an exclamation will have a good effect).

"Ere he could strike, the sound of approaching steps was heard, and Theodore Frederico di Manfredi Sniffilotto, burst into the room, armed from head to foot.

"'O save me! save me! Theodore,' cried the hapless Angela, &c.

"'Ha! villain,' exclaimed he, and aimed a tremendous blow at the murderer.

“ ‘No more villain than yourself,’ returned the other, warding it off.

“The contest was terrible, but brief; in a few moments Stiletto Daggeroni lay a mangled corse.

“Wilder and wilder grew the storm; the earth shook; graves opened; sheeted spectres were heard to gibber and moan, through the deserted halls. At that instant a thunderbolt struck the castle of Wiggletoni, and in a moment nothing remained of that magnificent pile, but a shapeless mass of ruins; and the pure spirits of Theodore and Angela had passed away from earth.” (The swoon may now be attempted, and if properly managed, will be productive of the most beneficial consequences.)

ELAH.

ON VIEWING MY OWN LIKENESS.

Ha, ha, d'ye think I didn't know you?

Come, let me grasp your hand;

Pray speak,—my dearest friend should never

Reserved and speechless stand.

Ah, my fat chin,—thy goodly size

I know is well portrayed;

Yes, there's the curve,—the graceful swell,—

All, all to nature made.

But have I—I don't think I have—

Of nose such ample share?

With such a hump?—alas, I *feel*

'Tis accurate to a *hair*.

I'm sure my forehead higher is

Than here 'tis represented;

Phrenologists—but rule and line

All self-praise soon prevented.

Thus then I hold my head,— thus look —
 How stupid I declare!
 These, these are monitors that tell
Feelingly what we are!

Come, I will show thee to my wife;
 She'll smile thy truth to see;
 And then I'll hang thee in my room,
 My private friend to be.

My children — how they'll laugh to view
 Their parent in a frame;
 And prattling babe shall point to thee
 And lisp a father's name.

Should death relentless smite me first,
 They'll love thee for my sake,
 Affection's tear thou'lt cause to fall,
 And memory's sigh awake.

And when I long have been forgot,
 Perhaps some curious eye
 In dusty garret thrust away
 Thy features may espy.

A stranger voice may coldly ask
 "Who once resembled thee?"
 Then rudely fling thee back to sleep
 In lone obscurity.

The thought's not painful — 't is my wish
 That thou may'st never stay
 To be the mark of sneers and jests —
 Unwelcome to the day.

When none survive to think of me,
 When love, with tearful eye,
 No more bends o'er thee, — then away
 In dust and night to lie.

DR. JOHNSON, BURKE, GOLDSMITH, AND BOSWELL.

[The following article, containing a fictitious conversation between the characters introduced, has been handed to us by a friend. It may be necessary to premise that the account is supposed to be written by Boswell, and that the parties are imagined to be in America, and acquainted with the events that have transpired since their death.]

AFTER our tour in the Southern States, we returned, much fatigued by our journey, to Boston. The venerable sage, as he threw himself into an ample chair, in — House, was pleased to remark, that he never expected to rest with so much satisfaction, in the seat of revolutionary principles. But a more extensive acquaintance with the people of America, together with the natural operation of his own expanded mind, was fast lessening his antipathy to the nation. Although this great philosopher sometimes yielded to his prejudices, yet no man saw more plainly than he the inevitable progress of power.

Dr. Johnson was sitting on one side of a fire, made of the coal that has been discovered in this country. He had adjusted his wig which had fallen a little awry on getting out of the stage, and having taken a glass or two of wine, he now appeared considerably recruited. I cannot express the wonder, with which I looked upon the great moralist, the profound reasoner, the literary giant "taking his ease in an *American Inn*." While I was busily arranging every thing for his comfort, Mr. Burke looked at some new books that lay upon a side-table. Goldsmith was drinking wine, declaring that the books were such as they had all seen and read before. No one seemed at the moment inclined to talk; but silence could not last long in the presence of such luminaries. At last I ventured to inquire of Johnson how he liked America? **JOHNSON.** "Why, Sir, that is a question which no foreigner should hastily answer. The resources of this country and the character of its institutions are so different from

any thing he has been accustomed to, that time only can enable him to judge fairly of them. So far as I have seen," added he, smiling benevolently, "the country is well, very well—but like a boy in man's apparel; the boy is good enough, but he does not fill his clothes." BURKE. "The evil with England is, that she is too large for her dress; it is torn or worn threadbare in many places. This is indeed as much owing to the violent efforts of certain parts of the body politic, as to its overgrowth. Here is a book called 'The Life of William Cobbett,'—one of the most unruly and yet able members of the nation." BOSWELL. "I have seen the book; it is a mere catch-penny affair, a compilation from Cobbett's writings, and a list of characters of him, from the different newspapers and reviews. The man's mind was like a microscope; it exhibited accurately enough a small part of a subject, but it could never comprehend the whole." JOHNSON. "Or rather like a burning glass,—it destroyed alike the good and the bad." BURKE. "Cobbett possessed a remarkably active and powerful mind, afflicted by many of the evils of self-education. Like the Egyptians, he boasted of being sprung from the mire, and the misfortune was, that he could never wholly cast off his slough himself, and took pleasure in bedaubing others with it. His mind was useful to a certain extent, but he thought it suited to any sphere. No man was better qualified to carry on a farm, or to benefit the agricultural interest generally; but his zeal outran his knowledge, and brought him into situations where his judgment was at a loss, and his vanity frequently led him astray. He could unloose the winds of popular fury, and set them to contending with one another; but he had not the art to make one of them subserve his purpose. His arguments were suggested by his passions—and because these are most violent in their first heat, and are moderated by a

little reflection, he excelled in attack, but was readily overcome by a cool and steady resistance. He was an English Farmer, not an English Statesman, nor a rational Reformer. His works for the young are equally useful with those of Franklin, but he wanted the sagacity, the forecast, and expanded views of that philosopher."

Wordsworth was mentioned, and a book he had lately published, called "Yarrow Revisited," alluded to. JOHNSON. "Ah, Sir, that is but another proof of the necessity of frequent intercourse with society, to the proper development of the faculties. Wordsworth's poetry is wanting in common sense. Practical men are apt to look with contempt on one who wanders, like a boarding-school girl, over slopes and by the side of streams, laboring, absolutely *laboring*, to draw from trifles or absurdities the lessons that real life gives with awful power." GOLDSMITH. "He must be a conceited man, or he would not conceive himself able to dignify vulgar ideas: his vanity arises from his retired life." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, conceited is not the right word; he may be *mistaken*." He then pronounced these remarkable sentences, and I was thankful for the privilege of being the contemporary and the beloved companion of this extraordinary man, which enabled me to hear them from his own lips. "The great mass of mankind, Sir, are so captivated with the pleasures of life, engrossed by its cares, or hurried away by its bustle, that whoever shows them, that happiness can be found in solitude, and in the secret cultivation of the heart and mind, deserves the name of a benefactor of his race. Man is"—GOLDSMITH. "But pretty thoughts are not"—JOHNSON. "It is impertinent in you to interrupt me, Sir. Man is unnaturalized by society, and Nature speaks to him through her favorite poets, recalling him to her freshness and purity, from the artifices and affectation of the world. Wordsworth has done this. He has his

faults, and who has not? I have mentioned one of them — that of calling up the stones and twigs, as well as the flowers and butterflies of nature, to say their lessons like school-boys. If the recitation is made voluntarily, it may afford pleasure and instruction; but if there be no story to tell, he so whips and tortures the refractory innocents, that at last, in pure self-defence, they whine forth something between sentiment and nonsense." BOSWELL.

"This poet then is the schoolmaster, not the child of nature." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, he is the usher, he pays affectionate allegiance to the dame, but he wofully belabors some of her children. I am not, however, Sir, to be blind to his merits. He has the *heart* of a poet, united to a womanish *head*; his language, his language, Sir, is wonderful; in his better sonnets, the thought is seen slumbering, as in the calm lakes, he loved so ardently, and receives an added charm from the mellowness, that is diffused around it." GOLDSMITH. "Sir, Mr. Burke has heard you patiently for some time; pray allow us now to hear him." BURKE. "I thought, Goldy, I perceived you several times trying to speak yourself." GOLDSMITH. "So I was, Sir, but could not get an opportunity." JOHNSON. "You have it now, Sir." GOLDSMITH. "I am not in the humor. If I can't talk when I wish, I will not talk at all. Sir, (to Johnson) no one but yourself is allowed to say any thing where you are. You are well called 'Dictionary Johnson,' — you are full enough of *words*." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, with *meanings*."

Washington Irving was mentioned. JOHNSON. "His popularity is an evidence of the improved taste of his countrymen. A young people are fond of an impassioned, figurative style, which accordingly was the rage thirty years ago. Now chasteness and soberness of style are required." BURKE. "I was looking the other day over the productions of some of the early American poets, and it

struck me that their works resemble an alluring harbour, so thickly covered with flowers, that you can with difficulty make your way through them, which you no sooner do, than you find yourself in a dark and damp atmosphere, with nothing in view, but the crooked and unsightly stocks, upon which, like the head of Scylla upon her frightful body, the beautiful flowers are grafted. But Mr. Irving's writings may be likened to those islands in the Pacific, told of by navigators, which have a plain and uninviting exterior, but once land, and you are irresistibly led on by the facility of your progress, the beauty of the scenery, and the thousand charms that spring up, like magic, in every direction." JOHNSON. "Nothing can be more happily expressed, Sir; it is a just and discriminating comparison."

After a little more conversation, we were about separating, when Goldsmith told us, if we would call for another bottle, he would entertain us with a story of himself, which some people would laugh at, and some would not. Anticipating considerable amusement from his attempt, which we supposed must be a failure, we complied, and standing round the table, with our glasses full, he thus commenced: "You know the man that brought in our trunks." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, we have no acquaintance with him." GOLDSMITH. "But you saw him?" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, we could not well help that." GOLDSMITH. "I wish you would not interrupt me, Sir." JOHNSON. "I have only answered your questions, Goldy." GOLDSMITH. "I did not wish for any reply. This man was remarkably tall and large. What is he called? What is his trade?" JOHNSON. "Do you mean that to be answered, Sir?" GOLDSMITH. "Yes, yes, Sir." JOHNSON. "He is a porter." GOLDSMITH. "Well, his name is Brown, and I told him that he ought to be called — eh, — to be called Strong Beer!" We all stared at Goldsmith,

for some time in silence, much to his annoyance, and I asked him if he had got the joke right? JOHNSON. "No, Sir, he meant to say — Brown Stout." GOLDSMITH. "Yes, yes, that is what I intended."

He was, however, much vexed by his blunder, and it was only as we were leaving the room, that he was restored to good humor. I heard him ask, in a low tone, why, since Cobbett had criticised Dr. Johnson's style, and that of some other English writers, he had taken no notice of his. JOHNSON. (with eyes sparkling benignantly) "The soul of a noisy politician and scurrileous writer cannot appreciate the exquisite polish and flow of your verse, or harmonize with the refreshing tranquillity and truth of the pictures, it presents." GOLDSMITH. "Thank you, thank you, Sir, you are very kind," — and then we parted.

Bozzy.

THE EPIGRAM.

[From the German.]

THE Epigram is now a wasp,
And venom'd sting it wears;
The Epigram a vulture is,
With bloody beak it tears;
A peacock, — best part in the tail;
A pedant's rod; a rustic's flail.
But often too, — Greece loved it so —
A miniature, which sun-beams brighten,
Sent not to burn but to enlighten.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sacrilege" is entertaining in parts, but would not be interesting at the present time. "To Anna" is deficient in poetical merit and in smoothness. "Lines to a Beautiful Tree, &c." are written in an excellent spirit, but are not suitable for publication. "The Friendly Reproof" and "Remarks on the Writings of Scott" are inadmissible. We congratulate the author of "The Lover's Lay" on having "dashed to the ground his tuneful guitar;" and we seriously hope, that as his "sweet Anna has died" his "soft and melodious strain" will let her sleep in peace.

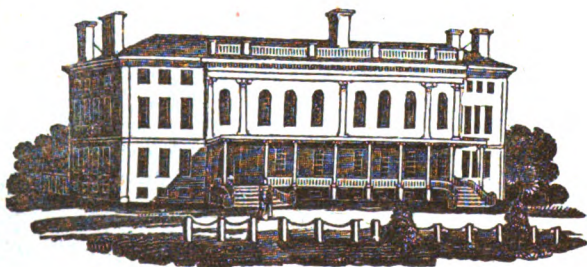
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C. B. Stearns
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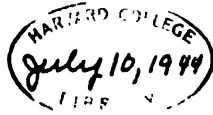


"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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No. IV.

THE WRITINGS OF MISS SEDGWICK.

THE gratification which, in common with ourselves, we are confident many of our readers have received from "The Linwoods," the last production of Miss Sedgwick, must render acceptable any notice of her works.

We profess to offer no new observations, no striking remarks, no acute analysis of her various characteristics. We desire only to express our honest satisfaction, and afford to those equally interested the acceptable communication of pure sympathy: for those, who touch this subject, must not ring upon our ears the hackneyed cant of common-place commendation, but should catch a spark from the original, and breathe forth the same spirit of grace, and beauty, and moral elevation, which mingles with the flow of Miss Sedgwick's writings. If we could faithfully express the thrilling feelings, called into play by a thousand passages of interest and excitement, we might expect worthily to set forth a subject so agreeable and instructive.

We conceive Miss Sedgwick's writings to be peculiarly adapted to the young, to those who have yet to learn the mighty mysteries contained in that incomprehensible book, the world; to those who begin to look upon life with the eye of reason, to choose, like the ancient Hero, between virtue and vice, and if "heavenward inclined," to seek for sympathy and support, and food for those emotions, which are to be cherished as the body guards of conscience. She gives to the mind that gentle excitement so well adapted to its proper action, and tending to animate its powers to healthy and vigorous exertion: she leads us into her own train of reflection, and raises in us those sympathies which seem to be flowing from her own nature.

She has, indeed, given us a faithful picture of the world; but she has infused into the representation so much benevolence and love, and has so strongly painted the success of virtue, and the triumph of truth and sincerity over artifice and duplicity, that we cannot rise from the perusal of a page, without feeling our hearts warmed towards our fellow creatures, and actuated by a quickening spirit of universal and practical charity. She insensibly steals our thoughts away from the gloomy and misanthropic, and places us in the same elevated atmosphere, which seems her sphere, and encourages us to contemplate human nature with that entire "trust in God and Man," which ought to be the most consoling characteristic of our moral faith.

The writings of Miss Sedgwick give her full claim to the distinction of genius. Let us inquire then, what are the great characteristics, which entitle her works to observation and study, and compel us to view them as distinct from other productions of the present day.

The first, and most admirable peculiarity, is her power of illustrating the beauty and value of virtue, in a manner

the most natural, and therefore the most acceptable and engaging. She indulges in no prosaic eulogiums, wearisome homilies, or rapturous disquisitions upon the duties enjoined by virtue, the responsibilities of conscience, and the terrors of sin ; she does not recommend morality, as the only motive of action, the only true source of happiness, and then practically retract her opinions, by enveloping religion in gloom, and surrounding it with fictitious horrors. She merely represents, in a natural and sincere manner, through the medium of apt and forcible illustration, by action and character, the value of truth ; she has a facility of throwing around its principles a sunlight, a glow, that renders them the more attractive from its contrast to the gloom and mystery, in which they are too often shrouded. In her works we are taught to love truth for its own sake, not from fear of future detriment, or a cold and selfish conviction of individual advantage ; but because there is in the mind of man a natural longing for what is good, and true, and beautiful. It is to this feeling, or principle, if you will, that Miss Sedgwick has mainly addressed herself ; she has anticipated, and held forth the great truth, that virtue is "spontaneous" ; that man naturally clings to it, and that it is long, very long, before it can be rooted from his heart, by the cares and temptations of the world. She holds up to our eyes a mirror, whose reflections send back, what we knew not before to be in ourselves ; we see feelings and principles start forth, which were previously hidden from us, and those, too, of a nature the most elevating and stirring.

Miss Sedgwick's characters are so true to nature, so full of spirit and life, that the impressions they make upon us are similar to those produced by real living persons ; we recollect them as we would delightful acquaintances and friends ; they remain fresh and vivid in the mind, as if their thoughts and sentiments had been impressed upon

us by the additional force of eloquent expression and speaking features; we recall them as those we once knew, but who are now gone, leaving for consolation recollections, almost sweeter than reality. The cause of these vivid impressions is the mixture of true principles and acknowledged characteristics, which we cannot fail to recognise as natural, while at the same time we are surprised and delighted with the novelty and ingenuity of the combinations. It is generally remarked that all her characters possess this life, this spirit, and reality; but some of them deserve higher praise; some of them are essentially original, intimately connected with and inseparable from her name and writings; they are such as no one has conceived, no one has attempted to delineate, except herself.

But let us now glance at what may be termed the plots or incidents of Miss Sedgwick's writings. The first feature we observe in them is, that they are so managed as to illustrate and develop the moral and religious principles of our nature. Her characters are involved in difficulties and dangers, but deliver themselves in a manner so natural and simple, that we acknowledge it as the best, and inwardly determine to adopt the same course in similar situations.

We hope it will not be considered as an excess of modesty, in these precocious times, if we confess ourselves unwilling to speak farther upon this part of our subject; but in truth a proper judgment upon the plot of a piece is only to be passed by those, who have maturely examined such subjects, who have deeply studied the Drama, and what is allied to it, Novels and Tales, and are thoroughly acquainted with the acknowledged principles of criticism. The conduct of a piece is allowed, we believe, even by those who are most averse from the restrictions of art, to be as much dependent upon the taste

and critical skill of the writer, as upon his originality or genius. We can only observe that, in this respect, Miss Sedgwick's works have exhibited to us much variety and compass, and have been amply sufficient to satisfy our love of striking incident, and peculiar and unexpected combination.

Her observations upon the state of society, among our middle and lower classes, in this country, are exceedingly important; indeed, this subject is the great field for her genius; no one understands it better than herself; no one has handled it with such preëminent success; her works are every day beginning to be considered, more as means of useful information and important knowledge, than as the mere amusements of the leisure hour. And, indeed, what can be a more noble and useful work, than to show the state of feeling, sentiment, and knowledge among the substantial part of our countrymen, among that portion, who so wisely and honorably esteem industry, sobriety, and morality, as their worthiest characteristics. Upon this subject her observations are profound, original, and, above all, practical; and as Addison observes, that all ideas, in order to be beautiful, must be true, we may here seek for the most satisfying exhibitions of veracity, as well as of beauty.

Her style is distinguished for its grace and spirit; it is not powerful,—but we mistake,—it is powerful, very powerful; no one can refrain from being much influenced by it, or rather by the thoughts embodied in it; we had in our minds, the vulgar, and we trust exploded notion of power, that it was only force, might, and fury; we forgot that the summer's sun and showers clothe the forest with a verdure and beauty, which a whirlwind and deluge could not produce. We meant to say her style was not generally forcible, or masculine; the subjects of her writings are such as do not demand these characteristics. But, above all its other attractions, we admire its clearness and

simplicity ; it is such a transparent medium of her thoughts, so suitable to them, that it adorns and exalts them ; there is nothing resembling affectation, nothing forced, or labored ; all flows on natural, easy, and at the same time appropriate and expressive.

We have now hinted at a few of the characteristics of Miss Sedgwick as a writer ; when we again reflect upon them, we find much, very much more is still to be said. While we have touched upon the outlines only of the subject, a thousand beauties and admirable traits have risen up before us. Each one of her varied characters seems a study ; the more we consider them, the more prolific are they in thoughts and suggestions ; many of them would singly form subjects for long and labored criticisms. We must omit, too, the consideration of the effect of her works upon her readers, of their peculiarities, as indicative of the wants and demands of our age, and as showing the state of public feeling, knowledge, and cultivation : we must pass over the popularity of her works, and many characteristic anecdotes concerning them ; as we have before observed, we only hoped to call the attention of some of our readers to the study of her works, and to assure them, that time and application spent upon them will be richly rewarded.

One word in conclusion ; we have mentioned none of the defects or faults in the writings of Miss Sedgwick ; our excuse is, we have done so little credit to her beauties, that it would ill become us to speak of her defects ; if this does not satisfy, we request the reader to retire to his chamber, peruse the last chapter of " Home," and then try to meditate upon its faults.

B. S.

THE BRIDE OF THE SEA KING.

"ON, on my swift steed,
 Hie thee home through the deep,
 For the bright sun is rising,
 To chase away sleep.

"That shade from thy brow,
 Fair maiden, dispel;
 I bid to thee now
 A transient farewell.

"When the moon lights the heavens
 With silvery ray,
 When again the stars twinkle
 I'll lead thee away."

And the maiden answered in accents low,
 Which fell on the ear like the waves' soft flow,
 When the midnight wind is hushed on the hill,
 And zephyr breathes softly o'er river and rill;

"Farewell! yet thy hand
 Still, still would I hold;
 For with fear I await
 What this day may unfold.

"Ah, forget me not
 When you roam below,
 Or sport on the waves,
 At the sun's last glow;

"Come to me, ere
 Another I wed,
 Whose love I abhor,
 Whose power I dread;

"Come ere the sound
 Of the midnight bell,
 Sweeps over the sea,
 In whose waters you dwell."

And the lover answered,
 "Farewell, farewell."

Soft music floats on the midnight air,
 And the guests laugh loud and free;
 But the maiden stands in mute despair,
 Though the bridal wreath adorns her hair,
 And the dance goes joyously.

But still are the merry dance and lute;
 A priest walks slowly in;
 The hall is hushed, the guests are mute,
 The maid is led to the altar's foot,
 And the solemn rites begin.

But hark — on the ear steals a distant strain;
 Now it dies away — now 't is heard again.
 And sweetly it floats o'er the silent sea,
 While all are entranced with its melody.

'Twas the song of the Sea King; it rose on the breeze,
 Like the sigh of the wind 'mid the tall forest trees;
 And it seemed as if nature, though tranquil before,
 Was more still, as it echoed o'er rock, cave, and shore.

"Come to my home
 In the azure sea,
 Where spirits roam,
 For ever free.

"Come to my halls
 Far away, far away,
 Where bright waterfalls
 Unceasingly play.

"My chariot's a pearl,
 By fairy nymphs wrought,
 Far down in the depths
 Of a coral grot;

"The dash of the billow
Is my serenade,
As I rest on a pillow,
Of ocean weed made.

"Come to my home
In the azure sea,
Where spirits roam,
For ever free."

The spell had ceased, the song was done,
The guests looked round with silent awe;
But where had the lovely maiden gone!
With fear they rushed to the silent shore,
Where a single ripple alone was seen,
To mark the spot where the sprite had been.

J. W.

JONATHAN OLDBUCK'S REVERIES ON THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

THERE is much philosophy in this maxim of the poet. How visibly time changes the characters of men, and your collegers likewise! How close the resemblance between those old, honest, sober looking piles, which the Ancient Pilgrims raised upon the college green for the education of our fathers, and the demure, outward demeanour of the Cantabs of the last century! Yes, methinks, though ye present such grave countenances to the external view, ye venerable piles, yet within your walls the sound of merriment and buxom hilarity was often heard. Ah, yes, yon Cantab that seeks his way across the green to commons, with as much formality as

though he were moving in a funeral, had like you an honest, genial heart within.

Let us drop now upon the college green in 1760, and not to alarm our ancestors by this untimely appearance of their posterity, we will take the dead hour of night. — Hark! the old college clock is just tolling midnight. — All around is dark and silent, save yon room, through whose half-closed casements a ray of light is stealing forth, and from whose depths jovial sounds are faintly echoed forth. — Faintly echoed! did I say? That last peal of laughter rings in the stillness of the night like a thunder-clap; and now, by Jove, by the hurrying light in that lower chamber, a sensitive Proctor must have been roused from his slumbers. Let us in then, or this vigilant sentinel will have broken in upon their carousals, and have noted them for a morning reprimand.

We are now within the room. What a merry set of roysterers have we here! In the centre, on a round deal table, stands a great bowl of punch, such as is now only seen in china stores, as a specimen of mammoth ware. Directly one of the number rises, and in a brimming bumper proposes the health of his majesty King George. At the sound of that name every man springs to his feet, and with three cheers dashes down a health to his majesty. You would have verily thought, from their riotous loyalty, that they would have died for the king; yet these very boisterous loyalists, not many years afterwards, actually committed rebellion against his parental authority, and went so far, as even to shoot down his grenadiers on Breed's Hill! But who are those three bystanders, that have such an air of submission and awe in their countenances? They are Fags — Freshmen, poor fellows, called out of their beds, and shivering with fear in the apprehension of missing morning prayers, to wait upon their lords the Sophomores in their midnight revellings.

How different their lot from that of the modern Freshman !

Republicanism has made sad changes among us ; it has not only released the Freshman from the allegiance justly due to his lawful sovereign, but it has broken up all the characteristic sports and pastimes of the college. Where are the royal cricket-matches of old, the great games of foot-ball, when the obtaining of victory was a point of honor, and crowds assembled on the Delta to witness the all-absorbing contest ? And where is that gallant corps, under whose banners were trained the martial spirits who wield the sword of command over the troops of the neighbouring city—whose music and parade gave such a zest to Exhibition days—whose every march made captive a thousand fair hearts, and whose formidable array struck terror into the enemies of old Harvard, and, most of all, into the *breasts* of the poultry gentry of the neighbourhood, upon whose ears the thrilling fife of the evening drills came like a warning knell ? All numbered with “the things that were.” Foot-ball and cricket have degenerated into dull and trivial games, and the gilded banner now moulders away in inglorious quiet in the dusty retirement of a Senior Sophister’s study. What a desecration for that “flag by angel hands to valor given !”

We lament this decay of old sports for goodly reasons. Firstly, because the old heartiness and good fellowship of former times is dying away amongst the present college generation, brought about by the absence of any general amusement ; and, secondly, because their majesties, the government, have had less quiet reigns since their subjects’ leisure has been devoted rather to the cogitation of seditious plots than to honest sports. In old times there was little disease in college, but generous exercise had invigorated the frame, and given a manly tone to the

character, and college was rarely left, as now, with doubts as to whether a University education had been a curse or a blessing.

This general abandonment of old sports has gone far towards reducing a life at Harvard to a burdensome monotony, by assimilating it rather to the self-chastening life of the ascetic, than to that of the scholar and gentleman. But, can we not change this state of things? Our contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic, at Oxford and Cambridge, are as well known for their zeal in scholastic pursuits, as for their practice of the hearty old English sports. The classic streams of Cam and Isis are as illustrious for the famous boat-races, yearly held upon them between the rival Universities, as for their vicinity to the great seats of English learning. Mark the enthusiasm with which these contests are conducted, — the general assemblage of the college officers and neighbouring gentry to witness them, — and in the encouragement of such atheletic sports, you will easily find the solution of the question — “ why have English scholars better developed frames, and more hardy constitutions than American Students? ” In close vicinity, we have excellent advantages for the formation of Boat Clubs. The broad and deep waters of Charles River offer every facility for such a design, and our neighbours at Yale, on the waters of the Sound, may create a rival fleet to combat with us in some periodical contests. And if the spirit should extend to Princeton and the Southern Universities, what a glorious regatta we might have on Boston Bay! Aye, 't would rival the famed regattas of Eton itself. This occasional intercourse would also bring the different colleges of the country into closer connexion, and would establish a bond of sympathy between them, much to their mutual benefit. The plan is worthy of approbation and is in every way feasible, and let but the ball be set in

motion here, and I predict the example will be imitated with alacrity and zeal every where, to the universal benefit.

JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

TO ISABEL.

WHEN I knew thee long ago,
 Isabel,
 Then thy cheek was like the snow,
 Isabel!
 Sweeter was thy ruby lip
 Than the dews that nightly drip,
 Where the wild bee loves to sip,
 Isabel.

Then thy voice was calm and low,
 Isabel,—
 Soft as music was its flow,
 Isabel!
 And thy brow was smooth and fair,
 Shining through thy sunny hair
 Like the gold-flowered china-ware,
 Isabel.

Wrinkled is that snowy brow,
 Isabel,—
 Sharp and shrill that music now,
 Isabel!
 Nought of all I loved so well,—
 Nought, alas! is left to tell
 That the maiden, Isabelle,
 Was a belle!

ELAH.

THE CELESTIAL SCIENCES.

Being a brief view of the beauties of Judicial Astrology, as compared with those of Modern Phrenology.

“ Who knows all that knowledge contains ?
Men dwell not on the top of mountains,
But on their sides or rising's seat ;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the hist'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
Foreseen b' *ASTROLOGERS*, Soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learned Genethliacs,
And some that have writ Almanacs ? ” *Sidrophel*.

“ *PHRENOLOGY* too shall teach you how to rule as well as reform.
Her wise oracles shall prescribe the principles of legislation,” &c. &c.

DR. JONATHAN BARBER, “ *Soc. Coll. Chir. Lond.* ”

MESSRS. EDITORS,

THE following loose notions may derive from the mighty theme, about which they are employed, a vigor and power, which their originator could not of himself impart to them. With this hope, I present them to your readers. They may “ point to thoughts nobler than themselves.” Indeed, I have a kind of modest confidence that such will be one of their effects. I can conceive of no human creature so cold and stupid, that his heart will not be enlivened, his soul kindled into rapture, by the bare contemplation of those branches of knowledge I am to discuss (theoretically the most elevating and delightful, practically the most advantageous of all as they are,) which have served (how vastly more than every thing beside !) to abstract their professors from the gross present, to enable them “ to see and tell of things invisible to mortal sight,” to render obvious to their perceptions the substantial forms of those “ coming events,” which to ordinary eyes cast such excessively ill defined “ shadows before,” in fact to assimilate them with those living foun-

tains of wisdom, those higher orders of spirits, whose divinest superiority it is to dwell *in* the future and unseen world.

What sagacious reader has failed to see that it is my purpose to speak of that class of sciences, which have extended human knowledge beyond the bounds arbitrarily affixed to it by the clouded intellects of most ancient and modern metaphysicians, which have enabled man to discover the temper and heart of his fellow by a process more pleasurable, a method more elevating and improving than those circuitous ones of judging from conduct and others, which the limited research of the former guides of our race obliged them to adopt and prescribe ; still farther, which have given him direction and success in his attempts to penetrate the abyss of futurity, and through its mists and gloom to discern those coming joys and sorrows, perils and difficulties, he is ever anxious to anticipate and to prepare for ; to foresee, with philosophic eye, the ebb and flow of the "tide in the affairs of men," and to make certain of taking it "at the flood." And what reader in his senses can help sympathizing with me, in reverentially applying to them the epithet *celestial*. No one, most surely, unless he be of that narrow-souled species who, in the blindness of self complacency, presume to laugh at all such knowledge ; to view with scorn all those lofty, heavenly efforts of the human spirit, which were required for its attainment, and to which they feel their own petty selves utterly unequal. Such philosophers (pardon the paradoxical expression) would make man a creature very much after the fashion of his neighbour the horse, simply able to deal in ratiocination about probabilities and chances, who plainly sees that, inasmuch as a bushel of corn has already a thousand times afforded him nourishment and pleasure, it will be likely to do the same again, and who from an infinity of

experiences, decides to an infallible certainty, that "a piece of lead, passed directly through the heart with any considerable rapidity, is liable to produce serious disorder in the system, and perhaps death." I know not in truth, whether such readers be in themselves deserving of special notice, but (to the shame of our nature be it said) the species is inconceivably numerous. To them, therefore, primarily, earnestly, yet coolly if it may be, would I address myself.

For their benefit, it will be necessary, first to classify this branch of sciences, next to exhibit some of the irremovable evidences which go to establish their truth, and finally to subjoin some brief remarks on the truly glorious and harmonious system of mutual analogies and dependencies existing among them.

With that arbitrary neglect of what is commonly reputed philosophical arrangement and method, which becomes all defenders of truth in opposition to popular clamor and prejudice, I shall consider the celestial sciences under two grand divisions,—the first including all those which directly teach the future, the events and deeds by which men are influenced and influence others,—the second comprising those which, by examination of the body or similar means, give us a knowledge of those human passions, propensities, and powers, on which these influences are exerted, and from which in turn they, in a greater or less degree, originate. This is the most convenient division that at present occurs to me. Even here, however, the principles of sciences belonging to these different branches so depend on and in fact run into each other, that a perfectly uniform and distinct preservation of the arrangement I have made must not be required.

The first branch will comprehend judicial astrology, and all the multifold methods of divination practised by ancient soothsayers and modern fortune-tellers. Elaborately

to discuss the truth and utility of all these would very evidently require a space somewhat more extended than your pages can easily afford. For brevity's sake, therefore, I shall take the first in the list as a representative of the whole class, premising that arguments perfectly parallel, equally conclusive and equally impressive with those I shall adduce in its favor, can at once be furnished in support of each of the others, to any one who will take the trouble to apply at my lodgings. What then are some of the proofs of Judicial Astrology? (by which term I understand the science of human events and destinies, as regulated and indicated by the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies).

I. There are weighty antecedent probabilities.

“ Were the stars only made to light
 Robbers and burglars by night ?
 To wait on drunkards, thieves, goldfinders ?
 * * * * *
 Only to stand by and look on,
 But not know what is said or done ? ”

This logic of the ingenious Sidrophel will be much easier laughed at than refuted. Soberly, for what possible purpose may the stars be reasonably supposed to have been situated as they are with regard to us? Not that I mean to ask why they were created and stationed in the parts of space they occupy. That is quite evidently one of those matters with which, extensive as is the range of man's business, he has little to do, and besides the answer to the question is most obvious; they are in all probability the abodes of living beings;—but why have a natural law whose operation exposes them to our view? Most certainly such a law has been established for man's benefit. In what manner then does it effect its design? Merely by relieving the darkness of the night? There are the saddest and fullest testimonies that star-light is in this respect of excessively little worth. Is it

by enlarging our conceptions of the extent and magnificence of the universe, and of the power and goodness of its Maker? This very magnificence and grandeur, this infinity in the number of worlds, has been one of the most offensive weapons in the hands of unbelievers in revelation, who have triumphed over a fancied absurdity in the idea of the Deity's selecting our little globe amid the whole, for the special care and providence with which He has been pleased to govern it. Nor is the plausibility of this last suggested notion at all increased by a consideration of the endless and gross superstitions of which (especially if astrology be untrue) the sight of the stars has been the origin, and which have so immensely retarded man's progress toward that truth and virtue, which have ever been so rationally assigned as the main ends of his being. For who can doubt the soundness of Lord Bacon's remark, that "it is better to believe there is no God than to believe things unworthy of him"? The stars then, if exhibited to us merely to give us a knowledge of God, have far more than defeated their object. What shall we say then? It is manifestly irreconcilable with our idea of the Creator that He, who has not placed within the vision of man a single blade of grass on earth, unless the sight of it answer some fit end, should suffer him to behold eighty millions of suns and their attendant systems, merely for the sake of perplexing him with astronomical labors and theories, or for no purpose at all. Reasonable, Christian readers, you cannot accede to such a supposition. Hesitate not then to comply with a theory — pardon me, I mean a plain, substantial truth, supported by ten thousand facts, devoutly credited by a host of minds incomparably more learned than any that have doubted it, which teaches that in this unbounded, glorious array of worlds, rational, religious, immortal man may read the high destiny to which he is called — and that

this, an object so nobly worthy of the Creator and the creature, is the one for which he is placed in a situation which permits him to survey their positions and motions. And here I may be permitted to suggest, what perhaps would have been more fitly placed at the head of my observations, the manifest incompleteness of means for obtaining that knowledge for which the human soul has capacities and desires, on the supposition that astrology and its kindred sciences are delusions. Is it credible that a being, who has furnished man with such abundant opportunities for advancement in every other department of knowledge, which he has given him ability to comprehend or wish for, should have entirely debarred him from this knowledge of the future,—a kind of wisdom so elevating in its own character, which man himself at least fancies to be of such vital importance to his happiness, and which every day's history proves to be a subject of the longings, the excessively ardent aspirations of his soul? (What shall the advocate of natural religion do for the spirit's immortality, if he presume to reject this last argument as unsound or inconclusive?)

'There is one more point to be touched upon before leaving this part of my subject. Astrology asserts that there is a connexion (in what it consists she saith not) between events which occur in our world and the relative positions of the heavenly bodies. Present this proposition to a modern self-complacent philosopher, and he sneers at it as strange, not obvious, far-fetched, (if the expression be here allowable,) unnatural. "Why should the fact of Venus's residing in the second or third celestial house have more to do with the regulating or indicating of my destiny, than the localities accidentally assumed by the tea-grounds in the cup of the fortune-teller?" Presumptuous sophist! You venture to term the connexion I wish to establish unnatural, one which would

not easily have suggested itself. Now, setting aside the fact that it is impossible to refer to an age since the flood, in which we cannot prove astrologers to have existed, I would refer you for a moment to an undisputed standard of naturalness — the language and impressions of the unsophisticated common people, whose inborn perceptions of simple truth, metaphysical theories have never blinded or distorted. Can any thing be more common than expressions like the following, viz ;— “bless my stars,” (on an occasion of good fortune,) “he may thank his lucky stars for that,” “such a man’s star is up,” “his star is in the ascendant,” and a host of others, tending to prove the same point? And when by any violent influence from without, or from the divinity stirring within him, man’s thoughts “that wander through eternity,” compass the whole field of cogitation with a motion unusually rapid, when from the law of his nature those inherent impressions which are deepest implanted are most vivid, when in consequence his mind is in the condition best fitted for reviving perceptions of truth, and every thing about him is ethereal, and sublime, and elevated immensely above the grossness of his general condition, is he not vulgarly said to “see many stars”? Genuine expression of instinctive sentiment! Triumphant conqueror over metaphysical subtilty!

Now, according to Dr. George Combe, the eminent author of the latest “System of Phrenology,” “the language of the vulgar, which is less affected by philosophical theories than that of polite scholars, is more in accordance with nature.” The truth is indisputable, the inference he deduces from it to the support of the new science of which he is so worthy a representative, is irresistible. Equally impossible is it, in my view, for any man in his senses duly to consider the expressions with regard to the stars just alluded to, and to avoid the obvious con-

clusion which follows, viz., that the connexion of the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies with the directing and indicating of human destinies naturally suggests itself to and forces itself upon the view, that it is one of those impressions which are earliest received and longest retained in the unsophisticated mind; and who will hesitate to pronounce this a strong antecedent probability in favor of the truth of such a connexion?

I shall take it as established then, first, that man cannot be reasonably supposed to have been placed in view of the universe of stars for any other purpose than to learn his destiny from them; and, secondly, that the belief in their being so connected with his destiny is an obvious and natural one. And here, although much remains unnoticed, I must leave this part of the subject, only adding that, in my humble view, had the telescope never been applied to this noble end, had the celestial region never been marked out into its appropriate "houses," and the fates of individuals and communities, families and empires predicted with unerring certainty by the aid of the science founded on these observations, — were all this yet undone, still there would be amply enough and more than enough ground for undoubting faith in this fundamental principle of judicial astrology.

II. Thus far I have confined myself to the establishment of the proposition, that there is an overpowering balance of probabilities in favor of the supposition of the heavenly bodies being, in *some* way, connected with earthly events and destinies; that, independent on all direct discoveries, we should have ample reason for believing that such a connexion did actually exist. I shall next proceed to consider some analogies tending to prove the same point, and shall then attempt, by means of authenticated and conclusive facts, to demonstrate, first,

that there is *some* influence exerted by these bodies upon our actions and fates, and, secondly, that this influence has been rightly determined and made known by eminent astrologers — therefore that judicial astrology merits a place among the sciences. The facts I shall first adduce are so notorious as to require but little reference to scientific works or to isolated testimonies. Let us take those bodies whose influences, from their vicinity to the earth, are most perceptible, the moon and sun. In the first place, what physiologist is unacquainted with the truth that the lower parts of creation are immensely affected by the positions of these bodies? Let us begin with the atmosphere: those changes of wind and rain in this, which give rise to what is termed the weather, are owing, in no small degree, to the influences of the moon. Here I might easily append a list of witnesses, whose learning and honesty would be undisputed, and among whom would appear no less a name than that of Dr. Adam Clarke. This eminent biblical commentator, clergyman, and philosopher has, with the nicest precision, determined these influences, and the result of his investigations may be seen in the table of calculations drawn up with reference to them, which is now yearly published in the old Farmer's Almanack. (I take this opportunity of seriously recommending this work to the favorable notice of my readers. Let each one take it home, and constantly compare the event with the predictions therein contained on this subject. I am willing to rest the soundness of this part of my argument on the result of the experiment.) But this is an unimportant point; it is, besides, unnecessary to go on with its discussion, as I presume it will be uncontested. Suffice it to say that the influences of the sun and moon and other heavenly bodies upon the weather form a part of the science I am defending, known by the name of *natural* astrology, which is firmly credit-

ed by many very eminent, and withal very modern philosophers, who are skeptical on the subject of the more elevated branch, which is in contradistinction termed *judicial*.

Let us go on then toward the race of man, beginning with that of vegetables. I confidently call upon any reader to point out to me an experienced farmer, who sows, or wood-cutter who hews, in the wane of the moon. Such a one cannot be produced. It is matter of notoriety with this class of men that the growth of common garden plants, as well as the fall of the sap in trees, are affected by the increase and decrease of this planet. Next take the case of the lower animals, that of fishes, for instance. A mackerel by being sufficiently exposed to the influences of lunar light becomes what is termed "moon-struck," and produces the most astonishing effects and the most unearthly external appearances in the hapless man who chances to eat him. So with several other species. I do not waste paper in quoting from scientific works in support of these statements, because each reader may settle the matter to his own satisfaction, by appealing to any physician or naturalist within his reach, because moreover I presume that the facts are too well known to be disputed, and, whether disputed or not, they are by no means of vital importance to my main argument.

Now come to the highest genus—man. There can be no one of my readers who has not heard of being "moon-struck." Probably the generality of them have had within their own observation or hearing men under the influence of the unearthly species of madness thus designated. (Whence indeed came the now universal application of the terms *lunacy* and *lunatic*, but from a knowledge of the fact under consideration?) There are few of them too who do not know of individuals who

have been "sun-struck." There is an ample supply of cases for demonstrating the actual existence of the disease to which this epithet is applied, and its essential difference from either common terrestrial insanity or from proper lunacy. These incontestable facts are enough for my purpose. Vegetables, brutes, the animal part of man, and by consequence his passions, feelings, thoughts, actions are alike subject to mysterious, yet powerful and sensible influences, exerted by the sun or moon or both. I conceive this proposition established, and in view of it, I appeal to each reader's common sense to answer the question—is it not a highly probable and rational inference that the other more remote heavenly bodies do likewise exert, each its appropriate influence (even supposing it, if you will, to be wholly invisible and indeterminate) upon these same vegetables, these same brute animals, these same bodies, passions, and actions of men. At least, in consideration of analogical facts like those above stated, shall not a science which pretends to show and to determine these influences, be investigated with a feeling very remote from that of contempt, with a degree of respect, with a kind of antecedent faith? There is no conceivable reason why Jupiter and Venus should not have their mysterious effects on men, as well as the sun and moon. There can be no doubt that they do so: it is only because the connexion between the passions and thoughts thus aroused, and their producing cause does not so force itself upon even the superficial observation of the heedless vulgar, that the terms "*Jupiter-struck*" and "*Venus-struck*" are not in vogue, quite as generally as the corresponding ones of "*sun-struck*" and "*moon-struck*."

III. I am happy (and I can have no doubt of receiving the cordial sympathy of my readers) to have at length travelled completely over the whole region of antecedent probabilities and analogies. I am happy that I have

finally arrived at what after all is in these days the only perfectly satisfying and convincing portion of the proofs—the argument from direct facts. And here permit me to premise the perhaps needless observation that astrology by no means undertakes to *account for* the wonders whose *existence* only she is concerned to prove. The modern phrenologist (as we shall see by and by) cannot tell why, according to Dr. Spurzheim, the organ of amateness should be located on the nape of the neck, rather than on the middle of the forehead, or why, according to the less ingenious Sir Everard Home, it should be on the middle of the forehead, rather than on the nape of the neck. The disciples of each master content themselves with exhibiting a host of individual cases, which place the matter beyond question. So the astrologer, without presuming to offer any reason why there should be a connexion between the position of a planet and a man's destiny, or any account of the manner in which such a connexion is sustained, simply presents you with his array of conclusive facts, and calls upon you to acknowledge the plain inference deducible from them, without meddling with the "why and because." The demand is as fair in the one case as in the other, and it is perfectly just in both. For the discreet Sidrophel hath truly pronounced

"It is no part
Of Prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform deny,
Because you understand not why."

I am now ready for the statement of facts, and here the range is so immense that I confess myself excessively at a loss to determine on what principle to make a selection of those which, in the space of a page, shall carry with them the most decisive and impressive conviction. Before an infinity of perhaps equally available methods

I have preferred what on the whole is, I believe, the most summary and at the same time the most efficient one of arguing from the confessions of adversaries. Permit me then to quote the language of a scholar pre-eminent in the literary world for his attainments and judgment, and not less for his uncompromising hostility to the cause I am defending — Dr. John Mason Good, author of the celebrated “Book of Nature.” This science,” says he, “was for ages embraced by men of the highest learning and talents, and of unblemished integrity, who, IN A THOUSAND INSTANCES FORETOLD EVENTS THAT ACTUALLY CAME TO PASS, and persuaded themselves that they foretold them by the rules of their own art. Such were Baptista Porta and Cardan and Kepler, of the sixteenth century, the first the greatest scholar, and the two last the most distinguished mathematicians of their age, ** such were our own two learned countrymen and poets, Cowley and Dryden, of the seventeenth century.” The name of Dryden he here introduces, in allusion to this poet’s having cast the nativity of his son Charles Dryden, and predicted certain singular incidents in his life, together with what he declared should be the manner of his death, (viz., drowning,) which were all faithfully accomplished. This statement is confirmed by his biographers, Sir Walter Scott, and Dr. Samuel Johnson. The latter moreover adds, — “There are a number of his (Dryden’s) predictions most surprisingly fulfilled.” If the testimony of anti-astrologers like Johnson and Scott, to the fulfilment of what the heretical D’Israeli himself professes to consider “a most remarkable and unaccountable prediction,” as well as the confession of Dr. John Mason Good, that the predictions of men of the same class with Kepler and Baptista Porta and Cardan and Cowley and Dryden actually came to pass “in a thousand instances,” — if all this be held of no weight, I confess I should de-

spair of being able to offer even a tolerably effectual defence of any principle of astronomy or chemistry, or of the reality of any universally allowed historical event. It matters little how these adversaries of truth themselves choose to account for the occurrences they relate. Each of my readers will, I am sure, take the best care of never suffering his deference for their powers and attainments to become a reason for dispensing with all exercise of his own judgment: each will most certainly view it as a duty, attaching itself to his own sense of right, and his own self-respect, to decide for himself whether these innumerable and most astounding predictions are to be set aside, on the score of self deception or chance, or on any other equally improbable and untenable supposition.

He will at least be inclined to look with a feeling of indecision, a degree of respect for both parties, on a question in regard to facts, whose conclusiveness is distrusted by philosophers living out of the age in which they occurred — men like Johnson and Good, but which could force contemporary minds like Cardan and Cowley and Dryden and Kepler and Bacon, into undoubting, active faith, into reverent submission to the doctrines and requirements of astrology.

It is then from facts of this nature, confessed by the most powerful and bitterest enemies of the science to be absolutely innumerable, that I draw the simple inference of the truth of judicial astrology. If any one is inclined to doubt the authority of the testimonies I have offered him, he must be referred to the cases of Cowley and Dryden, to the works of Cardan and Kepler, and of at least one more individual, incomparably the strongest and most gifted mind of his time — Lord Bacon. If he still persist in his heresy, I can do nothing with him: his case is hopeless: the planet under which he was born is adverse to truth and faith. For, as the advocates of the new

science of phrenology dispose of obstinate skeptics, by averring that they possess not the organs which enable them to comprehend and believe her doctrines, be it hereby known that the case is precisely analogous with regard to astrology; it is not every one whom his stars permit to appreciate or discern her beauties.

“The spirit’s ladder,

That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers,
Move up and down on heavenly ministories —
The circles in the circles approach
The central sun with ever narrowing orbit —
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of JUPITER’S glad children born in lustre.” *Wallenstein*.

I have thus considered the antecedent probabilities and analogies which establish the fundamental principles of judicial astrology almost to a moral certainty, and lastly the facts which make the truth of the whole science, as now existing, matter of demonstration. — And here I must abruptly pass to the last and most important (start not, patient reader; it is not therefore to be the longest) division of my subject — the discussion of the second class of celestial sciences above mentioned, viz., those which, by examination of the body or similar expedite methods, give us a knowledge of man’s passions, propensities and powers. This will include palmistry, physiognomy, and modern phrenology with divers others. In accordance with the plan pursued above, I shall take the last mentioned as a specimen of the whole. This will bring me to what was indeed the main design of this essay — the displaying the sameness of the principles of reasoning, the perfect parity of the arguments on which the kindred sciences of astrology and phrenology support themselves. As the most summary process, therefore, I shall divide the proofs as above, stating in general what

I conceive to be the principal evidences of phrenology, and requesting the reader to turn back at each argument to the corresponding one, given above in detail in support of astrology, and to examine the parallelism of the two.

I. The antecedent probabilities are precisely analogous. First, there is the otherwise insuperable difficulty in disposing of the brain, of whose purposes the slightest examination will satisfy the inquirer no adequate account has been given, on any supposition but that of the truth of phrenology. Second, there is to be considered, if it be untrue, the incompleteness of means for that knowledge, for which the fact that something of the same character with phrenology has existed in every age and country, sufficiently proves the human soul to have aspirations and capacities. Third, we must not omit to notice, here as above, the expressions of the common people. Are not "soft-headed," "thick-headed," "addle-pated," "hair-brained," and a thousand other such terms in every one's mouth? all which go to prove, not indeed with regard to the complexity of the brain, but merely with regard to its connexion with the mind, that the notions which phrenology inculcates are obvious, such as would without instruction suggest themselves — that they are natural impressions, easily implanted in and firmly retained in the unsophisticated mind. (To a sagacious observer moreover, the general use of expressions like the following — "soft-hearted," "tender-hearted," "he has lost (or "broken") his heart," will be evidence abundant that the case is analogous with regard to the theory of the heart viewed as the seat of the affections.) Now if any one claim satisfaction as to the soundness of these principles of reasoning, he will please trouble himself to reperuse the first portion of the defence of judicial astrology.

II. The analogies are conclusive, in this case as in the former. Do not a large portion of the mental faculties

and perceptions, (those of motion and sense for instance,) have their organs in the body? And does not this render it highly probable that the same is true of what are ordinarily termed the purely intellectual powers? An answer to which may be easily procured, by attentively consulting the second portion of the defence of judicial astrology.

III. The notoriety of the facts in support of phrenology will excuse me for omitting all detailed reasoning with regard to them. I shall not scruple to take it for granted, that they are beyond measure numerous, and that they are amply sufficient, in their own nature and character, to put the matter at rest in the mind of every thing like a candid inquirer. All which will be made clear as noonday to him who reconsults the third portion of the defence of astrology.

For a closing point of resemblance between these two sciences, we may notice the principle of *reductio ad absurdum*, which has ever been the most offensive weapon with the enemies of both. I shall not stop, so much as to examine its pretended bearing on the sciences in question. I am willing to grant all that the opponent chooses to assert with regard to it. It is the principle itself, in any and all of its applications, to which I object. I can do no more than repeat what has been already hinted: It appears to me hardly other than an identical proposition, that a conclusion, to which uncontested and otherwise inexplicable facts aim, and in which they centre, can never be with any approach to propriety termed absurd.

Messrs. Editors, it was at first my design to subjoin a few observations on other points connected with this interesting subject. A resistless desire however (to which, I am sure, many a heart by this time beats responsive) of seeing the end of this essay, urges me to stop where I am. With your permission, therefore, these imperfect remarks shall be concluded by the following

TABULAR VIEW.

The otherwise incomplete means of obtaining that knowledge for which the human soul has capacities and desires, together with the impossibility of otherwise adequately accounting for man's being placed in view of the universe of stars, render it in the highest degree probable that there is a connexion between these stars and his destiny.

Numerous expressions of the vulgar prove this connexion to be obvious — easily suggested to and firmly retained in the unsophisticated mind.

The plain fact that a part of the heavenly bodies (as the sun and moon) do confessedly and unquestionably exert visible influences on men's passions and actions, renders it in the highest degree probable that the other more remote bodies do likewise have, each its appropriate influence.

Innumerable, incontestable, and otherwise inexplicable facts demonstrate the truth of judicial astrology as now existing.

By the confession of its enemies, astrology, if it fall at all, can only fall before the utterly fallacious principle of *reductio ad absurdum* — a principle pernicious in all its applications, and dangerous to all effectual progress in scientific and religious truth.

The otherwise incomplete means of obtaining that knowledge for which the human soul has capacities and desires, together with the impossibility of otherwise adequately accounting for the purposes of the brain, render it in the highest degree probable that there is a connexion between this part of the body and the faculties of the mind.

Numerous expressions of the vulgar prove this connexion to be obvious — easily suggested to and firmly retained in the unsophisticated mind.

The plain fact that a part of the mental faculties (as those of motion and sense) do confessedly and unquestionably have visible organs in the body, renders it in the highest degree probable that those also which are most strictly termed the purely intellectual powers do likewise have, each its appropriate organ.

Innumerable, incontestable, and otherwise inexplicable facts demonstrate the truth of phrenology as now existing.

By the confession of its enemies, phrenology, if it fall at all, can only fall before the utterly fallacious principle of *reductio ad absurdum* — a principle pernicious in all its applications, and dangerous to all effectual progress in scientific and religious truth.

I have, gentlemen, the satisfaction of being

Your truly obliged and devoted servant,

JACOB BEHMEN.

THE WILD HUNSMEN'S SONG.

WHEN the wind howls drearily over the shore,
 And the storm is rushing by,
 When nought is heard save the billows' roar,
 And the sea-birds' mournful cry;
 When Autumn's leaves fall thick on the plain,
 And the forest trees are bare;
 And, timidly bounding, the stag would fain
 To his sylvan home repair:

Chorus. — Then will we with the toast and glee
 While away the midnight hour,
 Then will we quaff so merrily,
 Though the skies above us lower;
 Hurrah! Hurrah! for the toast and glee,
 Then will we drink right merrily.

When the trump of war blows its shrill alarm,
 And our steeds for battle neigh;
 When warriors in haste for the conflict arm,
 And hie from their homes away;
 When victory crowns our banners bright,
 When fame's clarion sounds afar,
 When safely we rest from the deadly fight,
 Where the homes of our fathers are;

Chorus. — Then will we with the toast and glee,
 Forget all our perils past;
 Then will we quaff so merrily,
 And all care behind us cast;
 Hurrah! Hurrah! for the toast and glee,
 Then will we drink right merrily.

J. W.

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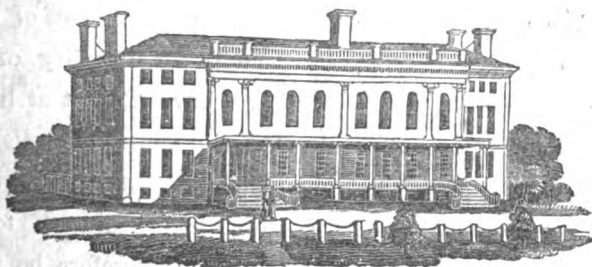
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TO OUR READERS.

WE give our readers this month eight pages of extra matter, in consequence of the great liberality of our correspondents, whose favors we have not felt at liberty to postpone to another month. Our subscription list has, of late, been considerably increased, but an additional number of subscribers is absolutely necessary to the continuance of the work. We shall therefore be much indebted to those of our friends who shall exert themselves in our behalf.

HARVARDIANA.

No. V.

TWO CHAPTERS "FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL."

*The Mordaunts of Mordaunt Hall. A Tale of the
Old Dominion.*

CHAPTER I.

SIR RALPH MORDAUNT was a fine representative of the Virginians, even in the days of the Revolution, before they had displayed those characteristics which have since stamped them as a peculiar people. The same unbounded hospitality he practised as the modern Virginian, and he possessed in the full their generosity and dignity of character. His loyalty to the king was so enthusiastic as to cause him in his zeal to forget the wrongs of his adopted country, and become an active Tory partisan during the Revolution. It was not from motives of self-interest, as with many of his neighbours, that he espoused the cause of the king, but from principles of loyalty, adherence to which he regarded as a sacred duty, second in importance only to his moral duties. Friends and foes never doubted

the sincerity of his loyalty ; it was too generous, too enthusiastic, to be false. He liked to combat the arguments of his rebel neighbours, but grew exceedingly testy if his own principles or the measures of the king were sharply attacked, and would silence the bold harangue of the contumacious rebel about "liberty," "rights of man," with an emphatic stamp of his crutch, which an attack of the gout had necessitated him to use, pronouncing them "all new-fangled words got up by a set of d—d demagogues to disturb the peace of the province and bewilder the brains of foolish women and children." Notwithstanding his zeal for the king, his character as a man was held in too high esteem to create him any enemies among his neighbours. They ascribed his errors rather to his excessively generous heart, which could not be persuaded that his gratitude to the King, for the thousand favors heaped upon him, could be cancelled by any acts, however adverse to the rights of his subjects.

Sir Ralph Mordaunt was the elder son of a noble family in England ; he of course inherited the title and possessions of the family. By right of birth he was a member of the House of Peers, and on his first entrance he ranked himself with the supporters of the king and ministers. He always lent them his vote, but never his voice, save in one unlucky instance, in which his honesty and bluntness led him to give too emphatic a contradiction to the arguments of a declamatory Whig, the consequence of which was, he was duly summoned to the field, as in such cases ordained, whence, after ineffectually discharging a brace of pistols at the head of his opponent, he departed, dissatisfied with Parliament where his *debut* was so unsuccessful, and with England, because its peace was vexed by the turbulent Whigs, "who," he said, "just made a row to bully the king." Sir Ralph looked around him for a spot to his heart's content, where he might find a

loyal people worshipping the king and execrating whiggism, and where he might be out of the din of Parliament and its noisy orators. The tobacco in his pipe, as he was pondering on the subject in the old hall before a Christmas fire, upon which a Yule log was blazing and crackling, reminded him of the existence of such a spot as the "Virginia Colony," and the marvellous tales which had been told of it from the time of Sir Walter Raleigh downwards, about its fertility and exceeding pleasantness, had long filled his mind with an anxious desire to see it. The thought struck him it was the very place most fitting for him, and vehemently starting up from his chair, in his earnestness unwittingly dashing to pieces his pipe upon the hearth, he strode out of the hall with the whole troop of youngsters at his heels, who were playing some Christmas pranks in the old hall, to relate his determination to his spouse. That night commenced a debate on the subject, which was ended just one month from that date, at the expiration of which period the arguments of his wife were routed, and he remained victor in the controversy.

His pack of foxhounds was enlarged from the stock of his fellow-sportsmen, and securing a whole cabin for their especial use, he set sail, leaving behind his elder son to have an eye to the family estates, and to represent the family in Parliament and the circles of the nobility. Sir Ralph's coming was soon made known in the colony, and on his arrival, he met a warm and hearty welcome from the gentry of the province. The old knight now found himself in the situation and in the midst of the associates he had long desired, and it was not long after his arrival ere he settled himself down near the mountains on a fine fat estate, surrounded by fertile cotton-growing lands, and wild woodland abounding in game. The mansion house stood on the crown of a hill, whose eleva-

tion commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. From the porch, which ran the whole length of the front of the house, Sir Ralph was accustomed, when shut up with the gout, to survey the chase as it swept over the neighbouring fields, and whenever the dogs and men came into hearing, they were cheered on by the loud hurrah and halloo of the invalid sportsman. The house was just such an one as you will any where see among the planters at the present day in West Virginia. It was a long range of frame, two stories in height, its want of height being compensated by its great length and breadth. It had the appearance of a capacious and comfortable dwelling, and backed, as it was, by a long range of out buildings, set apart for the slaves, you would at once set it down for the residence of some old, hale, aristocratic nabob. At the foot of the hill a small creek swept by, affording fine sport to the old knight, who was a most zealous disciple of Isaac Walton. Here Sir Ralph at last found himself at rest, and spent his time in the practice of the old English sports, and in the education of his children in loyalty to God and the king.

CHAPTER II.

Now, reader, accept our guidance, and we will introduce you to the family of the excellent knight; be perfectly at ease, for you will meet no sinister glances or repulsive formality; the old cavalier has infused his own warm, hospitable spirit into all his family, and his children are growing up to maturity, with hearts full of the same fine, generous feelings which characterize Sir Ralph. How beautiful is the countenance of a child when beaming with frankness and cordial love! Sir Ralph's genial

manners, the affectionate interest always manifested by him in the welfare of his children, had won him the warmest love and esteem; they indeed regarded him as a father, and not, as is too often the case with children whose spirits are curbed with the tightest rein of parental authority, as a domestic tyrant. Thus, with this power over them, so gently won, he was enabled to pursue most successfully his system of education. He never permitted the school door to close upon them till they had passed the age of six; from their birth up to that period, their freedom was unchecked. He sent them forth into the fields and bracing air of the hills, to gather health, and to gladden and refine their hearts by converse with nature. The result was, that he was surrounded by faces radiant with health, and eyes reflecting back with flowing cheerfulness of kind and happy hearts. Oh ye wiseacres of modern times, who lash the infant intellect into premature development with your infant schools and unhealthy stimulus, who famish the body to feed the mind, and rear up whole generations with sickly disordered frames, in the vain hope by opposing the laws of nature, to produce prodigies of intellect, look at the family of Sir Ralph for a reproachful and cheerful contrast.

That tall youth, who is advancing into the dining-room with a brace of pheasants dangling from his gun, is Henry Mordaunt, the elder of the younger brothers. He has just returned from the morning chase, and the fox-tail streaming from his hat is another proof of his prowess in the field. He is a fine, manly-looking fellow, with light, almost flaxen hair, with a pair of light blue eyes, flashing with mirth and fun. He is the idol of the whole family. Now as the family crowd around him to hear his adventures of the morning, we have them all in view, and can take a survey of each.

First, there is Sir Ralph. He has passed the age of fifty, and yet wears a fresh, healthy countenance almost unwrinkled by age ; in fact the very few wrinkles upon it are in the neighbourhood of the mouth, and an acute observer would sooner derive them from mirth than grief. A few grey locks rest upon his broad and open brow, and they are almost the only evidence of the impress which time has made upon him. His form is robust and well developed. He is rather stout than tall, and is about the middle size. Lady Mordaunt, who has been attracted down stairs by the noise, is just entering the door. She is certainly in her bearing, a woman of great dignity and grace, and you would at once pronounce her a lady of high birth. She was wont to exercise a little more rigid sway than the knight, which she deemed necessary in order to infuse a little of the pride of aristocracy into the manners of the children, whom, she said, the knight, "if he had his own way, would make a set of roisterous fox-hunters and wild romps." At her entrance, then, the clamor of voices sinks into a softer tone, but the eagerness, with which the younger children run to embrace her, at once marks the love in which they hold her. She is rather tall, but her form is graceful and erect ; dark black hair, and brilliant black eyes shaded by dark lashes, give an air of winning dignity to the expression of her countenance. She is younger than Sir Ralph, not being more than forty, and yet looks young. But the most pleasing object yet is the gay girl, who is just tripping in from the outer door after a morning's ride. What a beautiful creature ! Her cheeks are flushed with exercise, and her light blue eyes, in which she resembles her brother, are glittering with health and joy. Her dark auburn tresses, which have escaped in loose ringlets from beneath her bonnet, and are floating over her polished marble shoulder, give an additional charm to the vivacity of her

countenance. She is just sixteen, and her form is rich with the mingled beauties of the girl and dawning woman. "Why Harry," she said, in a bantering tone out of love of a little vexation, vixen like, "you are a poor sportsman to be gone half a day, and yet only to show a brace of sorry pheasants, and a poor tail of a fox, which Jenkins told me your hounds ran down on his farm only because the poor animal was lame of a leg,—why I could have run down a *sound* fox myself, and shot twice the number of pheasants in half the time, girl as I am!" "Ah, Belle," said her brother, "you little vixen,—you are at your old game of bantering again, I see. Jenkins knows the fox was lamed only at the end of the chase by a grapple of the first hound with him, and as to the pheasants, they are not my shooting, they were sent over to the Hall as a present to your beautiful self by Ned Roane, who was out with us in the chase." Belle, at the mention of the latter name, turned quickly on her heel to conceal a blush which was mantling her cheek and face with a deep glow. Turning to her brother, as she left the room, she put her finger on her lips, as a sign of silence on the subject of the pheasants, and enforced it with a roguish cast of the eye, which meant, if Harry did not observe her commands, she might tell something about the nosegay in his bosom, which Roane's sister had gathered for him. Harry said no more about the pheasants, and smiled at the tyranny which the ingenuity and quick wit of his gay sister could exercise over him. The pheasants are sent into the kitchen, and the dining-room is cleared for dinner, and as the family have each left the room to prepare for the meal, we will retire, reader, unless you wish to lounge in the portrait gallery, and dine with the knight and his family. We bid you farewell at the present, and promise in our next chapter to entertain you with an

account of Ned Roane and his sister, as they will in all probability be important personages in our history.

[Here the author has happily lit upon a pair of heroes and heroines, and the plot under their favoring auspices begins rapidly to thicken. Its development is facilitated by the war of the Revolution, which by chance broke out about the very time Isabel Mordaunt began to be in love with Ned Roane, and Ned Roane with Isabel Mordaunt, and Harry Mordaunt with Alice Roane. Never in the history of fiction was the course of events more auspicious to the novelist! Ned Roane and his sister luckily take the side of the Whigs, while Isabel and Harry Mordaunt continue staunch Tories, and thus a fine opportunity is given to the author to invest his story with the *quantum sufficit* of "thrilling passages" in describing the ravings of the old knight at Harry and Belle, who refuse to break off intercourse with "the rebel Roanes." The conflict between parental duty and the vows of eternal love, gives rise to many highly wrought and powerful scenes, instinct with "grace and beauty," and terror and sublimity. We would that we could extract one of these excellent passages, but we should trespass too much on the rights of the author. The war is ended. By the force of circumstances the old knight is pacified, and consents to inoculate the family of "rebel Roanes" with the purest blood of English aristocracy, coursing in the veins of the Mordaunts. To all which the author assents, and sets down as ordered, and thus the tale winds up with two well assorted marriages. The old knight makes a great jubilee; has the whole lower story knocked into one spacious hall; invites all the fox hunters and boon fellows for miles around, taps his best wine, cracks over all his old jokes, repeats for the thousandth time his long winded, prosing tales, and tosses down bumper after

bumper to the happy brides and bridegrooms until he becomes oblivious, and confusion and riot begin their reign, whereat, very seemly indeed, the author drops the curtain amid the faint huzzas of three or four old veterans who obstinately hold out to the last, and signalize their descent beneath the table by faint shouts of defiance.]

KING PHILIP.

"Upon the next day, Church, discovering an Indian seated on a fallen tree, made to answer the purpose of a bridge over the river, raised his musket and deliberately aimed at him. 'It is one of our own party,' whispered a savage, who crept behind him. Church lowered his gun, and the stranger turned his head. It was Philip himself, musing, perhaps, upon the fate that awaited him."

THATCHER'S *Lives of the Indians*.

PHILIP, has the white man's charm
Chilled with fear *thy* kingly breast?
Has his spell unnerved *thy* arm,
Made *thee* woman like the rest?

Say, is *this* the arm, whose shock,
Straight as blazing bolt from heaven,
Sent thy flashing tomahawk,—
And the white man's skull was riven?

Is *this* the hand, whence arrow flew
Winged with eagle's lightning speed?
Did *this* urge thy light canoe,
Quivering like yon wind-struck reed?

Yes — this is still the arm, the hand, —
 And there my father's dwelling place;
 But like thee, lonely Hope, I stand
 Alone amid a stranger race!

My warriors brave, that gathered round
 Thy council fires, thou mountain fair!
 I hear their distant voices sound,
 They call me from the cloudy air.

My wife, my son, — your voices rise
 In murmurs soft as summer's stream;
 And on my darkened soul those eyes,
 Like stars above, in beauty gleam.

But where art thou, my tender wife?
 'Tis but your image mocks me now.
 Oh! could I snatch thee back to life,
 And feel thy lips upon my brow;

That touch would thrill this wasted frame
 With all my youth's forgotten fire;
 And kindle up to burning flame
 The hopes I saw with thee expire.

This is your charm, ye hated race!
 No other will my spirit own;
 Ye urge me still in deadly chase,
 Betrayed, abandoned, and alone.

I scorn your power — could arm avail
 To drive you from my native soil;
 I should not feel my spirit fail,
 This arm would still be nerved for toil.

I bow not: though I feel your might, —
 Though round my head your thunders ring,
 And round my heart has gathered night,
 Yet know that Philip still is king.

Still will I guard thee, mountain shrine,
 That looks upon my father's grave;
 And thou shalt sadly smile on mine,
 And bless the arm that could not save.

And while strange children gather round
 Thy base, my father's ancient seat!
 And thou shalt hear strange voices sound,
 And on thee press the strangers' feet;

Thy pine-clad summits still shall wave,
 And send their mournful music sweet;—
 Above my own, my father's grave,
 'T will rising swell our shades to greet.

I.

ELOCUTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many panegyrics pronounced upon this art, for its importance and dignity, the number is not a few of those who believe it to be injurious, if thoroughly followed out and adopted. Innumerable treatises have been published upon this subject, explaining the pauses, emphases, and inflections of voice, suitable to every variety of sentence, and containing complete systems of the passions, showing how they affect the countenance, tone of voice, and gesture, &c. &c. &c. Let us inquire whether there has been any benefit resulting from these labors proportionable to their extent.

Every one must admit that Grammars of Elocution afford many useful hints for managing and improving the voice, and that Professors of the art may be of great

benefit for the same purpose, and in correcting bad habits of delivery. There are many faults of which a person may be entirely unconscious himself, and which can be best remedied by the advice of some judicious individual who, by practice, has acquired the faculty of detecting the smallest imperfections. In such cases much advantage may be derived from an Instructor in Elocution.

But with regard to the principal fault of delivery, we think Elocutionists do more harm than good; so that the injury they who give themselves entirely up to their instructions will receive in this one particular, will more than counterbalance all the benefit derived in other respects. What is this fault? It is awkwardness arising from diffidence, a defect to which every unpractised speaker is liable. Such a one will, perhaps, utter the most sublime and stirring conceptions of genius almost with the tameness of a statue; events that would make the spectators stand, "like Niobe, all tears," he may describe with stoical apathy; and if he attempt to be merry, it is with the grace of a Caliban. How shall this individual be restored to the natural way of delivery?

The method pursued by Elocutionists, we mean those who are thoroughly so, is this, and it is mechanical. They treat the learner as if he was possessed neither of the common feelings of humanity, nor of common sense. They call his attention to a detail of the tones and inflections of the voice, which, however interesting in a philosophical point of view, is of little use in a rhetorical; they give him works to peruse, marked with the proper inflection to be made, and, in one case, disfigured with 7s (*apte captis*) to denote the right pauses, as if to stamp it on every page as the seventh folly of science.

In order to show the absurdities of systems of Elocution in their full light, let us notice more particularly the

directions they contain, and observe the effect which they would probably have with regard to the removal of the feeling of embarrassment before spoken of. The rules we shall mention are all taken from standard books on the art, or have been followed by eminent teachers of it. The learner is first placed in a sphere provided with a certain number of hoops to teach him to make graceful gestures. He is directed "to stand in such a position that a perpendicular let fall through the middle of his neck shall pass through the heel of the foot on which he chiefly rests." On account of the impossibility of following this rule exactly, we suppose the plumbline must be tied to the ear of the patient disciple, and then attentively watched through all its oscillations till the right position is gained. He is then permitted to commence the recitation, and, according to one Elocutionist, if a beginner in the study, he must lean upon his right leg and make a motion with his right hand, while pronouncing the first sentence, and, in the next, incline towards the left, using the left arm, and thus go on in this senseless vibration through the remainder of the piece. Perhaps he listens to such directions as the following; any one who has taken lessons in elocution must have heard similar ones. "It would be well to shake a little on that word—I would certainly point towards heaven in that passage, taking care not to raise the hand above the head—An emphasis of the downward concrete fifth there will produce a fine effect." To follow out the system, the unfortunate pupil, who is treated like a mere machine, as if he could have no perception of the meaning or beauties of an author without the most minute directions, is dismissed with injunctions to mark the piece, according to the explanation he has received of the emphases, inflections, and gestures to be made, and, perhaps, with some parts of it set to tune on a musical scale, according to

which he is to modulate his voice. What man, even of ordinary taste, could bear to see some of the immortal passages, in Shakspeare or Webster, thus disfigured and profaned by an unfeeling and conceited Elocutionist! Let it not be said that such a method of notation materially assists the speaker, and is a good exercise for his mind, because, in order to make it, he must first comprehend the meaning of the author. The plain answer is, if this be true, if the work be accomplished without it, of what use can the system be? But our principal objection to the plan, whether used in reference to original compositions or the productions of others, is, that it proves a man not to be in earnest; — he has not what he says at heart. An instance will plainly show this. Suppose that a manuscript of the sublime peroration of Webster's reply to Hayne, ascertained to have been written before the delivery of that speech, should be examined and found full of directions, indicating that here the circumflex wave of the voice should be used, that there the hand should be carried to the heart, and pressed fervently upon it, that when mentioning his fears for the preservation of the Union, the head should be moderately depressed, and the eyes cast pathetically upon the ground, — and that when speaking of his wishes, that in his last moments he might see the country still free and happy, he should gaze beseechingly and earnestly to heaven, then look round, describe a semi-circumference with his hands prone, raise them, and, after making, as the French would say, *un coup de main, grand, energique, et tout-à-fait unique*, he should resume his seat: or suppose that a sermon of some eloquent divine should be ascertained to abound in hints when to gesticulate and how to modulate the voice; suppose that this system were pursued throughout, and that, when seemingly most warmed and interested for the salvation of souls, he should be dis-

covered to have delivered the following passage as marked. We trust no one will accuse us of profanity in the use we make of it, for we are but illustrating the course pursued by Elocutionists. The letters above the words express the gestures to be made.

My friends, except you repent, you shall all likewise
^{Bahfp} ^{vhq} ^{Be}
^{eq}perish.

Would not every one of common taste or feeling be disgusted, be shocked by such desecration, such monstrous hypocrisy, such scandalous pretence of taking great interest in the subject, when all the actions would manifest that the speaker was engaged in considering how to show himself off to the best advantage, how to produce a fine effect, instead of pouring forth his words from the fountain of a full heart. This is the result, we believe, in the case of all who fully comply with the rules of an artificial system of Elocution. The timidity of an inexperienced speaker, which springs from insufficient interest in the subject to enable him to confine his thoughts to it, and to forget himself, cannot be removed by rules which draw his attention more and more from the subject, and fix it upon the position of his arms, head, legs, and on the tones of his voice; or if removed, as we should naturally expect, from so rude a violation of the sanctity of nature, it will be changed into the sickly complacency and disgusting impudence of self-conceit. The *modesty* of nature is far preferable to the affected self-possession of art.

The truth is, that in order to speak well, a man must feel what he says. This is the only way for any one to get over awkwardness. To be eloquent a man must be earnest, not apparently but really so. He must think upon the subject he intends to speak upon, until he is deeply interested in it, till he finds it impossible to

remain silent, and then he may be sure that he will have something to say, and that he will be attended to. But it may be objected, a man may be called upon to address an audience unexpectedly, when he has nothing to say, and is it not an acquisition of importance to have gained such a command over your voice, such gracefulness of gesture and ease of delivery as give you confidence, and enable you to acquit yourself creditably? Such confidence may arise from practice, which we recommend, but must principally result from the mind of the individual. It must be drawn from himself, not from any thing external. Let no one speak merely because it is expected of him. If he have nothing to say, the best plan, both in public and private, is to keep silent, and in either case the audience will be grateful. There are too many idle, frothy declaimers in the country at present. What is wanted in our legislatures, in our courts of justice, and in the pulpit, is not graceful, wordy speakers, — but men of sterling common sense, who “never speak till they have something to say, and stop when they have done.” A few such men are worth a whole nation of *professed orators*.

But it is asserted “Demosthenes and Cicero cultivated the art of Elocution, and are conspicuous advocates of its importance,” and we are asked, “whether we will venture to contradict these great men.” In the first place, there is no evidence that these orators preconceived the gestures and points to be made during the delivery of their speeches, and marked them accordingly; and secondly, while attending to those parts of Elocution which we admit to be essential, they yet did it, with the conviction that the spirit, the soul of oratory is higher than all art, and may act in opposition to it. Their genius saved them from being injured by rules, upon which modern Elocutionists lay so much stress that inferior minds are

led to deem them the grand source of eminence, and thus become artificial speakers, mere actors; for an actor is allowed and supposed to settle previously, and even exactly, the manner of delivering his part, and in what portions of it he shall make points; but a public speaker in any of our assemblies is not believed to be playing a part, but to be uttering his own sentiments and revealing himself to the audience.

Exercises in declamation ought, in our opinion, to be conducted in the same manner as exercises in reading are by judicious teachers. Rules for reading are now exploded from school books, and the time will come when the mass of foolish remarks and useless directions, at present insisted upon as necessary to be gone through, before one can be even a tolerable speaker, will be swept away, and the art of Elocution confined within its proper limits. We think there is another method different from that generally adopted, which can be used, at least in our colleges, and which will be more likely than any other plan that has been suggested to make forcible, self-possessed, and natural speakers. Before mentioning it, however, we wish to notice some alteration which it would be beneficial to make in the present system so long as it is retained.

The great cause of bad reading and speaking we have stated to be a want of comprehension of the meaning of what is said, and a consequent impossibility of expressing it intelligibly, or with sensibility. But we go farther. The literal signification of every sentence in an author may be understood, and yet the reading or declamation be intolerable, because the ideas referred to, or intended to be suggested by the obvious thoughts of the author, may not be perceived. Instead then of giving any absurd technical directions, the instructor should make copious explanations, so as to be sure that the piece, the situation

of the parties introduced, and, in short, every thing belonging to it, be fully and distinctly understood. Suppose the piece to be spoken be Byron's *Apostrophe to the Ocean*. Let the teacher paint, as perfectly as he can, the feelings and situation of the poet, standing by the sea, and looking out upon its boundless waste of waters; now longing to soar, like the sea-bird, over its surface, and to take in, in one mighty sweep of vision, its whole diversified extent of sunshiny calmness and of blackened rage, and then shrinking into himself in a consciousness of man's insignificance, compared with that monarch whose throne is the globe, and whose canopy the heavens, having the lightning for his sceptre, and his voice like the roar of many thunders; let him call up thoughts of the terrific contests upon the sea, and then represent it as calmly moving on, in its strength, as if despising the petty struggles of that "insect, man," and he may be assured that the words

"Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!"

will come from the depths of the heart, and will be uttered with a power and sublimity that nature only can give.

Very different from this, a course which would ennoble and expand the mind, is the one pursued by most Elocutionists, and the absurdity of their plan may be very easily shown. Suppose a man should call upon an Elocutionist, and tell him that his wife was just dead, and that as he understood him to be a great master of delivery, he wished to know the precise tone in which "*O --- h, my dear,*" and "*A --- h, dead, my love,*" should be sighed, to produce the best effect. Suppose too, that he should inquire the most graceful and pathetic manner of wiping his eyes, expressing extreme solicitude that every thing should go off well at the funeral. Would the Elocutionist tell him in the words of his book, that

"a predominant use of the monotone would be sufficient for a moderate degree of pathos," but that if terribly afflicted, he must use the semi-tone, since "the highest expression of mournful feeling can only be effected by it?" No, — he would resent an imputation of such conduct as an insult, and yet he would talk in this way to a man who should wish to know how to express the grief of Othello at the death of Desdemona, and the two cases are more similar than may be imagined. The Elocutionist would answer that, if he replied to the man at all, he would reproach him for his insensibility: if his wife had been attached to him, and they had lived happily together, he would dwell upon her affection, upon her merits, speak of the dreariness of heart, which every one must feel at the conviction that one who has shared our joys and sorrows is for ever removed from our sight; — in short, he would endeavour to make the husband feel real grief. Exactly analogous, we maintain, is the method to be pursued in teaching any one how to read or speak. They must be made to understand and feel the sentiments they utter, and they will utter them correctly and forcibly.

The best plan, however, where it is feasible, to make graceful and energetic speakers, is to form the students into a debating club, over which the Professor of Elocution shall preside. Let one or two be appointed to debate upon each side of a question, and the rest allowed to participate in the discussion as they see fit. In this way, all, from delivering their own thoughts, would feel more interested in them, and if a little discomposed at first, would, from the hard rubs they would meet with in debate, become excited, forget themselves, their gestures, tones, and looks, be absorbed in the subject, and become truly eloquent. At all events, they would be in little danger of falling into an affected, pompous, or mock-hum-

ble, or in any way unnatural style. At the close of the exercise, the Professor might point out to each separately, or before the class, the particular faults of his delivery, whether of pronunciation or manner, but never dictating a single tone or gesture.

THE TOM-CAT'S SERENADE.

With an explanatory Index.

It is the hour — the dewy hour,
Of fading light, and folded flower,
And night, and Love, and Beauty's power,
Meaou.

The Cat discourseth
of the night,

Sweet Tabby, from thy garret high,
I pray thee send a loving eye,
And hear thy faithful Tommy sigh
Meaou.

and prayeth for his
mistress' favor.

Now sleeps the moonlight on the hill,
The winds are hushed, the waves are still,
All silent, save the bubbling rill, —
Meaou.

O come with me across the street,
And I will spread a noble treat,
Of all that tabbies love to eat.
Meaou.

The Cat inviteth his
mistress to a banquet.

O bid me not alone depart !
I feel the burning tear-drops start, —
O speak and heal a bursting heart !
Meaou.

The Cat pleadeth
his sufferings,

And we will have a cosy chat,
For I've a splendid haunch of rat,
Just cooked to suit a lady-cat.
Meaou.

and describeth his
treat.

I love thee for thy whiskered face,
Thy tuneful purr, thine untaught grace,
Those eyes of green, that noiseless pace ; —

Meaou.

Sheweth why the
Cat loveth,

I love thee not for hoarded pelf
Of stolen scraps from pantry shelf, —
But oh ! I love thee for thyself !

Meaou.

and why he loveth
not.

And if another cat shall dare
With look of love on thee to glare,
By heaven, I 'll eat him, hide and hair !

Meaou.

The Cat waxeth
jealous,

For though alas ! in vain I pine,
No baser breath shall soil the shrine,
Once hallowed by a flame of mine !

Meaou.

and sheweth resent-
ment.

Ah cruel kit ! — She will not deign
To hear my cry, to soothe my pain ; —
My light is quenched — my hopes are vain !

Meaou.

The Cat getteth hy-
pochondriac,

Too great I feel this load of woe !
Soon, soon in death I slumber low,
And o'er my grave shall catnip grow.

Meaou.

and prophesyeth his
coming death. —
" Requiescat in
pace."

Yet once again before I die,
I raise my feeble love-notes high,
— A loud, and yet a louder cry, —

Meaou ! — yeaou ! ! — yea-u-ow ! ! !

The Cat exalteth
his voice.

[Poet exclaimeth from the window.]

The fiend torment that squalling cat !
Out ! night-disturbing vermin ! 'S-cat !
I 'll spoil your beauty, dear ! Take that !

[Dischargeth a poker — Grand finale of caterwauling — The Cat decampeth.]

ELAH.

THE WIZARDS' MINE.

A CONNECTICUT TRADITION.

THE most promising youth in the settlement of Leston in Connecticut, about the beginning of the last century, was undoubtedly Reuben Pennington. Among his companions, his frank and open manners, and a generous and unassuming disposition, made him universally popular, while an ardent boldness, and an eminent skill in the rustic sports of the time fitted him to be, as he invariably was, the leader in all their expeditions of chase or discovery; with the blooming fair ones of the village, a fine person, and a gay and easy address, won him infinite favor; while the elders of the community remarked with approbation, that at church and conference there was no more attentive or edifying listener than Reuben Pennington. And if at times, as some insinuate, his eyes were apt to wander rather oftener than was strictly becoming, towards the pew of the devout Deacon Hathaway, the slight failing was pardoned in consideration of the youth of the offender, and the surpassing attraction which the said pew contained in the daughter of the beforenamed godly Deacon. And truly Ruth Hathaway was a maiden worthy to attract the gaze of more fastidious eyes than those of her village admirers. A beauty of a regular, thoughtful, Madonna-like cast, was the casket of a pure and noble mind, dashed perhaps with a little romance, but spiritualized and elevated by a firm, trustful reliance on the truths of religion. Kind, gentle, and affectionate, she won all hearts, and among them that of our friend Reuben, — while, on the other hand, rumor affirmed that the maiden was not wholly indifferent to her conquest.

There was, however, one barrier in the way of their loves, which, in those primitive times, one would hardly expect to find. The distinctions of wealth, the only title to aristocracy in this republican, money-getting land, had already made themselves felt in the colony. Deacon Hathaway was allowed by all to be one of the richest men in the Province. A fifth of all the fair woodland and meadow, that stretched before you, as you looked from the peak of Kinnicut Hill, reckoned itself among the possessions of the Deacon; and it was even said that the goods with which his store was furnished, were paid for by a slip of paper, directed to the Bank of England, and signed Eliphalet Hathaway. A pious and godly man was the Deacon; no visage at church was more sanctimonious, no *amen* more sonorous, no eye more vigilant and unsparing in the detection of unruly urchins in their offences against the sanctity of the place. Moreover, he had searched the Scriptures diligently and not unprofitably, —for finding the injunction, that “unto him that hath shall be given,” he formed the sage resolution to bestow his daughter and his wealth only on one whose worldly condition would render the latter wholly superfluous.

Reuben Pennington was poor. He had lost his father in childhood, and notwithstanding the exertion and strict economy of his remaining parent, his little patrimony barely sufficed to support them, until he arrived at an age to take this duty on himself. For his own part, this necessity was no cause of regret; a light heart, a good constitution, and a proud consciousness of independence made labor and deprivation of no moment to him. But he knew that the key which opens the heart of the avaricious must be of gold, and that the want of this would, in the eyes of the Deacon, totally unfit him to aspire to his daughter's hand. Add to this, that though he had reason to believe that Ruth did not regard him with an

unfavorable eye, yet he had received no certain assurance of a return of his passion, and we shall not wonder that gloomy thoughts should, at times, occur to depress his natural gaiety ; nor that he should adopt the common lover's expedient to repress them,—a solitary ramble with his rifle in the woods that stretched far and wide around the settlement.

In one of these excursions he met with a singular adventure. He was benighted on his return, a few miles from home, in the depth of the forest. The darkness was so intense that, though an experienced huntsman, he had much difficulty in finding his way over fallen trees, and through tangled brushwood ; he had begun seriously to meditate on the attractions of a couch of dried leaves, with the hum of musquitoes to soothe him to slumber, and a chorus of wolves for a reveille, when he caught the glimmer of a light through the trees on his right. He instantly turned his steps towards it, not doubting that he had fallen in with the bivouac of a party of hunters, like himself overtaken by the darkness. It was farther off, however, than he had supposed, and increased as he approached, so as to contradict this supposition, and fill him with much perplexity as to its cause. Suddenly an opening in the trees disclosed a sight, which almost stupified him with amazement. Over a large fire, which arose from a heap of pine logs, was suspended a huge cauldron ; around it flitted a number of singular beings, in strange and uncouth attire, with long elf locks falling to their shoulders, distorted countenances, and eyes that seemed to pierce him through, even at that distance. — Some were ascending and descending in what seemed a narrow pit near the fire ; others were supplying the cauldron with a bright substance, that sparkled in the fire-light ; and others still were receiving in smaller vessels a stream of some bright yellow fluid, which flowed from

the larger. Their labors were carried on in complete silence; at times the fire would sink and seem near extinction; and again, revived by the application of a thick black liquid, the flames would dart into the air with a strong flaring light, throwing into bold relief the trees in its immediate vicinity, and the dark forms, which flitted around it, but casting all beyond its circle into double shadow.

On a sudden, as if to add to the appalling wildness of the scene, the laborers around the fire began to chant, or rather to howl, a song of exultation and mockery. Most of the stanzas were soon forgotten by the listener, but a few of them dwelt upon his memory for many years.

Cheerily, brothers !
 The night-winds are murk ;
 The death-owl is screeching,
 She calls us to work.
 Wo to the lurker !
 His moments are told,—
 Who watcheth the worker,
 That delveth for gold !

Here Reuben trembled, for he thought himself surely discovered. But the song proceeded.

Cheerily, brothers !
 Heap high the red ore !
 The cauldron is gaping,—
 It calleth for more.
 Like the foam of the Geyser,
 Its black waves are rolled,—
 Like the death-gasping miser,
 It yieldeth its gold.

Red gold ! 't is the ransom
 From conscience's dart,—
 It sealeth compassion,
 It seareth the heart.

It lureth the pastor,
 From flock and from fold ;
 It bindeth earth's master
 With fetters of gold.

It crusheth the mighty,
 It grindeth the low, —
 It carketh the weary
 With trouble and wo.
 The hopes of a nation
 Are chaffer'd and sold,
 And the Christian's salvation
 Is bartered for gold.

'T is Hell's fiercest servant,
 Heaven's chastening rod ;
 'T is the bribe of a Judas,
 The price of a God !
 On with the labor !
 The night waxeth old !
 The sun is no neighbour
 For searchers of gold.

This horrible and blasphemous chant, which almost froze the blood of the young hunter, left little doubt on his mind that he was now in the vicinity of those awful beings, of whom he had often heard marvellous accounts from some of the old settlers, with a kind of doubtful and wondering credence. Far beneath the surface of the earth, (thus ran the tradition,) which yielded such comparatively scanty returns to the hard labors of the husbandman were hidden boundless stores of that metal for which man is ready to barter every thing, even to his eternal salvation. The situation of these mines was unknown to all but the evil spirits and the satan-sold wizards, whose duty it was to watch and work them for their master. And often, in the stillness of night, have the glare of their unholy fires, and their unearthly cries startled the beasts of the forests from their lairs, and

chilled the heart of the ranger in his solitary encampment. Nay, it was even said that the Father of Evil himself had been seen overlooking and directing the workmen, and viewing with exultation the progress of a labor which promised him the acquisition of many souls. Indeed, Reuben at times fancied that he could catch glimpses of a dark form towering far above the rest, and seemingly not engaged in the work which was going on.

Prudence now suggested to the youth the propriety of withdrawing unobserved; with the greatest care he opened a way through some underwood on his left, and would soon have effected his escape unobserved, had not, unfortunately, the lock of his rifle, which he had left on the cock, become entangled among the branches of a fallen tree. In his endeavours to extricate it, it went off.

A loud yell arose from the workmen, and the fire was immediately extinguished;—but in its stead, a multitude of torches in the hands of the fiends illuminated the forest, and one of them cast its red light full on the form of the flying hunter. Another yell admonished him that he was discovered, and he could hear the whole band of miners crowding in pursuit. The thought of falling into the hands of demons, fresh from their infernal labors, was maddening. For a moment a palsy came over him, like that which we feel in dreams, when some mortal danger seems impending, and all power of flight is lost. This, however, soon gave way before terror and the natural love of life; he dashed through the wood, heedless of obstacles—not even feeling the wounds which he received from the branches and underbrush in his way,—until at last he arrived at the edge of the forest. The moon had now risen, and was shedding a strong clear light, before which the torches of his pursuers paled. The course before him was revealed in all its harshness to his view, and was such as might have quelled a stouter heart.

The clearing, which extended down the declivity of the mountain, had been made the year before, partly by the axe, and partly by fire. The ground was still covered with black slippery cinders, and half-burnt logs; huge stumps were scattered over the field, and in many places their long tortuous roots were bare, and protruded from the soil, as if to catch the foot of the unwary fugitive.

Reuben cast a glance upwards to the clear heavens, another at his pursuers, who were now close on his heels, and threw himself down the descent. The fleetest foot in the settlement was tasked to the utmost; he seemed to himself rather to fly than to run. It was a mercy that a false step or an unseen obstacle did not send him off his balance; for in the whirl of his giddy flight, a fall would have been, of itself, almost certain death, — not to speak of the hellish beings whose yells were ringing in his ears, and whose hot breath he seemed to feel on his neck. The circumstance which most encouraged the flying hunter was the knowledge that at the foot of the hill there flowed a deep but narrow stream, an humble tributary of the mighty Connecticut. The belief which cheered the heart of Tam O'Shanter, in his celebrated flight from the witches, that

“A running stream they darena' cross,”

was not less prevalent among the devout fathers of New England, — and Reuben exerted all his powers to place this last barrier between himself and his enemies. There was one thought which occurred to damp his rising hopes; he knew that the recent rains had swollen the rivulet to an unusual height, and he doubted of his ability to clear it. But this was no time to hesitate. Behind him rang the yells of the dreadful beings whose work he had so unexpectedly interrupted; before him glimmered the streamlet, broad, deep, and turbid. With a force which nothing but extreme terror could have given him,

aided by the impulse acquired in his flight, he bounded from the bank into the air, and alighted far on the other side. Never afterwards, in all his trials of agility, was he able to attain within two feet of the distance gained in that fearful leap.

As he had expected, the pursuit now ceased, and with palpitating heart he continued, at a slackened pace, his homeward course. He formed the resolution to keep his adventure secret from all but his mother, — reflecting that little would arise from its divulgement, save terror to the weak, and, perhaps, ridicule to himself. He was not long, however, exposed to the temptation to divulge it, as the conversation of the good town of Weston was soon completely engrossed by a very different subject. On the very day after his return, there arrived at the only inn of the village, and indeed of the whole country, a stranger of singular appearance and manners. He called himself Herman Trevil, and judging from his physiognomy alone, was a foreigner, — perhaps a German; yet he spoke the language perfectly, and without an accent. He was tall, of dark complexion, with deep-set eyes, and long wiry mustachoes, which curled and writhed in moments of excitement, as if endowed with life. His dress was that usually worn by the gallants of the old country, and there was an air of foppishness about it much at variance with the wearer's general manner, — for this, except toward the gentler sex, was haughty in the extreme. Nothing was known of his history or the cause of his coming; and on these points, as on every other, he was extremely reserved. Why he should make the quiet and uninviting little settlement of Weston his residence, puzzled the most sagacious tea-drinker of the village; yet it was evident that he soon considered himself completely domiciliated, and he showed himself somewhat desirous of acquiring favor with his new

neighbours. This he effected in a surprisingly short time ; the young men liked him for his forwardness and dexterity in their athletic sports, and his liberality in money matters, amounting even to profuseness. The blushing damsels admired (alas that I should say it !) his taste in dress, and his easy assurance which bespoke an acquaintance with polished society, seldom met with among the primitive colonists of New England. The elders, to be sure, were greatly scandalized by his obstinate refusal to "attend meeting," and his unexampled contempt of sobriety ; for he was foremost in promoting all manner of rioting and merry-making, and under his auspices not a few of the more turbulent among the younger portion of the community broke loose from control, and startled the sober neighbourhood, by a wildness of dissipation before unheard of.

There was a mystery too, about this Trevil, which, though it much increased the interest with which the admiring maidens of Weston regarded him, went greatly to his disfavor with the more reflecting portion of the villagers. He was known by the report of his landlady, a veteran scandal-monger, to be in the habit of staying out for several nights in succession till late in the morning, and returning to his lodgings weary and jaded, as if from some arduous labor. Twice also had he been called away from a merry party, by the sudden appearance of a short, low-browed, dark-looking man, who spoke to him in a strange tongue words that seemed to agitate him much. It was whispered, moreover, that at times, when he thought himself unobserved, a fearful change would come over his whole frame, as if from some strong internal suffering, and that then his eye would assume a deep and deadly glare, frightful to look upon. Taking all this into consideration, it is no wonder that the stranger's credit with the elders of the settlement did not keep pace

with his daily increasing popularity among the younger members.

There was one, who, if he had chosen, might have checked the growing evil. Reuben Pennington was handsome, high spirited, and universally beloved. There were many who preferred his manly bearing, and open-hearted frankness to the studied polish and condescension of the unknown Trevil, and were ready to imitate any conduct of his towards the overbearing stranger. But Reuben was poor, and in love, and unhappy, — and so he held aloof, and allowed another to arrogate to himself a preëminence in their rustic diversions and merry-makings, which had formerly been rendered to him by acclamation.

A dearer game was soon to be played, however, — a fiercer rivalry to begin, in which Reuben could no longer remain neutral. The haughty and unknown Trevil paid his addresses to the lovely daughter of the wealthy Deacon Hathaway. There must, I think, be a kind of natural attraction or affinity in coined gold, which inclines large heaps of it, whenever they approach one another, immediately to unite. The stranger was known to be rich, — and his advances, in spite of the mystery and scandal which enveloped him, were encouraged by the rich Deacon. Alas for Reuben! — he was poor.

One Sunday evening he had come to pay his weekly visit to his mistress, — a visit which had once seemed not positively unacceptable to any, and least of all, he flattered himself, to the bright-eyed Ruth. Who is ignorant of the good old New England custom of dedicating that blessed eve to the deity of courtship? Reuben's reception by the Deacon was cold, — very cold, — and he felt it to be so. The cause was apparent. By the side of the little work-table, at which Ruth was (*more antiquo*) plying an industrious needle, was seated the

proud, dark stranger, watching the motion of those fairy fingers, and evidently engaged in murmuring those courtly nothings, which fall so sweetly on the ear of conscious beauty. Whether Ruth was pleased or not it was impossible to conjecture. Her downcast eyes were not to be seen, but her cheek wore no more than its usual tint of rose,—save that Reuben fancied a somewhat deeper flush had stained it on his entrance. He could not help imagining, also, that now and then those downcast eyes were raised and fixed upon him with a look of troubled anxiety. Once in particular, when he was commencing a bitter reply to a pointed observation of the Deacon's, that "considering every thing, and seeing that Sunday ended at sunset, he would advise poor people to begin their work on that evening, and not to spend it in idleness and gadding, as was too much the custom," he was stopped by a pleading, a deprecating look from Ruth; but at the same time he saw, or thought he saw, a snake-like sneer writhing on the mustachoeed lip of Trevil, and he could endure it no longer. He rose to go;—again, as he left the room, his eyes met those of his beloved, and he thought he perceived in their tearful glance more affection than they had ever expressed in the brightest days of his wooing. He should not have wondered at this, knowing from his own experience that love is a hardy and obstinate plant, which grows most, when most trampled upon.

Perhaps it was this look which strengthened him in a dreadful resolution. When he arrived at his home, his eye was wild, and his actions betrayed strong excitement. He hastily proceeded to hammer a shilling-piece into such a shape that it would enter a musket, and with it loaded his own, muttering in a deep low voice, "Aye, I will give them silver for their gold." His mother well knew the belief common in those days, that witches and evil

spirits were invulnerable except to a bullet of this metal, but she could not divine his present intention. To the questions which she asked him he returned no answer; he did not seem to hear them. At last, as he was leaving the cottage, she spoke in a more earnest tone than before, — “Reuben, my son, you cannot hunt to-night, — it is dark and stormy.”

“Mother,” he answered bitterly, — “it will be light enough for the game I follow. We have long enough struggled and toiled under our poverty; we have suffered privation, and hardship, and tauntings heavy to be borne, and I will *not* bear it. We shall be rich, mother, — richer than the hollow-hearted, miserly old Deacon himself, with all his broad lands, and chests of gold. We shall be rich, and then —” he did not finish the sentence, but his eye glared fearfully, and he walked to the door, and looked up at the scowling heavens; suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, — for he came and knelt down at his mother’s feet, and said, — “Dear mother, give me your blessing; it will be my guard and my consolation should evil come upon me.”

She laid her hand on his head, — “Bless you, my son. May the God of the widow and the fatherless bless and protect you. But go not out to-night, Reuben.”

“I must, I must,” he answered impatiently, “do not speak to me. God bless you;” and he hurried from the house.

It was a dreadful night for the poor widow in her lonely cottage. The earth was shrouded in utter — almost palpable darkness, — for the heavens were thickly overcast with clouds, and not a star was visible throughout their wide expanse. The wind howled drearily along, and flapped its wet wings, heavy with the coming tempest. But no rain fell.

The widow Pennington was not the only one who felt the fearfulness of that hour. All over the country it was agreed that on no night before had so many unaccountable appearances, and strange accidents been known. By a singular coincidence, it was on this very evening that the phantom ship sailed into the harbour of Salem, directly in the teeth of the wind, and there vanished with all her crew. Violent tornadoes, and even shocks of earthquakes were felt in various parts of New England; fiery shapes were said to have been seen in the air, and strange voices were heard by those who watched late by sick beds.

Drearily the hours went by to the lone widow. The clock struck two, and found her still in her chair, her bible before her, and her ear bent to catch the slightest sound from without. All the mother was awake within her; she thought of her son's virtues,—his goodness, and nobleness of heart,—his love for her, and patient endurance, till now, of labor and suffering for her sake, and she blessed God for his graciousness to her; and then she thought of the dreary night and the trackless forest, with its thousand dangers from wild beasts, and prowling Indian, and evil spirit, till her heart failed; and she sought a refuge in devotion from the horrible fancies that crowded thick upon her brain. Fervently and effectually, in the depth of that dismal night, arose the widow's prayer for her only son.

Suddenly her quick ear detected a distant sound. She listened attentively; it approached, and became plainly the tread of feet. With a throbbing heart she advanced to the door, and paused in breathless agitation,—for the noise increased, and she could distinguish the trampling of a numerous body of men, and the sound of many voices. The noise drew near, and seemed to enter the court yard, while gleams of torchlight flashed through

the windows and streamed on the ceiling. Then the door opened and displayed a ghastly spectacle. Around the yard was ranged a circle of dark, swarthy forms, with countenances and dress horribly wild and grotesque, like the creations of sleep; all were armed with weapons of singular shapes and unknown powers; many of them held torches which illuminated the scene, shedding a strong clear light on three figures in the centre. One was the stranger, Herman Trevil, but fearfully altered from what she had known him a week before. His form was enveloped in a cassock of some dark cloth, bound about his middle with a crimson girdle. On his head he wore a high conical cap, from beneath which his eye glared with a fiendish brightness. His right hand held an instrument like a pike,—his left was covered by a napkin. There was blood on his face, and foam on his lip. Opposite him stood a savage-looking figure, bearing a heavy axe, which few men could have wielded.

But it was not on these that the widow looked. Kneeling in the centre of the ring, his hands bound behind him, and his face begrimed with blood and dirt, was the bright being whom her soul loved. "Mother," said he, calmly, "go in, and pray for me; do not look on my death."

"My son! my son!" shrieked the unhappy mother, springing towards him. But the stranger stepped between. "I have called you forth, madam," said he, with a sneer, "not to display your love for your son, but to witness the punishment of an offender. Look you here,"—and he unbound the napkin from his hand, and showed the wrist much shattered, apparently by a musket shot; "you are a pious woman," he continued, with a smile of bitter scorn,— "doth not your law say, 'blood for blood'— 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth?' Even so shall it be with him,"—and he made a sign to the executioner.

But before the raised axe could descend, with a shriek of mortal agony the widow rushed by the stranger, and wrapped her arms around the helpless victim.

"Spare him," she prayed, as a mother only could pray. "Spare him. He did it in ignorance. Spare him, for he is my only stay, and the prop of mine old age. Take him not away in the pride of his youth, for he is young, and noble, and brave. Be merciful, as ye would have mercy in your own dark hour of affliction. You have great and fearful power, which I dare not name;—O use it so, that in that awful moment, when you shall call on the Lord in your extremity, you may say—'Pardon me, O God, as I pardoned him who sinned against me.' Forgive him but this one time! Hearken! does not the Lord speak for him from the heavens?"

The storm which had been gathering during the whole evening was now ready to break forth,—and as she spoke, a flash of lightning from the clouds above their heads, struck a tall pine but a few rods distant, and shivered it to the earth; the crash of the falling fragments was succeeded by a peal of thunder unusually close and stunning. During her prayer, the fire had gradually faded from the eye of the stranger, and under that terrible display of elemental wrath, she thought she saw his lip quiver, and his cheek blench. He spoke not a word,—but with a sign to his followers he left the yard, accompanied by them. They took the road to the mountain, and were seen no more.

With a trembling hand, the widow unbound her son, and both kneeling on the green sod, blessed God for his mercy in that bitter trial. They did not sleep that night. Without, the tempest howled fearfully, and the thunder-peals were awful to hear; but within, all was peace, and joy, and thankfulness,—while Reuben related to his mother his previous adventures on that memorable night.

He had left the house with a whirl of conflicting thoughts in his mind ; but the best defined was a determination to break in upon the band of infernal miners, and compel them, by force or menace, to yield up to him a portion of their treasure ; but when, gazing once more from the depths of the encircling forest on that scene of fiendish toil and triumph, he recognised, by the ghastly firelight, the tall form and flashing eye of his unknown rival, in the taskmaster of this hellish crew ; every emotion of terror or prudence was merged in a feeling of deadly and determined hate. Twice did he raise his piece to his shoulder, and twice did it fall by his side undischarged, — for his brain reeled and his hand trembled with the excitement of the moment. The third time he fired. Of what followed, — of his attempt to escape, his seizure, and the determination of his captors, by a worthy refinement in revenge, to murder him before the eyes of his mother, — owing probably to the terror and agitation in which he was, he retained but little recollection. Nor could he, any more than his mother, account for the sudden change in the disposition of the wizard leader, except by some immediate influence of almighty power.

If there be any, of conception so cold, and apprehension so sluggish, that they cannot imagine the consternation of the villagers, especially the youthful damsels, on the following day, — the hints of the sagacious that they had expected something like this all along, — the gratitude of the Deacon for his happy deliverance from a demoniac son-in-law, — the traitor blushes of Ruth, — the delightful bustle of the nuptials, — with a long vista of matrimonial joys, curly-headed urchins, and worldly blessings, — if there be any, I repeat, whose imagination is so lifeless, I pity and forgive them ; — but I do not write for them.

There is another circumstance of which I would wish to say nothing, — yet concerning which my exceeding

regard for veracity will not permit me to be silent. A very worthy and indefatigable gentleman, a descendant of the pair whose fortunes I have attempted to describe, has recently, in rummaging over the records of the "Antient Companie of Plimouth," in the possession of the Marquis of Halifax, discovered a document, which, in his opinion, throws considerable light on some of the occurrences here related. It purports to be a petition from one Herman Trevil, to "Y^e Honourable Companie of Plimouth," detailing his grievous sufferings and losses in conducting a secret mining expedition on behalf of the company, — the manifold shifts and contrivances which he was obliged to make use of to avoid the prying eyes of the colonists, — the expense and trouble of clothing the men in uncouth habits, and teaching them divers frightful songs, whereby to strike terror into the hearts of the beholders, — "yet natheless, y^e superstitious and violent people did twice assail us with muskets loaded with silver, judging us to be wizards and evile spirits, and did wounde me very heavilie in the hande, whereby the use of y^e said member is utterly and for ever lost, and I was compelled to desist from y^e labour, and depart from y^e countrie, — for all which, your petitioner doth humbly pray remuneration and satisfaction, &c. &c."

Now the reader may put what faith he pleases in this document ; but for my own part, I declare, on the word of a veracious historian, that I verily believe the whole to be neither more nor less than a vile, contemptible forgery, got up for the sole and despicable purpose of depriving my narration of all its blood-chilling effect, and reducing it to a mere ordinary, hum-drum, Radcliffean ghost-story, about no ghost at all. And I solemnly aver that rather than entertain the supposition for a moment, that my infernal crew of chanting fiends were nothing more than a peaceable band of English miners, — that my awfully mysterious wizard was simply the agent of

the "Right Honourable Companie of Plimouth," — and that even the heart-freezing scene before the widow's house was only a harmless stratagem to terrify the young hunter out of his meddlesome spirit of curiosity, — rather than believe all this, I will take up with the most absurd opinion possible, and publicly pronounce the whole story to be nothing more than the idle creation of a fantastic brain.

ELAH.

THE EXCUSE.

NAY, chide not, dearest, if I stray
 At moments from love's holy shrine, —
 The charms that lure my heart away
 But make it faster thine;
 For in each false divinity
 I worship but a type of thee.

So, love, if I have fondly turned
 To gaze in Julia's glowing eyes,
 It was but when I chiefest burned
 For those I dearer prize;
 And when her glances on me shone,
 I dreamed the lustre was thine own.

And, dearest, when I rashly dare
 To kiss the dew from Fanny's lip,
 I think the sweeter fount is there,
 Where I am wont to sip, —
 And if I chase a wanton tress,
 Thine, thine is every fond caress.

And thus, as Eastern poets say,
 The bulbul from his rose will fly,
 To other flowers will tune his lay,
 On others rest his eye,
 Because in each fair slave is seen
 Some beauty of their lovely queen.

The lily hath as soft a leaf,
 The tulip bears as rich a die,—
 And one may give his wing relief,
 And one may charm his eye,—
 Yet faithful still, where'er he goes,
 He thinks but of his own dear rose.

The Parsee child will turn to pray,
 When shuts the day-god's burning eye,
 Where shines that sun's reflected ray,—
 A Parsee, love, am I.
 The knee may bend at many a shrine,
 The incense burns on only thine.

ELAH.

TRANSLATION OF GOETHE'S MIGNON.

Knowest thou the land where the citrons blow,
 Where the still myrtle and bay tree rise;
 Where through the dark leaves gold Oranges glow,
 And soft winds come from the azure skies;
 Knowest thou it well? There, there, O my love,
 Would that with thee, I ever might rove.

Knowest thou the house with pillars so high;
 Through its glancing halls bright sunbeams play,
 And statues look down with a meaning eye,—
 What ails thee, my child? they seem to say;
 Knowest thou it well? There, there, O my love,
 Would that with thee I ever might rove.

Knowest thou the hill, and the winding road,
 Where the mule seeks his dubious way,
 Where dwell in deep caverns the Dragons' brood,
 And o'er rough rocks the wild torrents play;
 Knowest thou it well? My loved father, there
 Lies our way; come with me my joy to share.

J. W.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

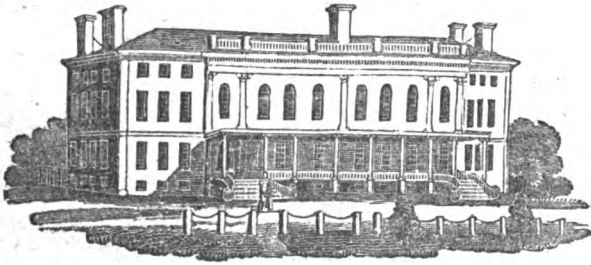
The "Cockney's Address to W" by O is not *peculiarly harmonious*, nor *essentially teeming* with *humor*, but vapid. "The last Tint of Autumn" is out of season. The "Loves of the Pilgrims" is too sentimental and distressing for the tender feelings of our readers; and "The Puritan whose icy heart dissolves before the charms of Deborah" is an outrageous satire on that sober race. We desire an interview with Mentor. Anonymous "Hints to Editors" are gratuitous. "My Friend with the Gold-bowed Spectacles" discovers genuine humor and sterling talent. We regret that a few exceptionable passages have compelled us to omit it. "Unsung Music," "Ode to the departed Year," "Love in a Snow-storm," "On the degeneracy of the Stage" are inadmissible, — as also "Vindex" and "Confucius."

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FEBRUARY.

HARVARDIANA.

VOL. II.—No. VI.



"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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TO OUR READERS.

Arrangements have been made with the Publisher of Harvardiana, by which the continuance of the work through the year is secured. We wish our readers, however, to bear in mind that any additions to our subscription list will be highly acceptable.

HARVARDIANA.

No. VI.

THE DREAM.

I CAN remember — 't was a summer eve,
And all around so tranquil, calm, and fair,
The dew-wet flower had raised its fainting head,
To woo again the fresh and balmy air.
Though in her robes of joy the earth was clad,
I slowly wandered forth — alone and sad.

I knew not why, but nature's face to me
Had lost its loveliness ; her voice so sweet,
That used to charm my infant bosom once,
Grown harsh and dissonant ; with hurrying feet
I passed in silence through the rustling grove,
Where oft at twilight hour I loved to rove.

I gained the forest brook — 't was changed, all changed ;
His mimic waves were laughing glad and free,
But yet their tones were hollow, and their mirth
Seemed to my ear a bitter mockery ;
A wild flower on the bank I rudely crushed,
And heedless through his silver waters rushed.

Yet onward — on : I knew not, cared not where ;
 From every side my loved ones darkly frowned ;
 A demon's eye in every leaf I saw,
 That glared upon me fiercely from the ground ;
 My cheek was flushed, and now my throbbing brain
 Beat quick and hard, — and then was still again.

Yet onward — on : I reached my favorite haunt,
 The lonely hill, and climbed its rugged side ;
 A thousand once-dear recollections then
 Poured through my breast in full, resistless tide.
 The mountain-load was more than I could bear,
 It weighed me to the earth in anguish there.

I leaned my head against a well-known rock,
 And shut my eyes, for oh ! I could not brook
 The sight of that fair vale, which coldly now
 Returned my glances with a stranger look.
 But soon the tortured nerves, reviving sleep
 Lulled with a mother's voice to quiet deep.

With heavy heart while slumbering here,
 Soft voices stole upon my ear ;
 And words to mortal tongue unknown,
 Came uttered in a spirit's tone,
 With thrilling notes, which seemed to be
 Of more than human minstrelsy,
 That o'er my senses slowly wound,
 And coiled my inmost soul around ;
 Now rose they like a billow's swell,
 Then to the gentlest murmur fell.
 Now like a far off torrent's gush,
 Whose headlong waters madly rush,
 And onward sweep with heavy roar ; —
 Then as the purling of a stream,
 Whose ripples in the moonlight gleam,
 Which gurgles through its leafy bed,
 When Summer's gentle gales are fled,

And Autumn breathes the foliage o'er —
 Then like the noise of many feet,
 When *elfins* on the lone heath meet,
 To join awhile their phantom play;
 'These magic sounds grew less and less,
 Till into deathlike silentness,
 They slowly died away.
 Such music from the wind-harp rings,
 When zephyrs lightly kiss the strings,
 When round its form some fairy lingers,
 To strike the chords with viewless fingers.
 I lived in worlds of sound alone,
 For all perceptions else were gone,
 If that *existence* should be called,
 Where will and motion were enthralled,
 Held by an arm I knew not of,
 But felt its unseen might, till I,
 My individual being lost,
 Seemed blended with that harmony,
 Which came not from external things,
 But found within myself its springs,
 And bubbled there with welcome roll,
 Of grateful freshness o'er my soul.

But scarce that melody had ended,
 When from the hill a form descended,
 And stood before my wondering eyes,
 In mantle tinged with rainbow dyes.
 A garland fresh of laurel bound
 In graceful twine her temples round,
 Those snowy feet so gently fell,
 That when she stept you scarce could tell,
 Nor violet crushed, nor bending blade,
 Left traces of the mountain maid.
 Her waving locks of auburn hair
 Were clustered on a brow so fair,
 The ocean bird of dazzling white,
 Seemed not in plumage half so bright;

Well could those orbs of azure vie
 In mildness with the summer sky,
 For ah! the heavenly arch of blue
 Ne'er shone with so divine a hue.

She spoke — how softly from her tongue,
 Those words of angel-accent rung,
 Or melted sweetly from her lips,
 As nectar from the wild-flower drips,
 In tones caught from the nightingale,
 When warbled in some quiet vale.

“ I have a gift for all who stray
 From noise and tumult far away,
 And long with solitude to dwell,
 In rocky cave or leafy dell.
 A talisman — a mystery —
 A charm of fearful power,
 Which bids with joy each moment fly,
 And glide time's current peacefully,
 Till life's remotest hour ;
 Which clothes with sunshine fair the sky,
 And paints the earth in greener dye,
 With livelier tint the flower ;
 Which adds a sparkle to the eye,
 And makes the quivering pulse beat high,
 When angry tempests lower ;
 And calms the heart with visions bright
 Of cloyless, ever new delight,
 With glimpses of that holy rest,
 Which crowns in other spheres the blest.
 Wilt thou receive ? Not here, not here
 Its wonder-working might doth end ;
 Ah, it can draw the scalding tear,
 To lightning change the sunbeam clear,
 And venom with the fountain blend ;
 Blast every cherished hope so dear,
 Like Autumn's forest-garland sere ;

With viper fangs thy heart can rend,
And through thy bosom's midnight drear,
Fiend-eyed remorse, pale-visaged fear,

With all their howling demons send :
Can bid each passing wind rehearse
The fitful sigh, the maddened curse,
Thy brain with fiercest torture glow —
A hell of agony below.
Such is my offering — darest thou take it ?
Thy dearest jewel canst thou make it,
But oh, if left to aimless sway,
'T will poison all thy life away ! ”

Yes, yes, I cried, with trembling pleasure,
Bestow, bestow the fearful treasure.
One tender glance of love she cast,
And o'er my brow her fingers past,
Awaked to life a new-born thrill —
That wild pulsation lingers still,
E'en at this moment, can I feel
Its magic through my being steal.
These eyes grew clearer than before,
A smile of gladness nature wore,
As brightly hung the cloudless skies,
As when they beamed on paradise ;
And earth around seemed young and fair,
As if no taint of sin were there.

Such is my offering — and to thee
Creation shall as radiant be,
The heavens return as glad a look,
As gaily dance the merry brook,
As brilliant hues shall deck the flower,
As tinge its petals at this hour ;
All outward forms be robed in bright,
If inwardly thyself is light.
For learn this truth — man makes below,
The world a sphere of joy or woe ;

On the blue lake — the green-clad trees —
 The mossy rocks — the moonlit seas,
 Or Autumn's dry and withered leaves,
 A clear *reflection of his mind* perceives.

With eager clasp I warmly prest
 The lovely one upon my breast,
 Till in that fond embrace I woke;
 The vision fled — the spell was broke,
 And melting in the starlight pale,
 She quickly vanished down the vale;
 But often now around me seems
 To hover in my sweetest dreams,
 And with that changeless seraph-smile,
 My visionary hours beguile.
 Deep in my soul that offering lies,
 Concealed perchance from other eyes,
 But happier hours and gayer steps declare,
 That still her charm is kindly fostered there.

S. T. H.

LOOSE THOUGHTS.

I HAVE often thought, while wandering through the alcoves of the college library, what a strange sight would be exhibited, could all the authors of the books deposited in that noble monument to the dead, be collected in that one spot. What a contrast and medley, and yet what a similarity of opinions would be discovered. Homer would listen with surprise to his own thoughts, remodelled and claimed as original by many of the long series of epic poets who have succeeded him; and the old dramatists, while they would perceive, with regret, the neglect into which their works have fallen, would

nevertheless detect some of their fairest flowers skilfully intertwined in the wreaths of many a modern genius. What endless controversies would arise between the advocates of the different systems of natural and mental philosophy! How many would be grieved to ascertain that their refined and elaborated theories which they deemed immutably established, were long since abandoned and forgotten; and, ah, worst of all, who can conceive the deep chagrin which would be experienced by innumerable literary writers, who having left the world with the conviction that their fame would be eternal, should, on their return to it, discover that their writings had been bequeathed to the tomb at the same time with themselves.

As I was thus occupied in imagining the consequences which would follow, in case the event I have supposed were to take place, an extremely slender man, clad in a suit of a dusty russet color, entered the room. His face resembled parchment more than any thing else I can liken it to, and upon it time had written, in deep characters, marks of profound thought and laborious investigation. His hair was tied behind into a queue which reached to his middle, and his shoes were adorned by huge buckles of the oldest fashion. But his stature was frightful. He might emphatically be called the long man. No sooner had the librarian cast his eyes upon him, than he hastened to meet him and grasped his hand with great cordiality. Then followed a long conversation between them, in which I thought I heard the words Alexandria, Ægyptian astronomy, Chaldean literature, and several others whose meaning I could not comprehend. While I was endeavouring to think of some way of satisfying my curiosity as to whom the stranger could be, he advanced towards me, with a slow and dignified step, and pointed with his skeleton hand to the numerous volumes around us. I gazed at him with silent awe, feeling myself in the

presence of a superior being. I perceived, from the first words he uttered, that he was conscious of what had been passing in my mind. "Thou desirest," he said, "to behold the authors of these various works, all gathered together in one place. Thou art pleasing thyself with fancying the different incidents of the scene that would arise; the fierce looks of contending dogmatists, — the hurried interchange of cordial sympathy or respect, — how error would vanish, and new truths be struck out, if all this mass of mind should be collected in the same spot, and its individual parts made to operate upon one another. Thou lamentest that there may be works here of beauty and genius of an exterior so disagreeable as to prepossess the eye against them, and art ready to exclaim — Would that some beneficent power would conduct me to the substance, the pith of this vast assemblage of the productions of men's brains; then the base and worthless matter which encumbers and conceals the treasures of the past being removed, I could make them my own with ease and certainty. — Are not these thy wishes?"

Upon my answering in the affirmative, the mysterious stranger, looking at me with an eye of fearful meaning, muttered in a low tone — "The spirits of the departed cannot be called back by human power, but their thoughts, which are all that constituted themselves, I will bring before you in visible form. Dost thou not know, young man, that nothing is valuable except for the idea connected with it? The tree, the stone, the insect, the star, were made only to impress upon us their peculiar ideas, and when that is done, their work is finished, — let them return to their primeval nothingness." Then gradually warming with his subject, he exclaimed, with vehemence — "Ideality is the only source of individuality, and thereby of character. The world teems with

ideas. They fill all space; but to render them perceptible, you must fix them in some object. The smallest thing in the universe may abound in ideas, may be one mass of ideality; and again, objects of formidable size may not have a single idea, or if any, only a trifling one connected with them. Dost thou understand me?"

I was beginning to say that some portion of his observations was unintelligible, when he interrupted me by crying out, "Ah, I must show you my grand experiment to convince you; that will make every thing plain."

With these words he stretched out a curiously carved cane, which he carried with him, towards the books ranged upon the shelves, uttering at the same time some words in a foreign dialect. Great commotion immediately arose through the whole library. Little figures, which the stranger informed me were the ideas that had been contained in the books, were seen issuing from them, and frolicking through the air. I could not help sympathizing with the joy with which some of them seemed to be animated, as they shook off the dust of ages, and starting from the confinement in which they had been long pent up, were once more cheered by the light of day. The number of images that proceeded from some of the volumes was immense. I was particularly interested in observing in what crowds they poured forth from Shakspeare. His works appeared to be one grand centre of figures of every conceivable appearance, from the most degraded form of humanity to the brightest vision of angelic beauty and purity. Sylphs were among them who soared to heaven on the gentlest zephyr, while the thinnest mist served as a veil to their supernatural loveliness; and there, too, were maidens whose hearts had been crushed by earthly sorrow, as well as those whose spirits never lost the freshness and buoyancy of youth. The pomp and miseries of royalty, the simple and attractive

forms of rural life, the shallow fop and the sagacious moralizer, in short, all the passions and secrets of the human heart seemed personified before me. I was still watching their endless variety, when my ear was caught by a loud noise, which I traced to a huge folio, one of the largest in the library. It was rocking about its unwieldy bulk, as if the thoughts within it were too great to get out without much difficulty. At last, when the agitation was about ceasing, I approached, and by very close examination, discovered a little idea, exactly in the shape of a bubble, resting on the top of the book, as if tired of the exertion it had made to escape from the ponderous tome which had enclosed it. It soon however acquired breath enough to attempt to rise, but had not proceeded far before a little fact, of tough materials, however, which had just sprung from Bacon's works, struck it, and dissipated it into fragments.

My attention was next attracted by a collection of flowers of the most gaudy colors, which were issuing with inconceivable rapidity from a number of volumes of poetry. They exhibited so brilliant a spectacle, that at first sight, they appeared of wonderful beauty; but with a little scrutiny, the eye detected many faults in their contour, and a great want of finish in their parts. Some of them were indeed floral monsters, such as only a perverted imagination could give birth to, after one of its wildest wanderings into the fields of mysticism. While I was amusing myself with observing their forms, I beheld approaching a number of images of mathematical instruments, which had just left the alcove where Newton, and Laplace, and Bowditch, for the most part enjoy their repose undisturbed. These instruments with great velocity rushed into the midst of the flowers, as if stimulated by a deadly hostility to them. The rule and square were the most active in the warfare, and their power

appeared to be almost irresistible, for many of the brightest ornaments of the poetical bouquet were no sooner touched by them than they shrunk and fell into pieces as instantaneously as the castle in the story when the magic ring was applied to it.

The sound of triumphant martial music now fell upon my ears, and I saw an immense army slowly advancing with streaming banners. As rank after rank passed by, I could not avoid a feeling of admiration for their gallant bearing, and I involuntarily sympathized with the pride and enthusiasm which sparkled in their eyes, as their leader was greeted by the acclamations of the accompanying multitude. And he, the victim of ambition, the scourge of the world, — what was his appearance? A smile, in which were expressed the gratification of long pent up wishes, and the haughty assurance that now the path to unbounded glory was open to him, animated his usually cold and stern features.

The procession stopped, and now the scene changed to the interior of a magnificent cathedral. The victorious warrior was standing before the altar, and as the priest poured the sacred ointment upon his head, and the crown touched his brow, as the loud anthem arose, and deafening shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, shook the dome, what a look of exultation illumined his countenance! It spoke of a spirit which knew no aim but to grasp at power, and which could realize no joy like that of being successful in its pursuit. I could not help a feeling of envy as I saw the honors which were paid to him; but at this moment, I noticed a little scroll fly from a book near me directly into the conqueror's hand. He had no sooner opened it than a deep scowl passed over his face, and as with irritation he turned to motion to his followers to prepare for his departure, I was shocked at the restless misery his eye indicated. In passing by me he dropped the scroll, and on it I read the word — *DUTY*.

A little figure of an idea, of the most interesting character, next caught my eye. It was dressed in the Spanish costume, and one moment it turned despondingly to the earth, and the next, it would look round, with a glance, mighty, and full of meaning, that told of objects in the distance, and far beyond the ordinary ken of human vision. It was the idea of a new world. I saw it wander despairingly about, now appearing before princes who frowned upon it, and it gradually became less perceptible, till finally I thought it was gone; and then it would reappear in some obscure and meanly furnished room, and revive to all its former splendor and vigor. So it moved on, at one time rebuffed by the haughty and ignorant noble, and again derided by the heartless and stupid rabble, till at last, meeting with a perfect facsimile of America, which had just soared from a Universal Atlas, it hastened eagerly to blend with it, and found its destined resting place in its consummation. Alas, said I, how many thoughts are there less fortunate than thou! How many, which might have been of unspeakable benefit to the world, either in promoting the conveniences of life, or in engendering mental and moral activity, by giving warmth and energy to the higher principles of our nature, have pined and died from the poverty and wretchedness of their authors, and from the neglect, or, still worse, the contumely of those who should have befriended them.

My meditations were here interrupted by a confused noise of voices strained to their top, and vociferating incessantly, as if in a high rage. I traced the disturbance to a large group of ideas continually augmenting, and every idea, to my surprise, had an exact copy, a second self, or rather shadow of self; some indeed having a large number of these counterfeit resemblances, on which was inscribed in large characters — **PLAGIARISM**. All with

this mark were contending as veritable originals with their adversaries, who charged them with bearing false colors. The clamor became more furious till the plagiarists with one accord formed into one band, and charged, with the valor of a forlorn hope, on the true men, whom, to my great wonder, they quickly discomfited. But I recollected how diffident and timid real merit is, and how easily it is put to flight by brazen-faced impudence, and my amazement ceased. But the result of the battle is not yet told. The plagiarists, not satisfied with the victory they had won, proceeded to attack one another, and those were actuated with the greatest fury who resembled the same idea. Now that they had vanquished their common prototype, they began, like Cadmus' armed men, to devour each other, and thus the warfare raged, ending only with the extermination of the obnoxious race.

Many other interesting scenes came under my notice, to which, however, I could pay only a cursory attention, my long friend calling me off from them to view the situation of the external world. Upon my egress from the library, I beheld, with a sad heart, the work of devastation which was going on around me. Every thing was parting with its ideality, and the face of nature was rapidly assuming an aspect of oneness. But the chief object of my curiosity was to examine into the character and intellectual proficiency of individuals of my own race, by observing their ideas, which, as they emanated from their brains, were made by the power of the stranger to assume a palpable form to my eyes. I cannot describe with what a feeling of misery and forlornness, I saw all that was beautiful and sublime winging its flight, for ever, as I supposed, from earth. All the thoughts of the human family were flitting away, leaving behind nothing but indistinct and unsatisfactory forms. When I beheld the

infinitely varied and noble conceptions of giant intellects, I felt a glow of pride in calling myself one of the same class of beings with them; but too often was the blush of shame brought upon my cheek by the exhibition of sloth and barrenness in the minds of those who wore the appearance of rational creatures. Two circumstances particularly impressed me with this reflection.

After I had been contemplating the rich and inexhaustible intellectual treasures of one of the leaders of the age, and was employed in following out the thoughts suggested by them, I heard a quick rustling of gowns and chattering of voices, and turning round, I saw a long line of females, hurriedly walking, whom I knew, from the little acquaintance I have with manufactories, to be — factory girls. As they approached, I discerned something white floating upon their heads, which, in my unhappy ignorance of female equipments, I pronounced some new fashioned bonnet. Judge then of my amazement, when I discovered that each cranium of the female manufacturers had given birth to — a yard of cotton, and that the process of accouchement would continue until a certain number of yards a day had seen the light, beyond which *idea* they could not go. This was almost their sole and ultimate purpose in life.

Next marched up fifteen or twenty lusty, bright-looking men. "Certainly," I exclaimed, "these must exhibit something to the honor of mankind. I wait with impatience to see what thought worthy of immortality will start from their gifted capacities." I scrutinized them with infinite pains, but nothing appeared. At last, taking out a microscope of great power, I applied it to their skulls, and noticed a minute, sharp-pointed object of a shining metallic color, coming from the head of one of the number. As yet I could not ascertain its use. From another issued a small piece of thin wire, which was

smoothed and polished by a fine dust that rose from the caput of a third. Thus each contributed his quota towards some end which remained involved in total darkness to me, till the last of the noble line, exerting his faculties to the utmost, a little coil of wire was the result; and the parts that had been separately framed, then uniting, of their own accord, I beheld, in full view before me, as the product of the joint exertions of twenty men—a first-rate superfine “Gloucester *pin*.”—Alas for the dignity of human nature.

I will not detail the other instances in which man, godlike in apprehension, was seen by me, working out effects, by no means creditable to his exalted abilities. I was mourning over the degraded state to which, through the insight I had gained into the minds of my fellow-mortals, I beheld many of them reduced, when the tall unknown by my side informed me that the last idea, except so far as we ourselves were concerned, was just departing for the realms of ether. I watched it until it vanished in the distance, and then all, all around me was one universal blank. Shapes undistinguishable were scattered far and near. The sun still looked down in all his glory. He was unchanged. But earth was like objects seen through a thick mist, which seem perpetually varying. “It was without form and void.” I was, as it were, buried in the most incomprehensible dream. I had a faint conception that there was something near me, but the more I strained my sight to determine what it was, the more did it mock me with its dark and perplexing alternations. Now a cold shuddering seized me, and methought some horrible monster, of which I could not obtain the least glimpse, was brooding over me. I felt his breath upon my face, I endeavoured with convulsive energy, to grasp him, but like a secret, irresistible influence he weighed upon me. I sunk as a child beneath

him. He enwreathed himself in my very frame like a serpent; and then retiring, as if to gain fresh strength, he would return to press upon me with gradually increasing force, till he almost ground me to dust. I shrieked aloud in my agony. — I prayed for deliverance from him, — but there was no escape — my destruction seemed sealed, and I was resigning myself to my fate, when I felt a sensation of relief. My situation grew by degrees, more comfortable, and finally I was able to rise and examine into my bodily condition.

I found myself in all respects uninjured; but the principal cause of my surprise lay in the prospect that met my eyes. Every thing was restored to its natural state. The world was teeming with its usual inhabitants, and the various operations of society were proceeding with their former harmony and regularity. Nothing appeared to have suffered from the violent change it had undergone. I rejoiced at the sight of the green trees, of the mountains and streams again, as if a new world had sprung from chaos. I turned to thank my Ægyptian friend for a transmutation in which I supposed he had been instrumental, — he had disappeared. But a low and sweet voice, as if from upper air, breathed into my ear these words. May they sink deeply into my heart. “Young man, guard with zealous care the true, the noble, the beautiful in your soul. They must unavoidably be contaminated more or less by contact with the impurities of earth, but beware of chasing them altogether away from you. To every human being, at his birth, are given sublime aspirations, far-reaching thoughts, generous, heaven-inspired feelings. Alas, how frequently are they choked even in the space of a few short years. The scene I have exhibited to you is not a mere idle picture for the imagination. It represents the progress of many who are false to their nature and their destiny. You and

every one who reflects on the tenor of his past life, must with sorrow acknowledge its application. How warm, how noble, how *just* are all the feelings of youth. They reveal to us in its purity and simplicity the divinity of our nature, continually pointing upward to the source whence they flow. How deeply is the boy affected by the death of a brother — perhaps his playmate and school-fellow. He believes, in his tender and artless heart, that the face of that dear companion, — as he saw it when death had robbed it of its beauteous flush, and impressed upon it his awful and mysterious seal — will always be present with him, and that he can never feel cheerful again. But time passes on — again come the frolic play and the loud laugh, and it is perhaps only in the still hours of night, when some accidental circumstance recalls the loved one to mind, that an abundant tribute of tears asks forgiveness of his spirit, for the thoughtlessness and indifference which could so soon allow him to be forgotten.

“The boy grows up to manhood. The frivolities of supposed friends, the withering influences of dissipation, the pitiful and revolting jeers of those who pride themselves on their degraded minds and stony hearts, exert their blighting power over him, and all the elevated and magnanimous sentiments of his nature are, one by one, reluctantly compelled to desert him, and leave him a grovelling collection of base organized matter. If you wish to accomplish the design of your creation, beware of any thing which can injure the nicer susceptibilities of your nature. Cultivate all your better feelings. Do not suffer the derision of fools or the stoicism of pretended philosophers to shame you out of them. Have you an ardent admiration for any truly great man, cherish it, — it will expand your mind, it will preserve you from the littleness of vice. Obey my counsels, and then may you

expect that the walk in shady grove, by limpid stream, or the wide extended prospect which awakened a glow in your young breast, will quicken the pulse of age; then will the passages in literature, which delighted you in your infancy, be the consolation of your declining years, and the affections which rose, fresh and warm, on the pinions of youthful gratitude, to your Maker and Benefactor, shall repose in him with increasing confidence and vigor, when the experience of a long life shall have shown the unsatisfying character of the objects of human pursuit."

THE INDIAN EXILE.

I HAVE trod this land for many a year,
 I have loved these hills to roam;
 The gushing stream, and the wild-wood near
 The brook, the vale, and the lakelet clear,
 Were once my childhood's home.

I have watched yon sea in days of old,
 When it kissed an Indian shore;
 I have stemmed its wave in winter's cold —
 I have marked the spray as its billows rolled,
 And loved its angry roar.

These aged boughs did once o'erspread
 The Indian's last retreat;
 They flung their shade on the dreamless bed,
 Where the strength of youth and the hoary head
 In voiceless union meet.

'T was here through brake and tangled glade
 We tracked the panting deer ;
 'T was in this vale our feasts were made,
 'T was on this green our prayers were said,
 By lips that knew not fear.

But now the red-man's voice is still
 Where once alone he trod ;
 The white man's step now marks the hill ;
 The opening flower and murmuring rill
 Now praise the white man's God.

I seek in vain for any trace
 Of charms that once were here ;
 I meet no form — I mark no face —
 And e'en the name of my native place
 Falls strangely on mine ear.

But here, where rose our vine-wreathed home,
 My fathers' ashes lie, —
 And I, too early taught to roam,
 A time-worn, wearied wanderer come,
 Lone, desolate, to die.

ALPHA.

ASMODEUS AT HARVARD.

" Blue devils and black
 Red devils and grey — "

" 'T is ever thus. It is idle to hope better from the denizens of this Limbo of the world's concentrated vanities, this odious microcosm of ignorance and iniquity. Literary indifference is the order of the day ; detestable Mammon has raised his Ebenezer to the zenith ; he has foiled

the deepest laid projects, the shrewdest and best meaning men. Competent judges, sound criticism, true literary enthusiasm—where are they! Irrecoverably deposited among the things lost upon earth. — And thou, dear, dear *Harvardiana*, bright object of my highest and warmest affections, my heart's most glorious treasure, my soul's absorption, mirror, and representative, my image, my very second, better self, must ere long slumber amid them, and leave thy death to be remembered as one more unit added to the infinity of tokens of human stupidity and depravity." — And Antony Critical sighed from the very lowest lung which the ruthless northwind had left untouched within him, tumbled into his bed, and would have slept if he could.

The fifth number of *Harvardiana* had been just issued, wherein Antony in concert with his brethren had announced to the callous public—"an additional number of subscribers is absolutely necessary to the continuance of the work." It must not be supposed for a moment that in procuring this same "additional number" Antony was himself remiss. No such thing. He delivered the above rhapsodizing soliloquy, as he was adjusting himself in bed, at the close of a day, when he had literally "toiled all day and caught nothing!" Determined that grief should not now, as it had for some nights before, compel "balmy sleep" to fly from him, and "light on lids unsullied by a tear," he had procured a stout phial of laudanum, part of whose contents were now occupied in penetrating the recesses and quieting the troubles of his inner man. At first, however, nature uncompromisingly refused to be forced: Antony's care-worn and exhausted system found no repose; and afterwards, when the drug he had taken was in a fair way to work its appropriate effect, the usual perversity of his nature; or perhaps some singular and unaccountable impulse from within induced

him to resist its power. His turbulent spirit struggled resolutely and would not be quieted. But it was too late. His mind had been for some time in that dreamy, half-awake, vapory state, so well known to all night-watchers, and it was now his turn to yield completely to the chains which the drowsy god was fastening around him. As he was making what would probably have been his last effort to unclothe his eyes, they were arrested by a sight more marvellous than any that has met mortal gaze, since the days of Le Sage's hero, the never to be forgotten Don Cleophas Leandro Perez Zambullo. A living, breathing — what might have been a human — figure stood before him and approached his bed-side. His height was certainly less than a yard, two crutches supported him — but what description is necessary. Turn to the "Devil upon Two Sticks" and you will see him fully portrayed in its opening scene. Yes, he was the very same: the Asmodeus who had played so magnificent a part in the fates of Don Cleophas Leandro Perez Zambullo had now deigned to visit the equally choleric and equally hapless Antony Critical. There he stood, in his turban of red crape, in his robe of white satin, in his cloak of the same material; there he stood, in all his original purity, elegance, and symmetry, the unaltered, undiminished, and unamalgamated devil. His identity is of course settled by the veracious testimony of Antony himself, who avers that he recognised him at the first glance. How it was it is now impossible to say, but so it was, that no horror, no surprise came over Antony at the approach of the uninvited and somewhat uncouth visitor. He recollects thinking of it at the moment as a matter of course, as quite an indifferent and lack-a-daisical affair, that his company should be thus sought by a being of the lower world. He troubled himself not to inquire whether the demon had, as on former occasions, issued

from the neck of the laudnaum bottle that stood near by, or whether he had made his way to the spot without the intervention of material substances: it was decidedly enough for Antony that there he was. The demon advanced with a measured tread to the bedside, and without a word extended a part of his robe to Antony, who, as he solemnly deposes, without thought of the strangeness of the offer and with rather a presentiment of what was to follow, eagerly grasped it: in a moment, without any sensation of fear or of cold, he felt himself borne through the air. Asmodeus was true to himself. In three seconds they found themselves adjusted on the very summit of the dome of Harvard.

"Here, favored mortal," the harsh though mincing voice of the devil first broke silence, "here learn all that you would know. Perched upon this watch-tower of science's citadel, we have beneath us the lodgings of all her true and her illegitimate sons. You have read and heard of that power by which, in olden time, I removed roofs from houses and showed to mortal eyes their inmates. The anxiety which afflicts one greater than me for your welfare has occasioned this visit. My power therefore may now be exerted in your behalf. The roof cannot hide from our eyes. Still more I can unveil and lay before you the heart, the heart with all its intricacies and wiles, its impurities and follies. Behold, therefore, father of Harvardiana, behold the sources of your distress, the seeds of death and woe to your favored child. Scan all, treasure up all, and learn wisdom."

Notwithstanding this "parturiunt montes" exordium, Antony Critical shuddered not. — And it is confessedly the strangest item of this strange narrative, that the appearance of the devil, their flight through the air, and all subsequent incidents should have been at the time so prosaically viewed by him, as mere matters of course, un-

worthy of horror or wonder. To the above pithy speech he laconically and fearlessly responded — "I pray thee then, good Asmodeus, invest me forthwith with power to inspect the dwellings and hearts of sundry mortals whom I have visited this day, and shall again solicit to-morrow. I would see the causes of former failure; I would find the strings, if any, that are to be touched."

Antony felt a cold finger upon his eyelids for a few moments. He unclosed them, and the almost tangible darkness which had hitherto enveloped him slowly receded from before him, until the whole of Harvard's domain was flooded with a light whose intensity supernatural power alone enabled him to bear. He now for the first time felt distinctly conscious of who and where he was. He stood, supported by his hold upon the robe of his diabolical companion, upon the very dome of Harvard; before him towered gloomily the walls of the old mansions in her vicinity, in the distance all was dark as before.

"Now," said Asmodeus, "all is ready. With a word will I open to your view the interior of the apartment of any of Harvard's slumbering sons. Be speedy — innumerable other tasks await me ere the morning's dawn summons me to my master." "I would fain then," answered Antony, "I would fain look for one moment into the sleeping chamber and into the heart of Mr. Erasmus Grub; him who, to all my solicitations for his name on my list, contented himself with sullenly replying that he 'had neither time nor taste for my trash.' He is a man of authority and must be secured."

"Be it so," said the demon, and turning in the proper direction Antony saw, amid the blaze of light which involved every object, the room of the individual specified, clearly as though no roof were between. The heart of Mr. Grub lay bare among the rest, and all characters and images impressed upon it stood in plain relief before the astonished editor.—

"Mr. Grub," commenced Asmodeus, "is a philosopher of the most antique and most rigid school. With an enthusiasm, a self devotion not to be sneered at, he absorbs his whole soul in those scientific and profound researches, by which he has undoubted faith that he shall one day confer some signal service on the world and immortalize himself. Look on that table — read the backs of those two quartos. They are the *Novum Organum* and the *Mécanique Céleste*. You observe moreover sundry octavos on divers philosophical subjects, for Mr. Grub is not decided as to the delicate point of his peculiar talent, and therefore confines himself as yet to no one branch of science. This question with regard to whom he shall emulate and where he can best be supreme is almost the sole one which agitates his philosophic breast. Look for a moment at Mr. Grub himself as he scientifically reposes in that spare bed. Read the characters written so deeply on the central portion of his heart, on his very heart of hearts — 'Isaac Newton, La Place, John Locke, Francis Bacon, Humphrey Davy, Benjamin Franklin, Erasmus Grub!' Now all this is no laughing matter to your modern Erasmus. Day and night, year in and year out, inspect that heart, and you will see those characters just as indelibly stamped upon it. The ancient sculptor, who so deeply indented his own image on one of his pieces that no one should erase it "*qui totam statuam non imminueret*," was nothing to Mr. Grub. He would part with his whole heart, with his whole physical and intellectual self, sooner than those marks should be effaced from it. His soul thus filled with a purpose which fire will not melt out of it, he pursues his way with a persevering fury, an impetus, which would be in the highest degree admirable and available in other and weaker minds, directed indeed to more humble and attainable ends, but with that fatal laxness, that execrable want of energy and resolution, which will detar them from realizing their most modest hopes.

"I have thus portrayed to you the ruling passion of Mr. Grub, that you might the more distinctly discern the cause of the reception he gave to your solicitations for his subscription. 'Take one more narrow look at that open heart —" and the demon, with a slight puff of his breath, here caused a peculiar concentration of light upon the object, so that in all its parts and proportions it glittered with blinding brilliancy — "look once more at that heart and you will read inscriptions to the following intent : 'Of all the abominations of this abominable world of literature, that of plagiarism may be the grossest, but that of triviality is the most repulsive. Yes, when the Editors of *Harvardiana* are ready to spurn, as I do, the lyric, the humorous, the beautiful, and the sublime abortions which they are now so eager to encourage — when they are ready thankfully to receive and serve up for their readers a repast of that substantial food, which alone can adequately supply the wants of an upright and decent soul, then, and not till then, may they hope for the patronage and influence of Erasmus Grub.'

"Here," resumed the devil, "you discern at a glance the real source of your difficulties with Mr. Grub. Not that he is illiberally and narrowly minded enough to be governed by personal mortification at any treatment he has met from you : it is the opinion you have given him of what is to be the general character of your journal, that is the real cause of trouble. It is a most wretched accompaniment of the exclusive ardor with which he devotes himself to his own pursuit, that it has burnt out of him all respect for every other. The generality of poetry, and almost every thing that can come under the denomination of *belles-lettres*, are his abomination. He would moreover annihilate the whole race of those wanton pleasure-hunters, who drive through the paths of science,

culling only her flowers and sweets, without swallowing every branch, stalk, and stem, that falls in their way. Nothing can be more idle than to talk to him of the innocent delights, of the benefits, of the necessity of a moderate degree of relaxation and amusement; Mr. Grub, in fact, will hear of no occupation, of no system of study but his own, with any thing but unmixed skepticism and contempt. Every nerve and muscle of his intellectual man is always on a soul-rending strain, and always toward the same point. Every mind and every writer and every editor who would share his favor must be his imitator."

"Indeed, indeed," said Antony, "I have been unhappy in my selection. Mr. Grub must be a *sui generis*: he is a non-such. I would rather have chosen, good Asmodeus, to have used your favor in investigating the peculiarities and tender points of some one of a class, by learning which I might deal aright with all minds of the same order."

"One of a class," sneered the devil, "know that Mr. Erasmus Grub is but a faithful representative of a numerous species, belonging to a genus extensive beyond conception. Look into the apartment of that non-subscribing moralist, of that poet, of that orator," and the demon pointed with his crutch toward each of the rooms he mentioned; "look also at that chamber, teeming with newspapers and uncut pamphlets, where reigns and sleeps the College politician. View the hearts of the occupants, and, *mutatis mutandis*, you read the same tale that we have learned from the inspection of Mr. Grub. Truth shows each of them but half her face. Each is right in impressing himself with a resolution to pursue his own course with self-devotion and enthusiasm: each is wrong in fancying, as he does, that his own subjects

of interest, his own veins of thought and feeling are the only ones worthy the occupation of any rational creature, and worthy the attention of you, gentlemen editors."

Antony sighed with desperation. "What is to be done with such a race?"

"In truth," retorted Asmodeus, "it is a question which I am in no hurry to answer. Each member of this portion of your literary guests has a craving, a rigidly exclusive appetite of his own. The strictest care in avoiding to place before him what is of itself offensive will by no means suffice. Each is on fire if his own taste be not positively gratified to the full. How such a banquet may be easiest managed, I must leave in great part to your discretion. That you may the more wisely decide, however, let us take a momentary and cursory glance (for I cannot stop for details) at an individual of an essentially different and opposing genus, one of the champions of non-entity, the veritable nihil-arians of this University. Look into that small chamber, its walls variegated with prints and busts so fantastically arranged, that you would suppose its occupant to be aspiring after the lordship of a miniature chaos. It is the dwelling place of Mr. Momophilus Airy. Look at the open volumes on that table. They are an Index to Shakspeare, Webster's Dictionary, and Crabbe's Synonymes. Mr. Airy has just retired from their perusal. The result of his meditations you will find in that strip of paper lying on the open pages of Crabbe. Its title is 'impromptus faits à loisir.' It contains a various compilation of *impromptu* puns, which you need not stop to read, as you will hear every one of them from his own mouth before this time to-morrow night. Mr. Airy is a College humorist. I need say nothing more to a man of your shrewdness. You know how the faintest glimpse of a pun must intoxicate his whole sys-

tem with unmixed joyous ecstasy, how the contemplation of a new jest must mingle, day and night, with his every meditation and dream; you know, too, how the appearance in your publication of a sensible remark, a happy illustration, a beautiful image,—how any thing that savors of a distinct substantial idea inverts his whole soul with horror. You discern then the whole secret of his non-subscribing propensity. Mr. Airy, like the other sleepers we have inspected, is anxious that the world without should correspond to that within; in other words, those positive thoughts of which he finds his own self destitute he deems it his duty to frown upon in every one else. Would you conciliate him therefore, would you everlastingly secure his good graces, his name, and influence, never suffer the pages of *Harvardiana* to be again tarnished by an idea, but rather — ”

“How then”—broke in the horrified Antony—“by what imaginable process do you propose reconciling the claims of Mr. Momophilus Airy and his disciples with those of the opposing hosts of philosophers, moralists, poets, and orators, all rigidly insisting upon essential; substantial ideas, and each calling uncompromisingly for ideas of a peculiar and exclusive class?”

“That, as I have before told you,” said the demon, “must be left chiefly to your own judgment. The case of Mr. Airy is indeed embarrassing to an ordinary intellect. Mr. Grub and his imitators are at times insufferably stubborn and offensive; but of all your race, those silly humor-hunting souls, who are content and determined to feed for ever upon non-entity, whose whole perceptions and powers can only enable them to make bug-bears out of never so few words of ‘truth and soberness,’ whose transcendent stupidity and levity must ever blind them to every thing like literary merit, to all force and elegance of style, to all happiness of illustration, all acuteness of reasoning, all beauty

of imagery, of all your hateful race, I say, such men are to be the most heartily hated. Manage them as you best may. All men may be divided into two classes — those who subscribe and those who do not. Of the reprobate, non-paying portion of the former and of some other species of the latter class, I will teach you more on some future visit. I must now leave you. Before departing this spot, however, I will recommend to your consideration one definite plan for relieving yourself of your troubles. Go to Mr. Grub: assure him that you are at length seriously convinced of the absurdity of making *Harvardiana* any thing but a scientific magazine, and solicit a dissertation on the nature and extent of the lunar atmosphere. Visit the moralist: inform him how thoroughly you have become satisfied of the folly and criminality of affording to the public the slightest amount of that which shall merely amuse and delight the mind, by the presentation of sublunary thoughts: intreat him that past offences may not deprive you of an extended homily for number six, on the purity of human nature, considered with reference to the laws of man's being. Seek next the smiling poet: say to him, that, after all, to be pleasant and delightful is the true secret of success, and that nothing can be more acceptable than twenty pages of his neatest fugitive pieces. Swear to each of this trio that nothing uncongenial with his peculiar taste shall ever find its way into your periodical. Act correspondently with the orator and politician. Last of all, enter the dwelling of Mr. Airy. With the highest degree of emphatic gravity of which you are capable, aver it, as an article of your rhetorical faith, that non-entity is the true essence of fine writing: hint to him how vain would be an attempt at expressing the gratitude with which you would receive a choice seven of his latest pleasantries, to be ridden through your next seven numbers. Do thus — be speedy — and be happy."

"And what," said Antony, "may I hope from subscribers so secured, when number six tells each one that I have thus wantonly and villainously deceived him?"

"That," returned the devil, "will refer itself to their consideration. It is your business to fix each name irremovably upon your list before number six sees the light."

"Sir Asmodeus," replied Antony, somewhat nettled at such advice, "you of course know the intentions of myself and brethren. We would have our periodical generally of a merry and light character, because, in the first place, our readers demand it, and because, secondly, we pretend to be, like most of our readers, youthful minds, in whom the affectation of moral and intellectual teachers, would not and ought not to be tolerated. It is no part of such an intention, however, to be rigidly exclusive of all truth and beauty, which may chance to be uttered in grave language; and thus exclusive we will never be. My own views have not been affected by any thing you have told me. What then, Sir Devil, if we persist in our own predetermined purposes, spurn your highly characteristic counsel, and set at nought the whole troop of Messrs. Grub and Airy and their respective congenial spirits, who flock to this University?"

"Sir Editor," returned his two-sticked devilship, "I have delivered my commission. Pursue your present purposes, and Harvardiana will shortly take its flight to—"

"Execrable messenger of a most execrable!" — Antony would have gone on, but at this moment a grating sound struck his tympanum. It might be the chattering of the angry demon's teeth—no: he listened a moment; it was a vehement drumming upon a tin kettle: he listened again; it was evidently a tremendous combination of all sounds produced since the creation. Antony leaned forward, the noise swelled upon his ear, a convulsion came over his frame——

Antony shook himself and rubbed his eyes. He was lying flat upon his bed. The cracked chapel bell had caused his sudden parting with Asmodeus, and was now summoning him with all its might to his morning devotions.

THE STARS.

NIGHT's wanderers! Why hang ye there
 With angel look so bright;
 As if ye stooped, bright sons of air!
 From some far distant height?

Ye gaze upon the sleeping earth,
 Like mother o'er her child;
 And ye too saw its infant birth,
 And looked on it, and smiled.

And come ye now, when day grows dim,
 To bend the listening ear;
 And meet the heaven-ascending hymn.
 From hearts to you so dear?

Why hear I not that seraph voice,
 That woke with earth's first morn;
 And do ye not, bright ones, rejoice
 As when ye saw it born?

Ah! voiceless now each golden lyre
 Has slumbered many a year;
 And each new day ye see expire
 Is numbered by a tear.

Yet still ye turn the tearful eye
 Upon earth's wayward course;
 For love divine can never die,
 Too deep, too pure its source!

And years shall come — when once again
 Your golden lyres shall swell
 That sweet, that long forgotten strain,
 For aye on them to dwell.

I.

THE SNOW BIRD.

AND hast thou come to gaze on me,
 White wanderer of the air!
 Or dost thou my warm shelter see,
 And ask with me to share?

Thy merry chirp and rolling eye
 Would seem to laugh at fear;
 Thou hast but come my lot to spy,
 And see if joy were here.

But thou wast born far, far away,
 Bright bird of snow and storm!
 And with rude Winter learned to play,
 And love his savage form.

And when he comes and o'er the land
 Has flung his fleecy shroud;
 And on the streams, has laid his hand,
 And hushed their voices loud; —

And driven from each hidden nest
 Thy comrades of the air;
 And banished from the wood's green breast
 The music lurking there;

Thou hoverest round his snowy feet,
 And, with his angry howl,
 Thy voice of love is heard so sweet,
 We half forget his scowl.

I bless thee bird — for He, who lent
 Thee love for one so rude,
 Has bid thee seek my tenement
 To wake my gratitude.

Thou'rt fled — and gone, perhaps, to find
 Thy playmates of the blast;
 I bless thee — for thou left behind
 Thine image ere thou past.

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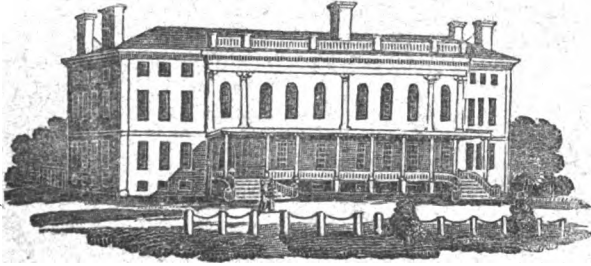
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"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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HARVARDIANA.

No. VII.

Speeches of DANIEL WEBSTER. 2 Vols. Perkins, Marvin, & Co. Boston. 1835.

"No sources of emotion equal the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusion of our gratitude and admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected, which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated or too refined to glow with fervor in the commendation of individual benefactors. All this is unnatural." *Webster.*

If we needed any apology for criticising the writings of a living statesman, such as Mr. Webster, we might refer to the above extract for an ample vindication of our motives. But we cannot believe, that any political prejudices can have operated so banefully upon any heart as to have made it insensible to his transcendent powers; and, moreover, we are addressing those who are of an age too honest and ingenuous not to glow with fervor in the presence of moral and intellectual beauty, despite of the chilling selfishness of worldly influences.

We are conscious then no apology is necessary for endeavouring to recommend writings, of such salutary influences and of such a high literary character as Mr. Webster's, to our readers.

Mr. Webster's speeches are almost the only classic specimens of American eloquence, if we except a few of those of Hamilton and Patrick Henry. They are wanting in those gross violations of a correct taste and style which are the prevailing sins of most of our orators. There is about them a contempt of vain show and ornament, yet a due regard to the beauties of style — an absence of flippancy, and the common metaphors which so much degrade our national eloquence — a clear, plain, and forcible enunciation of truth which bespeak a native vigor of mind, which needs not the dazzle of adventitious ornament. This severity and chasteness of diction, which in general characterizes them, is one of their greatest merits, and it is especially conspicuous, standing as it does an exception to the corrupt taste of the age, which delights so much in extravagance. We regard it as peculiarly fortunate, that Mr. Webster has chosen to clothe his magnificent conceptions in the purest and most nervous diction of his mother tongue. The weight of his character must have an auspicious influence in the creation of a new and more correct school of oratory, which shall lead to an extensive reform and the restoration of sound taste.

But how has this admirable diction been obtained? It is, no doubt, in part owing to the mental constitution of Mr. Webster, to that predominance of reason over imagination, which is its distinguishing characteristic; but we think it is in part also owing to the study of the master spirits of the language. Indeed of this there is internal evidence in his speeches; their very style is impregnated with the language of Milton and Shakspeare, a

deep converse with whose writings has unconsciously led him to make frequent use of their expressions. Though we never did assent entirely to the maxim, "*Orator fit*," because we believe that the qualities of mind which make up the orator are as much the gift of nature, as the divine faculties of the poet; yet we have always thought, that those natural endowments were of little avail, unless improved by assiduous cultivation. The imagination must be expanded and enriched by the study of Poetry, the reason sharpened by the study of Logic and in the keen encounter of debate, and the memory stored with an inexhaustible fund of various knowledge. He then who desires to become an orator, who feels that he possesses the necessary qualifications, must gird himself up for a patient study of the great masters of the art, and the old fathers of his native tongue. He must cease to dabble in the evanescent literature of the present, but he must go up and drink of those sacred fountains, whose waters are refreshing and invigorating to the soul.

Mr. Webster's speeches exhibit neither the elaborate polish and classic elegance of Burke, the liquid style and brilliant metaphor of Canning, nor the well rounded and sententious diction of Pitt. They are entirely original and *unique* in their character. His expressions are sometimes careless and inelegant, while again they rise to the highest pitch of the beautiful and chaste. His style is sometimes rigid and barren of ornament, then free and full, and illuminated by the grandest figures. In short, it is impossible to trace any precise similarity between his style and that of any modern orator. His manner is original with himself, and is built on no model. Nor has he taken care to soften down, by frequent revision, any prominent faults, and to give his speeches that perfect air, which these great orators always strove to do. He has never materially changed his speeches, when

preparing them for the press, from the dress they wore when first delivered. It is this negligence alone, which makes his speeches inferior in style to those of the great English orators; while in vigor of thought, in amount of political knowledge, in the profoundness and originality of his views, in philosophical yet practical observation on men and things, in power of argument and splendor and novelty of illustration, he is not inferior to Burke himself.

The most conspicuous trait of Mr. Webster's mind is his power of reasoning, which in him seems developed to an extraordinary degree. Like all men who possess this power in an eminent degree, he has the faculty of divesting every question of obscurity, and of exposing it clearly and plainly to the commonest understanding. His own conceptions are clear and unconfused, and hence he is not continually beating about in the dark and fighting with delusive phantoms, but he at once seeks out and grapples with the real, living substance. There is no subject of any class, be it of the highest or lowest order, upon which he does not pour such a flood of light, that its whole anatomy and nature is completely laid bare. This power of imparting clearly its own thoughts and feelings is one of the truest characteristics of a strong mind. A weak mind never goes to the depth of things, and hence it has no perfect conception of any thing; and to follow its dim light, is like pursuing the baleful exhalation of the marsh, which leads only into bogs and quagmires. Through this medium of intellectual light we may ascend into the same atmosphere of thought with the noblest intellect, and hold communion with it in the highest heaven of its conceptions. Of what inestimable value is a mind of such an order, when engaged in communicating to a nation its thoughts on the great interests and affairs of men, in disseminating and inculcating those

important principles of morality and order, which are to form the vital principle of the national character!

Mr. Webster is a man of intense thought. Every subject of which he treats he seems to have probed to the very bone and marrow, and to understand it thoroughly in all its bearings. He thus obtains a wide and comprehensive view of things; he discovers relations which are unknown to the superficial, and his vision extends far into the prospective, catching a glimpse of the future operation of measures which are the immediate subject of legislation. He thus becomes, like all such minds, the legislator of the present and the future, and makes posterity as well as his own age his debtor. A statesman, with a mind of such an extensive range, is worth a thousand common men, whose feeble vision cannot take in anything beyond the present day or hour. Such are the men who build up and fortify with impregnable barriers the liberties and institutions of their country; whose names are kept in everlasting remembrance as great benefactors and public instructors. It is this manner of looking at things which makes a man sink all considerations in subordination to the general welfare; for how can we conceive of one with this prophetic insight into the future to be willing to adopt or aid bad measures, which he sees working out tremendous evil to his countrymen of another age? There can be no epicureanism in politics — no such motto, as

“Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero,”

will be sanctioned there. No wise statesman can rejoice in measures which are to be but the revel of the present moment, forgetful of their influence on the events of the morrow. The intoxicating, alluring draught of temporary popularity he will turn aside for that better and more lasting reward,

“The thanks of millions yet to be.”

The lighter and more common weapons of oratorical warfare Mr. Webster wields with the same power and skill, as the more solid and rare. He does not scatter wit in such lavish profusion over his speeches, as Sheridan did even on the commonest occasions, and which frequently degraded his efforts into buffoonery; but he reserves it for occasions of need, when he pours it forth with a facility and rapidity of attack which bears down all opposition. No better specimen of his combined excellencies can be afforded, than in his celebrated speech on Foote's Resolution. Here, indeed, he seemed to have brought the whole artillery of eloquence into full play. There is no speech on record, since Burke's on the impeachment of Hastings, which can surpass it in the variety of power it exhibited. — Reason, wit, satire, and pathos the most sublime were brought into the most efficient and harmonious action in defence of the great charter of our liberties.

The occasion seemed to have aroused the mightiest energies of his soul. That sacred repository of the hopes of mankind — that glorious Constitution, the value of which he knew better than any man living, from having studied it the deepest — that object of the worship of his public affections, was threatened with overthrow. In the midst of severe toil in the Supreme Court, worn down by incessant labor, and without the advantage of having entirely heard his opponent, he rushed to the conflict. But little preparation indeed was necessary. The Constitution had been the chief, absorbing study of his life — he was thoroughly conversant with it in all its features — he knew the whole history of its influence, and he knew that it had ever promoted the general good. To know that it was attacked was a sufficient call to forget every other interest to engage in its defence, and that appeal was of power sufficient to reanimate and invigorate all his energies.

It is not our province to consider the speech as to its particular political merits. As to its general effect, the complete destruction of the hideous monster of Nullification, we may express without fear of reproach our rejoicing—but our province is more particularly with its literary character. It opens with a beautiful and appropriate figure. The manner in which he speaks of the charge of having slept upon his opponent's speech is full of playful yet biting satire. The lofty tone in which he asserts the dignity of the place and his station—in which he repels with a noble scorn the idea that the Senate was a mere arena for intellectual gladiatorship—reminds us of the dignified austerity of the Roman Cato, rising up amidst the grave and venerable body of the Conscript Fathers of Rome to rebuke some ambitious spirit, whose eagerness for display had broken in upon the solemn and silent order of that grave assembly. The dexterity with which the unlucky quotation of Banquo's Ghost is turned upon his opponent is admirable, and shows a keen sense of the true meaning of the great poet. The promptness and force with which he seizes and dwells upon the epithet of "one Nathan Dane" is well carried out in the subsequent vindication of his fame. How noble the strain into which he rises when speaking of the fathers of the republic—he brings them out of the obscure atmosphere of party, and places them on the high ground of great public services—he forgets the little strifes of the day in which they were engaged. The vile libels against them, which were engendered in the heat of passion, with his characteristic magnanimity he scorns to touch, and divesting himself of all petty prejudices, he takes a true and unbiassed judgment of their characters. Their virtues inspire him with admiration, and every thing fades into insignificance before their pure splendor. Nothing shows more convincingly

the dignity of his mind. The practice which is so common at the present day of impeaching the character of the illustrious dead, who may not have adopted the standard of right which modern wisdom has arbitrarily set up, seems to us to betoken a littleness and degradation of mind, little different from that which we ascribe to him, who has the boldness to speak evil of a man only when he is absent, or no friend is near to defend him. This practice is revolting in the highest degree, especially when we see men of influence, who should seek to hold up the memory of our departed patriots as noble examples of virtue and wisdom, attempting to destroy their salutary influence by raking up anew the smothered embers of party animosity, and kindling against them from the basest materials a consuming flame of false accusation.

We cannot enumerate all the many beauties of this great speech, and to criticise it justly, we are conscious is not within our power. How sublime is the peroration — how forcible, how thrilling the picture of the horrors of disunion. — No painting of sacked and smoking cities, drawn by the gloomy pencil of an Angelo — no narrative of the shedding of fraternal blood, depicted in all its revolting horrors by the impassioned imagination of a Hugo, could present the terrible image of such a scene, more feelingly, more palpably to the heart. The delivery of this speech caused an universal vibration through the country. It seemed to have reanimated the enthusiastic patriotism of the early times. It was recited in the school by the lisping lips of children, whose young hearts were sensitive enough to the power of eloquence to feel a glow of rapture at the glory of their country, here so ably set forth. It penetrated every circle of society, and we trust its effects will be felt to the latest posterity.

It has been said that Mr. Webster has no imagination, that his speeches are dry and harsh logic, unadorned by any of the graces of imaginative illustration. We grant that sound, sober reasoning is their predominant characteristic—that they exhibit no rich oriental imagery, hanging, like graceful drapery, around every sentiment. Extravagant ornament is the delight of only vulgar minds, who seek to conceal their sterility of ideas beneath a pomp of dazzling figures. Mr. Webster's imagination is kept in due subjection to his reason, and is generally used with frugality. But, at times, when his whole mind is broken up from its commonly calm state, and thrown into deep, exciting agitation, his imagination bursts forth with glorious magnificence; figure after figure, of the most bold and sublime character, rush in a flood of light from his mind, illuminating the whole atmosphere of thought with a mid-day splendor. Mr. Webster certainly possesses a strong and fertile imagination—every speech bears witness to it. His figures are of the highest order, and are altogether wanting in anything common-place. They are as remarkable for their originality as their grandeur. They remind us of Milton. The minds of the poet and the orator are much alike. Both exhibit strong reasoning powers, and a similar copious variety of imagination—now moving with deep, solemn, funereal pomp and majestic dignity—then revelling in the smiles of the most beautiful and enchanting creations of fancy.

This belief of those who have not read Mr. Webster's speeches, of their deficiency of illustration, seems to have arisen from the vulgar mistake of thinking imagination and reason qualities of too opposite a character to be ever found combined in one mind. It is only necessary, in order to refute this, to quote the names of Lord Bacon, Shakspeare, and Milton, in whose minds were found the

highest powers of imagination and reason, acting in the closest union and to the most wonderful effect. "If a powerful reasoning faculty and an ardent and affluent imagination are the constituents of true genius," as the author of Philip Van Artevelde says, then Mr. Webster may justly claim this distinguished title. At times Mr. Webster sketches with exceeding beauty. Witness the following, speaking of the great change in the condition of the West. "It is now thirty-five years since that scene actually existed. Let us, Sir, look back, and behold it. Over all that is now Ohio there then stretched one vast wilderness, unbroken, except by two small spots of civilized culture, the one at Marietta, and the other at Cincinnati. At these little openings, hardly each a pin's point upon the map, the arm of the frontiersman had levelled the forest and let in the sun. These little patches of earth, and themselves almost overshadowed by the overhanging boughs of that wilderness, which had stood and perpetuated itself from century to century, ever since the creation, were all that had then been rendered verdant by the hand of man. In an extent of hundreds and thousands of square miles, no other surface of smiling green attested the presence of civilization. The hunter's path crossed mighty rivers, flowing in solitary grandeur, whose sources lay in remote and unknown regions of the wilderness. It struck upon the north, on a vast inland sea, over which the wintry tempests raged as on the ocean. It was fresh, untouched, unbounded, magnificent wilderness. And, Sir, what is it now?" How graphic, how beautiful is this picture. It could not have been more so if it had been clothed in a poetical garb, and yet such a man is thought to have no imagination. This single sketch alone is sufficient to refute such a charge. But those who deny Mr. Webster an affluent imagination do it through ignorance. Every

one who studies his writings finds a rich and golden stream of imagination running through them, reflecting a brilliant, illustrative light over the heavy mass of reasoning through which it winds its way.

But we turn from the orator to the man. Have these great endowments been perverted to evil purposes? has their gigantic power been brought to bear against any of the permanent interests of society? or is their possessor a man of evil influence in the character of his writings?

We have nothing to do with Mr. Webster's party services, we trust there are none of that exclusive character; but we look to his public services, and in this view, we say he has rendered inestimable benefits to his age and country. His constitutional speeches have done more than any other writings, to explain and settle the leading features of the Constitution, and it has been rendered doubly dear to the hearts of the people, by the eloquence with which it has been defended, and the ability with which its excellencies have been set forth. Some of the most alarming fallacies have been met and defeated, too triumphantly ever to be revived. Again, Mr. Webster's speeches are filled with pure, exalted sentiments of attachment to country, and ennobling views of human happiness and duty; and they may be recommended as a fit study for every one who desires to cherish in his heart the best and noblest feelings of his nature — to cultivate an ardent and exalted patriotism, and a love of the pure and great. They cannot be read without at once improving the heart and the mind, and elevating every thought and feeling. They may be read without imbibing any prejudices derogatory to political opponents now upon the public stage, as they deal not in vituperation of those differing in opinion. Like every magnanimous mind, Mr. Webster scorns to descend to the meanness of calumny. Truth is his weapon of attack and his shield of defence.

If the Union is destined to a long existence, it will be through the medium of such writings as these, which carry themselves to every heart clothed in the most irresistible eloquence, in which just and broad views are taken of the interest of the country, a generous and lofty spirit of patriotism inculcated, and all those principles advanced which are to link the Union together in bonds of indissoluble strength. We would that they were scattered broadcast over the land, that their conservative sentiments were implanted in every breast, that their immortal eloquence with healing in its wings might carry its blessed influences from the Atlantic coast to the farthest borders of American civilization. These speeches have the seeds of immortality in them, and in the eye of imagination, looking through the long vista of coming time, we can behold them handed down with religious care from generation to generation, as the sacred textbooks of American principles and feelings—the great commentaries on the national political faith, to which statesmen and patriots of all ages shall resort for instruction and advice.

YANKEE-LAND.

A RUDE, rough, homely name, perchance,
 As aught the herald's roll may yield,
 That wakes no dreamings of romance,
 Of bannered list or tented field.
 No thoughts of knightly lance and shield,
 Of courtly squire and peerless dame,
 Of hearts by love and valor steeled,
 Are twined about that humble name,
 Like vine-flowers wreathed around the oak's grey frame.

'Tis a plain, sober, downright word,
 Like those who use it. One that wakes,
 Where'er its honest sound is heard,
 An image of blue skies and lakes,
 Of starry eve, and morn that breaks
 In beauty o'er a lovely scene,
 Where many a far-spread forest shakes,
 To summer winds, its leaves of green,
 And grey hills rise with grassy vales between.

And there are memories sweet, enshrined,
 Like love-gifts, in its simple tone,
 Feelings with every heart-string twined
 Of all to whom its sound is known;—
 Sorrow—for noble spirits gone,
 Pride—in the glorious work they wrought,
 Who gave to us, for all our own,
 The triumph-prize, so dearly bought,
 And in our hearts their only trophy sought.

The brave, high souls of Lexington,
 And Bunker Hill, as proud a field
 As e'er the bright sun looked upon,
 Were Yankee all. Untaught to yield,
 With hands to smite, and blades to wield,
 They gave true hearts, and swords, and breath,
 For freemen's rights, by free blood sealed,
 And asked no guerdon e'en in death,
 Save virtue's crown and freedom's oaken wreath.

And they who in this bleak, rude clime,
 Nursed the young eaglet, Liberty,
 To lead their sons in aftertime,—
 The pilgrim wanderers of the sea,
 Have hymned the simple name,—and we,
 Aye we, who hold enshrined and dear
 The memory of the firm and free,

Must blush that ill-starred lay* to hear,
If cockneys laugh, or brainless tourists sneer.

To me 'tis melody. I love
To hear the plain, true-hearted sound,
And feel my very pulses move
With fresher life and freer bound.
And wheresoe'er my lot is found,
Not till the life-brooks of this frame
Flow fainter in their death-clogged round,
And flickering burns the dying flame,
Can I forget that old, time-honored name.

ELAH.

COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

NEVER was a settlement more thoroughly, I may say more fearfully excited, than was the ancient town of Berryville, when it was announced that Miss Eugenia Clarendon, (a maiden lady of romantic disposition, residing at her estate in that place,) assisted by her nephew, Mr. Eliphalet Clarendon, was about giving a dramatic entertainment. It was a prolific theme of speculation for the older inhabitants, as well as for many a crowd of school-deserting urchins. The evening appointed was exactly a week distant, and never was a busier seven days. Miss Eugenia, after ransacking the Clarendon

* *Yankee Doodle*, said to have been composed as early as the times of the pilgrim fathers. It is reported that this shamefully ill-used melody, after bearing with silent anguish the many late attempts to murder it, has at length yielded to its sufferings, and died literally broken-winded.

premises most faithfully — much to the elucidation of sundry cast-off suits of regimentals, dusty wigs, and like ancestral bequests — levied ample contributions on her neighbours. Oh the admirable regularity of Black Tom's egressions from the large gate, as mounted on a little scrub of an animal, which might have vied with Dr. Slop's, he went, armed with his mistress's compliments, in quest, not perhaps of adventures, but antique velvet breeches and embroidered vests! The result of his efforts was highly gratifying. The old-fashioned hall was converted into a perfect museum; there were swords without hilts, and hilts without swords, mismated top-boots, rusty epaulettes and dusty cockades, long held in honorable possession by the aristocracy of Berryville. Matters wore an exceedingly favorable aspect, and Miss Clarendon wished, believed, indeed was perfectly convinced that the magnificence of a dramatic *fête* would render her quite the divinity of her less cultivated neighbours.

Our heroine thought it advisable to perform, by way of prelude, one of Shakspeare's tragedies; both as giving scope to her own talents, and dignity to the entertainment. Her nephew in vain represented the want of suitable performers and properties; she was determined — he accordingly exerted himself to raise a sufficient body of recruits to take "Romeo and Juliet" by storm; after which he intended to represent an original production, styled "The Bloody Hand; or Murdered Innocence," which combined, as he modestly said, the beauties of comedy, tragedy, and melo-drama. Their temple of Thespis was a large out-building, formerly used as a barn; the alterations in which the carpenters of half-a-dozen neighbouring towns vigorously undertook. Scaffolds, racks, and stalls vanished with fearful rapidity under the classic eye of Mr. Eliphalet Clarendon. His taste,

his ingenuity, and his fancy, all in operation, soon rendered the building, as Miss Clarendon expressed it, "precisely the thing desired."

The choice of performers was more difficult; the Romeo and the Juliet of the evening were at hand, but the other Montagues and Capulets, alas! were "few and far between." Still Miss Eugenia despaired not. The immediate Clarendon household consisted of three maid-servants, Sampson, the old gardener, and Black Tom, the most useful appendage to the establishment. Sampson, however, besides having the gout in one leg, had charge of the music, and was unable to sustain a character. But Mr. Isaiah Long, a young gentleman of parts and ready wit, and who had once been inside a theatre, was engaged for Mercutio and the Apothecary.

It was proposed, to save time, that the play should open at the commencement of Act III, and that the said Isaiah should give a sketch of the two preceding Acts, by way of prologue. Mr. Eliphalet did such violence to his feelings as to sustain Romeo, Montague, and Capulet, any inconsistency therein being overlooked. Tom, the black servant, was the only remaining prop, and Miss Eugenia declared him a perfect personification of "the furious Tybalt," for which he was employed, his dark visage being somewhat relieved by a profusion of red and white paint. But who should play Friar Laurence? a necessary personage, even in the "morceau" of Miss Clarendon. Mr. Isaiah hit on the lucky expedient of Black Tom's assuming the character. But Black Tom (as Tybalt) was obliged for decency's sake to fall dead at the hands of the impetuous Romeo. It was finally, however, suggested that Tybalt might, instead of falling like a dead weight, be attacked by a spasm or the like, for the better exhibition of which, he should writhe upon the ground with fearful contortions, and thus extricating

himself from the vulgar gaze of the audience, be at liberty behind the scenes for any further efforts.

Alas! misfortunes are the lot of mortals! The day of the *fête* had arrived — the company were expected about 6 P. M. Twice during the forenoon had the indefatigable Mr. Eliphalet drilled his performers with special regard to costume, etc., and was quietly seated at the dinner table with the dignity of a Romeo and author, when Black Tom entered the apartment, his countenance lengthened with dismay, and delivered a letter to his mistress. It was from Dr. Homily, the clergyman, who having become apprehensive of the proceedings at Clarendon Hall — and, “credibly informed that there was to be a representation of one of Shakspeare’s plays, and warned by the sad example of a young man, who attended the theatre in a neighbouring city, returned home utterly depraved and continued so nearly a month — had called a meeting of his deacons and the justice of the peace, who, on carefully perusing the said play remarked many immoral passages and allusions; whereupon, voted, that the vile part of Romeo be entirely omitted as indecent in several particulars, and that the blasphemous spectacle of murder be also omitted for the purification of the entertainment”! Miss Eugenia could not speak. Mr. Eliphalet seized the letter. “Omit Romeo!” exclaimed he. “Omit Tybalt’s death!” echoed his aunt, pacing the apartment. “Omit my def!” vociferated the negro, forgetting himself in the momentary excitement. “Massa Homily want to extinguish de splendor of my fus appearance.” “Hand me my pistols!” said Mr. Eliphalet, wishing to be thought a young gentleman of spirit, “I’ll blow this stupid clergyman, his deacons, and the justice, all into —” and by this time his indignation had subsided.

This was indeed a dilemma. To have proceeded with the forbidden play as taste and dignity required, would have incurred the displeasure of the dignitaries and half the inhabitants of Berryville, and probably have been followed by unpleasant consequences. To substitute another was impossible;—yet otherwise much of the pleasure they had so labored to secure must be lost. Sad as was the alternative, they were forced to comply; hoping to make amends by substituting a dance of rural goddesses, &c., and bestowing on "The Bloody Hand," an additional rehearsal. The guests soon arrived; grand-papas, and grand-mamas, and uncles, and aunts, and nephews, and nieces, and cousins, besides twelve vehicles of more distant relatives, and a host of invited friends, who brought up the rear. Miss Eugenia, attired in a simple undress, was delighted to see them. Mr. Eliphalet, with a blue ribbon in his button-hole, as master of ceremonies, felt fully his dignity;

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

In due time the company adjourned to the theatre, after a collation in the glen, whence they were unceremoniously driven by a tremendous shower, much to the discomfort of Miss Clarendon, the deities employed to dance on the occasion, and Sampson, the lame fiddler, who had been perched on a platform overhead, for the manufacture of heavenly harmony. The curtain ere long rose; when Black Tom, who had been dressed for Apollo, came forward, arrayed in a pair of huge epaulettes and revolutionary jack-boots, which he had added by way of embellishment to his godship's costume, to announce that the goddesses, having taken exceedingly severe colds by the late storm, were unable to appear in the dance. A "provoking!" from Miss Eugenia, and a "d—n it!" from Mr. Eliphalet (profane wretch) were

distinctly audible from behind the scenes. It only remained, therefore, to make the greatest possible impression with "The Bloody Hand," or "Murdered Innocence." Of this fact the author was aware. Accordingly before the second rising of what answered for a curtain, the audience are astounded by a heart-thrilling discharge of thunder and lightning, shrieks, &c., which having fixed attention, the curtain rises and exhibits —

SCENE I.

(A ruined castle in the distance. Glaring eyes of demons occasionally seen through the windows. In back ground, apparition of a Bloody Hand. Three corpses discovered, mangled and bloody. Time, midnight.)

The effect was prodigious, — the audience were electrified, and the illusion would have been perfect, had not Black Tom's figure been evident, as, seated on a beam, he majestically extended his hand, well plastered with redding; and had not the corpse nearest the foot-lights, an exceedingly corpulent inanimate, been taken by surprise, so that when discovered he was actually adjusting his portly self. Such minor defects, however, were easily overlooked; for lo! Mr. Eliphalet.

(Enter STARVOLO, his countenance scarred, his sword in pieces.)

What! are they dead! what they! whom I so long
Have hunted for revenge! ay! dead as hammers!
Ye gods, I will enjoy it! Yet perchance
They breathe — are not defunct. — I'll turn them o'er
And search them to the heart. If I do find
One spark of life, it shall be quenched in blood.

[1st. CORPSE. Softly Mr. Eliphalet.

MR. E. Hold your tongue, you fool.]

I'll take my hat off, 't is so very hot —
Hot, did I say? ay! true, most hot and close
To suffocation. — No, they sleep, perchance
In hell — what's hell? why 't is a hole, a cave,
A sink, a dripping-pan to catch the leavings
Of poor humanity; let them rot in 't!

The hand! the bloody hand! my own divinity,
For good or evil, mark! it beck'neth me.

[Black Tom clencheth his fist three times.]

Yes, sweet avenger of a father's wrongs,
I will obey — my child shall be avenged.
Its mother's tears — nay, nay, I must not think, —
Away this ill-timed gentleness of soul —
I am a man, and by this light, my sword
Shall rive their gizzards, till the shuddering earth
The heart-denouncing sentence doth relate
To highest Heaven. Revenge — my murdered babe —
Revenge for wasted blood — revenge, revenge!

[Exit.

Reader, if thou art a being of imagination, picture to thyself the feelings of the audience at this soliloquy, but ask me not to describe them. This thrilling scene has been given entire because it acquaints the reader at once with the plot of the piece; indeed, I'll be bound every one sees that Mr. Eliphalet has lost his babe, and that wandering at midnight in the forest he discovers the dead bodies of three of its destroyers; — hence the soul-stirring expression of a parent's grief — his surmises where the murderers sleep — his resolution to search out the remainder of the gang, and, in his forcible words, "rive their gizzards;" and his final agony as he rushes out at the suggestion of the bloody hand to execute his purpose, and inform his wife. Would it were possible to do justice to Mr. Eliphalet by giving more copious extracts; but our limits forbid. Suffice it to say, never had a drama more room for effect. Miss Eugenia, as Marinoletta, Starvolo's spouse, was twice mad in Act III, once rescued from a watery grave, and several times nearly betrayed into taking poison by two determined villains, ably represented by Mr. Isaiah Long, and the untiring Black Tom. The females shrieked at every murder precisely as they ought; in the last Act our dead friends of the first scene, who were obliged to double

and be slaughtered over again, fell exactly as Mr. Eliphalet wished, but that the fat gentleman after his decease clumsily rolled nearly to the front of the stage ; in short, every thing was prepared for a grand closing scene, part of which we must extract.

(Outskirts of the forest. Enter STARVOLO precipitately, in full costume, attendant following, both armed. Immediately behind, MARINOLETTA and three other females with dishevelled locks, and uttering shrieks of despair. Opposite, five Ruffians, fully armed.)

STAR. Here then we do contend. Half of your gang
Lie dead already. Learn, while I have strength
The weak shall be defended. —

[One of the Ruffians discharges a pistol, and a female attendant expires.]

Ha ! defied !

Then villains do your worst. Take life for life,
So only will we yield ; and may the lights
Of the sweet heaven on high, look down in love
At this unequal odds.

[They engage. After a desperate encounter Starvolo's attendant is pierced to the heart. Nothing dismayed, Starvolo snatches a pistol and levels it at one of the Ruffians, who expires with a groan.]

MAR. Nay, Ruffians, spare our lives, we do implore.
Oh ! hear us — hear us — hear us !

1st RUF. Lady, never !

We ask revenge.

STAR. Then know I am your match,
Base villain thus —

[Shoots down another Ruffian ; nearly borne down by one of his companions. Contest exceedingly desperate. Marinoletta faints in the arms of her attendants.]

At this moment, our hero starting back from the contest a moment for effect, an old gentleman who had supplied sundry articles of the wardrobe, exclaimed, "Never fear the old coat, Mr. Eliphalet, — down with the rascal. — My regimentals have fought before to-day !" Mr. Eliphalet's eyes flashed fire, but it was lost on the audience. [The Ruffian is at last overcome. Starvolo rushes upon the two remaining.]

Now beg for mercy, fools,
Or by this living light base death shall be
Your portion.

RUF.

We defy thy power!

STAR.

Presumption!

Then feel my wrath — ah! thus, and thus, and thus!

[They engage; Starvolo, at length victorious, seizes a chain and throws it
around the limbs of the conscience-stricken villains.]

Sweet lady, wake to blithsome victory;

Stern justice shall o'ertake them. Let some sound

Of heaven-born music call thee back to life.

[Dirge sounds; at which Marinoletta revives.]

Or rather would have revived, but no dirge sounded. Mr. Eliphalet cast a dignified glance toward Sampson's seat to account for the remissness, but alas! Sampson was not to be discovered. The truth flashed upon him. — The old fiddler had been left on his shelf in the glen, where his gout held him fast. The hero of course could not go after him; the heroine was in a swoon, and the other two females were supporting her; and Mr. Isaiah Long and Black Tom were in chains. Mr. Eliphalet for a moment was in a quandary, but soon got out of it. Jogging the corpse of his servant, he stated the case, and the inanimate, uttering a deep groan, coolly arose, brushed his clothes, and went on his errand. To such extremities is humanity reduced! Rather than delay, however, Miss Eugenia thought prudent to revive without music, and the play proceeded.

MAR. Oh! are we saved! thanks to our ruling stars.

And thou, my love, unhurt!

STAR.

Ay, sweet! [to pris.] Now learn

To dread me.

[Unchains first villain (Mr. Isaiah) and stabs him.]

There! deep death demand thy food!

This shall avenge my child. (to other pris.) Now villain speak,

Dost thou not tremble? Speak, I say!

But, dropping all sense of his situation, Black Tom only replied by lustily roaring out "fire! fire! oh! Massa 'liphalet, barn all fire!" Such was the fact, — the charge of an unlucky pistol had communicated with some combustibles, and it having been sometime unperceived, the building was on fire. In vain did Miss Eugenia look dignified, — in vain did Mr. Eliphalet beseech the audience to await the *dénouement*. The house was on fire, — children cried, parents grumbled; friends and strangers, old and young, rushed to the door. Nor was the consternation confined to spectators; the performers forgot entirely their dignity — dead men jumped up — Black Tom, cruelly chained as he was, rushed to the Mansion House for the vulgar convenience of a bucket of water — and even Miss Eugenia and Mr. Eliphalet, after offering incense as long as possible on the altar of the Dramatic Muse, were forced to abandon her temple to the ravaging flames.

Miss Clarendon was the next day heard to declare, that she would never again engage in Country Theatricals.

ALPHA.

HOME.

In imitation of Burns.

Ye gentles a', baith great an' sma',
 Wha live wi' unco care, lairds,
 Ye pleaders too, an' preachers a',
 Tho' luck gae wi' ye fair, lairds, —
 In a' your lauded wealth an' pow'r
 Nae pleasure can I see,
 My theekit roof, an' laighly bow'r
 Hae mair o' charms for me.

Ay! live ye blithe, wi' worldly gear,
 An' cantie wi' your fame, lairds,
 But leave to me, I ask nae mair,
 A happy, leesome hame, lairds.
 In a' your lauded wealth an' pow'r
 Nae pleasure can I see,
 My theekit roof, an' laighly bow'r
 Hae mair o' charms for me.

Let worldly tempests round me blaw,
 And storms frae ilka cloud, lairds,
 Yet *hame* wi' wife, wi' bairns, an' a',
 I prize owre a' your gowd, lairds.
 In a' your lauded wealth and pow'r
 Nae pleasure can I see,
 My theekit roof, an' laighly bow'r
 Hae mair o' charms for me.

SIGMA.

Memoirs of the Right Honorable Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH. Edited by his Son, &c.

FEW books are so interesting and instructive as this biography of Sir James Mackintosh. There is perhaps nothing new or original in its plan. It is much in the style of works of similar character; pieces of autobiography agreeably welded together by the constructive skill of the compiler. It derives its interest from the character of the subject of it, from the confidential manner with which we are admitted to an intercourse with his opinions, and a communion with his sentiments and tastes;

that the former are philosophical, original, and comprehensive, the latter rich, generous, and elevated, and that both are based upon a character the most admirable, will be readily acknowledged by those even, who have made only a hasty examination of the general plan and beauties of the book.

We shall not then attempt to retail to the public the wholesale production of ideas and opinions, which, in the shape of reviews or in the ordinary course of conversation, has been reaped from the teeming soil of this fertile book; we only seek to introduce a few fruits of our own, which, though they may have lost a portion of their flavor in the confined and unproductive air of a student's chamber, may still retain some spice of their original taste, and be relished by the less dainty portion of our readers. We profess, however, to offer them to the immediate vicinity only, and shall consider the subject under certain aspects most suitable and interesting to it.

We have remarked that Mackintosh's biography was a most instructive one. Why so? Because it gives a true picture of a great man intimately acquainted with all the leading interests of the world, and partially a distinguished actor in it, during the time of reforms and changes the most remarkable in modern history. This picture furnishes us with the model of a reformer, for such was Sir James Mackintosh, cool and consistent, looking only to principles and never swerving from them, when their results were perverted by events and circumstances, so as not to appear the legitimate and expected consequences. Thus, at the commencement of the French Revolution, he supported the novel opinions then advanced, and in the ardor of youthful enthusiasm, he boldly anticipated those glorious consequences, upon which all good men had cast their anchors, and upon the failure of which their hopes were so fearfully wrecked. But he did not,

when the sad subsequent events told such a bitter tale of human depravity and folly, immediately abandon his principles, because the first experiment of them was unsuccessful, but wisely tempering his benevolent enthusiasm with the instruction of experience, and the wisdom of age, he still maintained his old opinions, while so many rendered their sincerity questionable and their ignorance certain, by violently attacking their former doctrines, and madly rushing from the extremes of reform to the dim verge of toryism. Because forsooth the new views of things were not instantaneously adopted and acted upon, such men must show themselves the creatures of circumstances and events. Their only excuse must be that they were utterly without the grasping, extended views of Sir James, who recognised centuries as too small a limit to observe the progress of man in his opinions, and looked only to ages, as the appropriate epochs for carrying into operation great changes. Resting as he did upon the sure basis of general principles, he was not cast down by failure or disturbed by unexpected results. His great confidence in the superiority of truth led him to regard the obstructions to it, as clouds passing the face of the sun, and patiently to await, amid the whirlwind of political convulsion, the settled calm of a peaceful sunset. What dignity and majesty, what elevation and nobility of principle, what expansion of mind, thus to soar above all fear, and gaze upon the distant future, for the realization of what must come to pass, if there be any truth in the world, or if it be an axiom that it shall flourish and come out victorious.

Nor was it alone on the great stage of reform, in the grand contest between principles and opinions, carried on by genius and learning, by Pitt, Fox, Burke, Canning, and the host of French political philosophers, that Sir James showed himself so able and made himself so dis-

tinguished ; but even his minutest actions exemplified his character, gave proof of the benevolence of his disposition, the thoroughness of his understanding, and of his extensive observation. Look at his efforts in behalf of the inhabitants of the East Indies ; how strenuous was he in collecting facts and observing traits of character ; how assiduous in his difficult station of Recorder, to administer strict justice and to introduce its proper forms ; how ready to give sympathy to each one upon his peculiar interests, to employ the talents of all around him in useful exertion, to promote the happiness of the natives, and maintain the honor and character of the English nation. How soon did he collect around him a brilliant circle of the gifted and cultivated, and make himself the centre of sociability and refinement. With what impatience did he await the influence which he trusted would be exerted upon European Literature by researches in the East, and how readily did he assist in adding to the amount of information. Examine his domestic disposition ; view him seated in his own parlour, as the instructor of his children, and the life and spirit of his household ; and you see him carrying the same character into the seclusion of the closet, which had gained him such unusual admiration in the world. No secondary motive could have contributed to form the rule of his conduct. In many of the stations he held no public distinction was to be gained, no emolument expected, no lasting fame anticipated. Whatever was the character of his actions, they could have been dictated by no other motives than the generous ones universally ascribed to him. And, when we reflect that for some time he was far from his proper sphere, that he earnestly longed to be engaged in promoting the great changes then going on ; and, when we consider how well qualified he was to act a greater and more conspicuous part than often fell to his lot ; we cannot but acknowledge the triumph of benevo-

lence over every other motive, and hail him a true philosopher.

There is a great similarity between Washington and Mackintosh. The former was fitted for the cabinet and field, and had wonderful powers of action, great judgment, decision, and resource. He was the model of an active agent, in a revolution to be conducted by the citizens of a country, one which should materially change their political condition, and required a superior popular leader. Mackintosh was, on the other hand, adapted to facilitate and regulate those great changes in opinions, which are necessary preludes to revolutions in governments. His mind was framed for the discovery and elucidation of truth; his opinions were the result of much thought; his thoughts the product of an intellect peculiarly original, and endowed with remarkable powers of generalization. He was candid and free from prejudices, not wedded to doctrines, and open to conviction from an adversary, employing argument for truth's sake, and not for victory, and full of that charity and respect for others' opinions, which always imparts the highest authority and consideration to our own. As he weighed in the nice balance of his own clear reason the tendency of the great principles which were then pervading Europe, making the last fifty years a magazine of events, a grand series of instructive lessons to the political philosopher, no one could calculate with more justness their truth or error; and, however tempted by enthusiastic benevolence or disappointed expectation to change his views, he yet clung to the truth and remained firm.

As Washington's course of action, amid the anxieties, doubts, and distresses of our own revolution, was such as the delicate judgment of posterity cannot improve; so, amid all the vacillations and obscurity of the changes which occurred during the life of Mackintosh, his opin-

ions and principles were such as will ever remain, not only the monuments of his fame, but the instructors of many generations to come.

These are the distinguishing points that we wish our readers to dwell upon, because they contain so much wisdom, and are so well suited for the imitation of those of the present age, who wish to make up their opinions or take part in the great subjects of interest.

We are all witnessing similar reforms and changes to those which occupied the attention of Sir James;—changes not yet so violent or bloody, but deep and lasting, and liable at any time to break out into fearful convulsions; for we “have heard our fathers say” that the dark day, the day of distress and trial may come, and those who now enter life must look for revolution. It is the order of the age; indeed we see it already beginning among us; the seeds of it are sowed in some of the great questions of the day. If each one would do his duty to his country and himself, let him study the character and principles of Mackintosh, and imitate the action of Washington. If those who now agitate the land would seek to obtain the expanded views, the modesty and candor of the former, and the calm, dignified, elevated action of the latter, so little work is there for the innovator, that the prosperity of our country might perhaps never be disturbed by even doubts or fears. With such almost living examples before our eyes, it is shameful that the work of change should not be effected in the proper way; for those who cannot originate may imitate, and those who cannot lead may follow.

We know it is a prevailing opinion that fanaticism is a necessary concomitant evil of revolution,—eventually beneficial,—that it is the storm which precedes the calm, and is necessary to clear up the moral atmosphere; that it directs attention to existing abuses, and awakes

from slumbers worse than death. This may be partially true ; we cannot deny it ; there are too many opposing facts in history to allow us to maintain the negative of it. It certainly sometimes turns up the soil, and draws from its depths the few good and sound principles that lie buried there. When society has been crushed by a long continuance of tyranny and oppression, and its energies lie deadened, then nothing but a convulsion can throw off the incumbent burden and awake men to action. But it seems more consonant with the philosophy of human nature to believe that this process is indispensable in times of great oppression only, and that even then it removes and sweeps away existing evils, and leaves a healthy soil for the growth of wholesome principles, which must still be slow and gradual in their increase upon this new earth. In cases where society is not crushed by the weight of existing abuses, but is youthful and full of vigor and prosperity, as in America, violent measures only bring distress, and retard actual advancement. Reform with us should be a natural growth, and not so much a rapid progress over the face of society, as the gradual assimilation of appropriate elements, generated by an indigenous process, into the life and body of the constitution.

The first fate of reform depends upon the character of those into whose hands the task of executing it falls. If they be fanatics and ignorants, dressed "in a little brief authority," the excesses they commit lead to a reaction, and put back, if they do not destroy, the elements of progression ; but if it falls to the lot of honorable men, conscious of the importance, dignity, and difficulty of the task, what beautiful results come from their hands to bless mankind may be seen in the instances of the Swiss, English, and American Revolutions.

But let these observations be true or not, there is one deduction that must be drawn from the opinions of

Mackintosh, namely, that reform must be *gradual*, either in its actual steps or in its preparatory circumstances. All history shows that no practical reform was ever a permanent one, which was not deep laid.

If the above sentiments be just, what a bearing they have upon many of the reforms of our day ; how cautious should we be in remedying public evil, not only to strike at the cause of it, but also to execute the dangerous task in the most thorough manner, and not injure ourselves, or violate the rights of others by precipitancy or excess. There must be principles of reform as well as principles of every thing else ; there must be general rules to test it, more or less applicable in all cases. And how can we find these rules and principles, but in the study of the characters and lives of those men, who, during the whole period of their existence, have acted upon them ?

B.

THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

BRIGHT image of my early years !
 When glowed my cheek as red as thou,
 And life's dark throng of cares and fears
 Were swift-winged shadows o'er my sunny brow.

Thou blushest from the painter's page,
 Robed in the mimic tints of art ;
 But nature's hand in youth's green age
 With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine,
 The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee,
 And in thy look, my Columbine!
 Each fond-remembered spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head,
 Where gay thou noddest in the gale;
 I hear light-bounding footsteps tread
 The grassy path that wound along the vale.

I hear the voice of feathered song
 Break from each bush and well-known tree;
 And, on light pinions borne along,
 Comes back the laugh from childhood's heart of glee.

Fair child of art! thy charms decay,
 Touched by the withered hand of Time;
 And hushed the music of that day,
 When my voice mingled with the streamlet's chime;

But on my heart thy cheek of bloom
 Shall live when Nature's smile has fled;
 And, rich with memory's sweet perfume,
 Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee
 That echoed on thy native hill;
 And when, loved flower! I think of thee,
 My infant feet will seem to seek thee still.

I.

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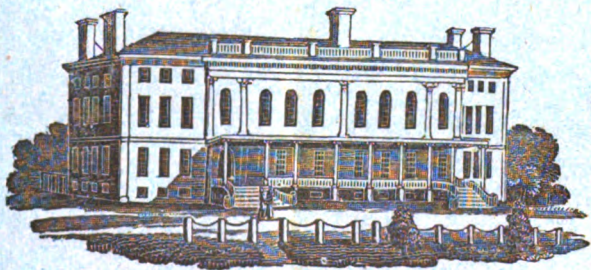
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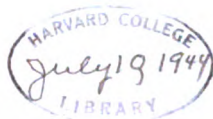
"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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HARVARDIANA.

No. VIII.

THE CHECKMATE.

"Now he maddens as the lion
Raging through the desert grove ;
Now with desperate oath he pledges
Zaida's beauties, Zaida's love."

"WELL, Sir Robert," said a personage of a somewhat unprepossessing appearance, addressing Lord Mackylvane, from whom he had been winning immense sums at the chess board, "Well, Sir Robert, I now presume you are prepared to yield your estates, without further scruple, to my equitable claims."

"Yield my estates without further scruple!" thundered Sir Robert. "Zounds, Mr. Leighton, do you take me for a woman, calmly to see my possessions thus snatched from my hands, without so much as an effort to recover them? No, Sir, no! though for my immortal soul, I play again."

"I beg your pardon," coolly replied Leighton, "but really I supposed the last stake, which you are aware on your side comprised this castle and its adjacent lands, was the only remaining part of your property. But, Sir,

if you still have another to offer, upon my word as a man of honor, you shall enjoy every opportunity to improve it. As to your immortal soul, however," he added with a sarcastic smile, "*that* I beg leave —"

"God's death!" exclaimed Sir Robert, laying his clenched fist with violence upon the table, "God's death, Sir, taunt me not; for I *have* a stake; ay one dearer than my life blood — my only daughter Isadore. She shall be my pledge against our first game, which you remember was ten thousand pounds. So, Mr. Leighton, we will proceed immediately to the play."

"So ho! Isadore! very well, very well, Sir Robert, — I accept your offer." And thus saying, the fortunate gamester commenced arranging his men with the most provoking composure. Sir Robert sat down opposite him, though not till he had added from the maddening bowl to his infuriated spirit within, which had urged him to the barbarous deed he had committed.

Here let us leave Sir Robert and his companion for a short time, to consider more particularly their character and connexion. Sir Robert Mackylvane of Mackylvane Castle was an English noble, who flourished in the days of Henry VIII. Naturally of an open and frank disposition, and generous to a degree of prodigality, he fell easily into the fashionable vices of his age. Of engaging manners and ready wit, he became universally admired by his associates, and when about twenty-five married the pretty and amiable daughter of Lord —. Two years had scarcely elapsed before death snatched her from him, leaving to her bereaved husband a daughter scarce twelve months old, who in remembrance of her mother was christened Isadore. When, as we have seen, her father so inhumanly opposed her to a stake of a few paltry pounds, she was in the very bloom of youth — the admiration of the whole borough.

The individual, whom Sir Robert addressed as Mr. Leighton, was possessed of an exterior very uncouth, if not ruffian-like. His face could with difficulty be discovered through the unnatural luxuriance of whiskers and mustachios which surrounded it; yet his dress was perhaps little to be distinguished from that of the fashionable debauchees of the day. Even in a partial observer his physiognomy would have inspired no favorable opinion of his disposition; and the angry frown which ever and anon crossed his brow, and the occasional flashes of his deep black eye strongly belied the composure which he uniformly exhibited towards Sir Robert. Their acquaintance had been of short standing, having met only the week previous. Sir Robert, however, had found even this short period sufficient to deprive him of his immense estates, and to plunge him in the depths of misery.

Such, in a few words, were the two individuals now gambling — one with the turbulent vehemence of madness, the other with the complacent calmness of success. It ought not to create surprise then, if Sir Robert, evincing in every move his mental distraction, should yield to the cool calculation of his adversary, although previous to his acquaintance with Leighton he had found no one to vie with him in his favorite game. But even now he displayed remarkable quickness and penetration. For a long while he held the advantage, following up his opposer, check after check, with wonderful skill. But then, owing to the long and deep draught taken at the commencement of the game, his faculties became dimmed, and his fortune assumed a more doubtful aspect.

Sir Robert perceived he was losing his advantage, and again applied for assistance to his stimulating friend on the table. But the effect was only like the lightning flash, which breaks with fearful glare through the depth of night; then instantly disappearing leaves the world

darker than before. His renewed energies availed him but a moment. A darkness again passed over his mind which proved his ruin ; for he soon carelessly suffered himself to be check-mated by a simple attack from his adversary's queen and castle.

It might well require an ably wielded pen to describe Sir Robert's feelings at this destructive termination of the game. When he perceived it to have turned against him, he sprang to his feet, and seizing the board of Chessmen, — his eyes rolling with the fury of a lunatic, — he dashed it, with a frightful oath, against the opposite wall. But the burst of feeling, sudden and transient as it was, calmed his troubled spirit ; for, turning towards his adversary, his features relaxed, and pressing his forehead with both hands, as if to confine his distracted brain within, he remained motionless for some minutes. Then, in a calm tone, so different from his late violent vociferation that a miracle seemed to have been wrought on him, he addressed Leighton.

"Sir, I remain in this abode of my ancestors but a short half hour, at the expiration of which I abandon it to you with all its inmates and possessions. But, Sir, before I depart, grant an only request, to soothe my future hours. Treat my daughter with kindness and respect, nay, if possible, love and cherish her as your own. I beseech you by your feelings as a father, by the common ties which unite us to our fellow beings, by all your wishes of peace in this life or the next, grant this request to an afflicted parent. — Oh rash, rash man that I was!" muttered he ; "loss of property I could endure, — but the loss of a child — the almost murder — merciful heaven," he exclaimed, dashing away his tears, "enable me to support these sad consequences of my guilt." Then, suddenly turning to Leighton, he said, "But Sir, do you grant my request?" "I do," replied the ruffian, in a

voice evidently enfeebled by emotion, "depend upon me." "Then," exclaimed Sir Robert, "am I happy indeed. — Farewell! heaven bless you, for ever and ever." So saying he hastened from the apartment to his chamber, and wrote immediately a few hasty lines to his daughter, stating his late misfortune, with a candid admission of his guilt, and solemn promises of reformation, if life should be granted him; — that unless his intentions were swayed by unforeseen events, they probably never should again meet; — but that he should write her, hoping, if she could forgive his inhumanity, occasionally to receive an answer.

Having again assured her of his determination to reform, he entrusted her to the hands of Leighton, with fervent prayers for her happiness. He gave these lines, remaining only to seal them with a single but a bitter tear, to his valet, with strict injunctions to deliver them to none but his daughter. He then departed through a private door of the castle, and soon gained the outskirts of the neighbouring forest. But not as Sir Robert supposed was he unobserved. The quick eye of his successful adversary marked every motion; and his step, though unheard, was close upon him, and followed him for a long half hour, till Sir Robert seemed to have attained his destination. For he stopped, and after some moments of deep meditation, broke forth into a touchingly eloquent and solemn prayer.

The substance of it was a grateful acknowledgment for his present feelings of contrition and remorse, with earnest entreaties for a continuance of the same spirit. He expressed his intention, by divine permission, of passing the remainder of his days in solitude, the better to devote himself to the service of heaven. He then feelingly remembered his daughter, and finally breathed forth a fervent petition in behalf of his successful opponent. At

the close of this prayer, an almost inaudible "*amen*" fell from the lips of Leighton, who was sufficiently near to hear the whole.

His attention, however, was soon directed to the movements of Sir Robert, who had bent down a thick cluster of bushes, and was entering a spacious cave within the rock from which he had risen.

Thus acquainted with his victim's situation, Leighton retraced his steps to the castle; and, having partaken of a slight repast, desired to be conducted to Isadore. When he entered, she was kneeling by her bedside—her eyes solemnly uplifted—her hands clasped—and her pale lips moving in earnest devotion. —

A blush of maiden modesty mantled her cheek at this unmanly intrusion; and, had her physical power equalled her indignation, she would have spurned the ruffian from her presence. She received his advances, however, with a cold formality, too significant to be mistaken. But Leighton manifested apparently sincere kindness and regard; assuring her that, in the domestic concerns of the family, every thing should be under her control, and that the same respect should be shown her as before Sir Robert's misfortune. In fact he endeavoured to tranquilize her afflicted spirit as far as possible; but as he retired Isadore remarked an ominous smile lurking upon his countenance, which immediately revived her most gloomy apprehensions.

Early the next morning the bereaved daughter was informed that John Buto, a priest of St John's convent, was below, and desired a short interview with her on business of importance. At these words a beam of joy lighted up her countenance. "What," she exclaimed, "Friar Buto, my father's old friend—the good friar who has fondled me during so many hours of infancy! Show him immediately up. Oh shame, that my father in a fit

of passion should so unreasonably have forbidden his visits. Would all his friends had been as true. ”

The priest was ushered in, and the interview lasted over an hour. Whatever might have been the cause, certain it is, that after this visit Isadore seemed another creature. It seemed as though a new life had been implanted in her bosom. Whenever afterwards in the presence of Leighton, her manner was free from the contempt so evident at their first meeting ; and even when the papers were drawn up, transferring her father's property to his successful fellow-gamster, she seemed not to feel even natural mortification and resentment.

But, lest we should weary the reader, we will pass over the ensuing three months, to the noonday brightness which after these hours of gloom rested for many generations on Mackylvane castle.

At length the period arrived which was to lavish upon the penitent recluse great and unexpected blessings. Early one morning her meditations were interrupted by his daughter Isadore, his countenance illumined by an angelic smile, as she stood before him leaning upon the arm of friar Buto.

“ Father,” she exclaimed, before he could express his astonishment, “ a kind providence has heard our prayers, and through the instrumentality of your once acknowledged friend, this benevolent friar, restored you to your former possessions, among the last of which you may not esteem your own dear Isadore.” Such news was too unexpected to gain immediate belief ; but friar Buto testifying to its truth, Sir Robert's pulse quickened with a joy to which he had long been a stranger.

“ And Leighton ? ” he asked, casting an inquiring eye first upon his daughter, and then upon father Buto.

The friar, with a smile, flung aside his cowl, placed upon his smooth cheeks a pair of enormous whiskers, and

enveloped his head in a mass of black and curly locks. The transformation was complete.

"I see it, — I see it all," exclaimed the knight; "Oh! holy father, you have indeed been an unspeakable benefactor, — for you have saved me from my worst enemy — myself. How shall I ever be able —"

"Enough, enough, Sir Robert, mention it no more. It was a dangerous experiment, but, thanks to God, it has succeeded."

SIGMA.

STANZAS.

"But here

A portion of the tale may well be left
In silence, though my memory could add
Much."

Wordsworth.

I.

Oh! ask not for a song of mirth;
I wake the festive note in vain,
For sadness echoes from my harp,
And mingles with the banquet strain.
Each quick vibration of the strings
A withered joy to fancy brings,
And makes my bosom lonelier yet
With thoughts it longeth to forget!

II.

Oh! ask not for a song of love;
The myrtle twine is faded now,
And, all its breathing perfume fled,
Hangs cold and scentless round my brow.

No more the skies seem fair and bright,
 Nor glides the stream in waves of light,
 The voices, which I loved to hear,
 Unnoticed fall upon my ear.

III.

Imagination plumes her wing,
 Again I soar in poet-dreams —
 Whose voice *now* calls, whose seraph-smile
 With more than love celestial gleams?
 Round *her* I strive my arms to fold,
 When marble-like that form is cold,
 And on those lips the touch of death
 Has turned to ice her latest breath!

IV.

The past I wish not to recall,
 Yet fancy oft the truant plays,
 Lured, by the sweet remembrance, on
 To earlier years and happier days!
 While I recount those moments o'er,
 My thoughts retracing free once more,
 Again these bloodless cheeks are flushed,
 And all my bosom-sorrows hushed!

V.

As sheds the faint sepulchral lamp,
 A twilight in the dreary tomb,
 Emitting scarce a feeble ray,
 Which cannot mask the fearful gloom;
 So in my breast there dwells alone,
 The memory of pleasures gone,
 And soon, too soon, this trembling light
 Must vanish in a darker night.

VI.

Thanks, Lady, for that sister-glance,
 Thanks for the gently-beaming eye,

Mild as the summer twilight star,
 Veiled in a pearly cloud on high;
 For tears my anguish is too deep,
 This heart is broke, I cannot weep,
 And idle now is all relief,
 My soul is wedded to her grief.

S. T. H.

Paris and the Parisians in 1835. By FRANCES TROLLOPE.

HERE is another book from our old foe, Mrs. Trollope, and quite a good one, barring some flings at liberalism and Republicanism. The old lady (we presume that term is correct, as we are unwilling to believe her a young lady, with the very bad temper she gives evidence of) is unhappily endowed with an extremely keen sensitiveness to the vulgar, and so much of this did she witness in our ill-fated country, that she has ever since associated liberty and vulgarity as synonymous terms. She is, we fear, an inveterate Tory, and we are almost disposed to believe the report, that she is in the pay of that falling dynasty, so zealous have been her efforts to misrepresent the condition of the three most prominent free states of the world. See her travels in America, Belgium, and France. She proclaims her hostility to liberal institutions on the title page, in which, in the language of Corneille, she declares "*Le pire des etats, c'est l'etat populaire.*" She is one of those backward legislators, who are always for renovating the past, and

opposing change. Like another Joshua, if she had her will, she would have the whole system of things to settle down into immobility, and she would bring back the glorious era of the fifteenth century ; when one half of the race were the slaves of the other ; times, when the name of freedom was an obsolete word, and life and property held as a precious boon from the hands of a despotic sovereign. But there are other and mightier spirits at work, of counteracting influence, and we may, therefore, look upon her cavils, as the harmless querulousness of an old woman, prating about things beyond the reach of her understanding. Mrs. Trollope has a happy vein of ridicule, and when she is in the humor, she can use it to the utmost effect, as we know to our cost. And this talent, joined with a tolerable skill in sketching, and her love of gossip, contribute to make her books quite pleasant reading. This is certainly the best of her books of travel. The subject is new, and she has treated it so much in detail, that a very good picture is drawn of the French capital and its inhabitants. It is unfortunate, that she so early destroyed her character for veracity, as the want of this essential virtue tends to cause us to receive, with great distrust, her statements on important topics, where prejudice may have influence. But these are principally political points, where her errors are too glaring to escape detection ; on matters of Fashion and elegant society, her information is full and perfect ; and she always crowds her pages with the names of the "*distingues*," to whose intimacy she was graciously admitted, and in initials and blanks darkly hints at others, whose awful names she is not permitted publicly to notice, betraying at once the "*parvenu*" in polite society. The virulence of her hostility to the Americans is surprising and contemptible. The mere mention of the name in conversation invokes from her a torrent of de-

nunciation and calumny ; and, in her opinion, they seem to be the extreme of whatever is gross in manners or bad in government. The unfortunate failure of "the Bazaar" in Cincinnati, and her wholesale speculations in that "infidel meat," pork's flesh, in the same city, seem to have embittered her mind for ever against this country. How vexatious it is, that, notwithstanding her sage remarks on American corruption, and her solemn warnings to the world of the evils thereof, we should yet go on increasing in power and prosperity, and, by the influence of a glorious example alone, giving our principles increase and influence over the whole world !

But we return to the book in question. It may be called rather a picture of the surface of Parisian society, than an insight into its whole composition ; of the polite circles and the fine arts, rather than a profound philosophical view of man as he is in Paris. We find no fault with it because it is such—it is only such a work she could have written ;—she would have been lost had she ventured into the depths of philosophical inquiry.

Her sketches of the characteristics of the political parties of Paris are very amusing, particularly so of the Republicans, as her immaculate loyalism infuses a pleasant portion of piquant wit and satire into her descriptions of these erring mortals. The Republicans are mostly "Les jeunes gens de Paris." In such a country they are certainly *Utopian* in their opinions, and their conduct and dress would seem to be equally extravagant. They are continually fomenting riots in the streets of Paris, that they may indulge in shouts of "Vive la République," and alarm the government. They are represented as walking the streets with gloomy sinister countenances, wearing the frown of a Brutus and the gravity of a Cato. Their dress is uniform—a sugar-loaf hat, like the Puritans of Cromwell's time, unshorn locks, hanging

dishevelled over the neck, and the face and chin darkened with a black cloud of beard and "moustache." They must be a name of terror indeed, if this extract is true. "None should pretend to examine, or at any rate to discuss critically, the niceties of idiom in a language that is not native to him. But distinct from any such presumptuous examination, there are words and phrases, lawfully within the reach of foreign observation, which strike me as remarkable at the present day, either from their frequent recurrence, or for something of unusual emphasis in the manner in which they are employed. 'Les jeunes gens de Paris' appears to me to be one of these. Translate it, and you find nothing but 'the young men of Paris,' which should seem to have no more imposing meaning than 'the young men of London,' or of any other metropolis. But hear it spoken at Paris — Mercy on me ! it sounds like a thunderbolt. It is not only loud and blustering, however ; you feel that there is something awful — nay, mystical implied by the phrase. It appears solemnly to typify the power, the authority, the learning — aye, and the wisdom too, of the whole nation."

Again. "La jeune France is another of these cabalistic forms of speech by which every body seems expected to understand something great, terrible, volcanic, and sublime."

In truth the characteristic of the French of the present day, in every thing, seems to be something great, terrible, volcanic, and sublime. All their changes in government must be bloody revolutions ; not a ruler dies, but his successor must be borne into power on the wave of popular excitement. Not a play can be enacted on the stage, but it must be something "volcanic," and extravagant, like the hideous dramas of Victor Hugo. Not a change in fashion can be acceptable, save it be sud-

den and extravagantly original. The result of the whole is, that every thing in France is temporary and changing, government and all ; not from bad to better, but generally the reverse, or at any rate at a reckless hazard for the issue. No rational improvement can be expected in such a state of things. There is too much want of thought and sober reflection, and too great an admiration of the daring and novel to conceive and complete such a reformation in the moral and political character of the country, as humanity desires, in consequence of the great influence of French opinions on mankind.

Mrs. Trollope's severe criticism of Victor Hugo and his school is just ; and we trust that his works are as unpopular in France, as she represents, but their numerous editions and great profits would seem to prove the contrary. On literary subjects Mrs. Trollope is well informed, and her criticisms show a sound taste and judgment. Her style is chaste, and frequently very elegant and nervous, showing a practised and easy writer. The book, on the whole, with the exceptions we have mentioned, is very interesting and correct, and except our fellow countryman Slidell's late book on London, it gives a more vivid and full portrait of a great city, than any work that has been lately published.

FROM KRUMMACHER.

THEN the Angel of Sleep arose from his mossy couch, and scattered with silent hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The soft evening breeze bore them into the abode of the retired husbandman. Then the inmates of the cottage, from the old man who trembles on his staff to the babe in the cradle, sank into sweet sleep. The sick man forgot his pain ; the mourner his sorrow ; the poor his necessities. All eyes were closed.

TO A CLASSMATE.

[Imitated from the fourth Ode of Horace.]

Lo! Winter leads his gloomy train
 To the caverns of the north,
 And Spring again, on the quickening plain,
 Comes gay and gladsome forth.
 The cattle seek the grassy vale,
 The ploughman seeks the lea,
 The swelling sail receives the gale,
 And the ice-bound bark is free.

Fresh flowrets deck the smiling glades
 And catch the sun's warm glance,
 Where village maids, at evening's shades,
 In the silver moonlight dance.
 The blue-eyed violet blossoms there,
 And pure white may-flowers wave,
 These wont to wreath the maiden's hair,
 And those to deck her grave.

For life, like spring-time, soon is fled,
 And men, as flowrets, fall,
 And Death's dull tread, with equal dread,
 Shakes hut and kingly hall.
 Then C——, my friend, since time is brief,
 And youth must soon decay,
 Wait not, in grief, life's fading leaf,
 Enjoy it while you may.

ELAH.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice ! I hear it now,
 I feel her hand upon my brow,
 As when, in heart-felt joy,
 She raised her evening hymn of praise,
 And called down blessings on the days
 Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice ! I hear it now,
 Her hand is on my burning brow,
 As in that early hour ;
 When fever throbb'd through all my veins,
 And that fond hand first soothed my pains,
 With healing power.

My mother's voice ! It sounds as when
 She read to me of holy men,
 The Patriarchs of old ;
 And gazing downward on my face,
 She seem'd each infant thought to trace
 My blue eyes told.

It comes — when thoughts unhallowed throng
 Woven in sweet deceptive song —
 And whispers round my heart ;
 As when at eve it rose on high,
 I hear, and think that she is nigh,
 And they depart.

Though round my heart all, all beside,
 The voice of Friendship, Love, had died,
 That voice would linger there ;
 As when, soft-pillowed on her breast,
 Its tones first lulled my infant rest,
 Or rose in prayer.

I.

L'ENLÈVEMENT DU SÉRAIL.

From "La France Littéraire."

THE stage bell announced that the actors were prepared. Forthwith every spectator took his seat; handkerchiefs and snuff-boxes were returned to their respective pockets; and the most profound attention reigned throughout the exhibition hall of Berlin. Every one was awaiting with impatience the commencement of Mozart's Opera, *L'enlèvement du Sérail*. The leader of the orchestra, gravely seated in his elevated chair, cast a glance over all the performers;—the bow was raised. At this moment, the buzzing of a fly could have been heard in every part of the hall. All eyes were riveted upon the orchestra.

In the last box of the pit sat a single individual, pale, short, and of a meagre appearance, whose restlessness strangely contrasted with the general quiet around him. At length the overture commenced without the interruption of a single word or breath. But how happened it, that our little man in the pit-box alone disturbed the silence? Was he incapable of expressing his sensations, but with such exclamations as these,—"*Ah! that's well, that's well—No! too fast, too fast!*" Several times the attention of the company was attracted towards him, and already his neighbours had made signs for him to be quiet.

The overture was finished and the Opera commenced. Two parts had now received the applause of all. Still, during the whole, our little man was continually exclaiming,—"*Too fast! too fast! there, there, go on, gently, that's well, that's well,*" &c. A fourth part commenced; the silence was startling, and the attention redoubled. But it was the fate of our little man, who from the com-

mencement had alone created more disturbance than the whole hall, to mingle his voice with that of the female singer. The enraged pit rose with shouts on all sides of "*away with him, to the door, to the door, away with him!*" Still he heard them not; but, in a shrill voice which sounded high above the uproar, he continued to exclaim, — "*Oh! 'tis frightful, 'tis intolerable, 'tis villainous; tell me, Madam, why do you not sing the air as the author has composed it?*" But the only answer was the repeated shout of — "*away with him, to the door, to the door, away with him!*" But the little man continued, his voice pitched at the highest, — "*Oh! 'tis frightful, 'tis intolerable, 'tis villainous!*" In vain every one endeavoured to catch a glimpse of him. Public indignation was redoubled. Two powerful arms had already seized him, and threatened to precipitate him over the stair case. Then for the first time seeing his danger, he made a last effort. He sprang upon the stage. Now only was it that every one beheld him. "'Tis Mozart," cried the leader of the orchestra, "'tis Mozart!" At this magic name the scene changed, and the hall reëchoed with applause.

The manager advanced, — "Commence again, commence again," was the universal cry. But, alas, if the presence of Mozart had troubled the spectators, his name had produced yet greater effect upon the actors. No one dared sing before him. But Mozart besought them, and they yielded. The hope of obtaining approbation from him incited them, — and they played the air with due justice to the genius of its Composer.

This soirée, which threatened inauspiciously for our author, was among the most successful of his life.

SIGMA.

THE GHOSTS OF DUSTY-BONE CHURCH YARD.

"Let's go in gentlemen ; but trust me, we'll mock him: I do invite you to my house to *breakfast*."

Merry Wives of Windsor.

"O God defend me! how am I beset!"

"Here comes a pair of very strange beasts."

Much Ado about Nothing.

EVENING prayers were over, — commons-hall had just been safely delivered of the last gormandizing straggler, — a few hand-in-pocket worthies were parading leisurely about the balcony, some turning their thoughts inward on their souls, some on their empty pockets, and others reverently observing the approaching darkness, — I say, reader, so were matters disposed, when Mr. Nicholas Muddy, a kind of Newton in swaddling clothes, approached one of the groups with the remark, "A densely dark evening at hand. Let me see, in 4th Vol. of Sir Christopher Calculate's 'Light and Darkness, or Seeing made easy,' some notice is taken of such a night. What time does the sun rise?"

"The curtain rises at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 7;" said Tom Shallowton, regardless of his friend's speculations, "and I wish to heaven I were in a way to catch the light of song as it peeped through the beautiful *wood*."

"Old, old!" said a neighbour, "Tom Shallowton; was there ever a moment you were not dreaming of an actor, an actress, a play, or a green curtain?"

"What kind of catechising call you this?" as Billy would say. Tush, man, Deacon Noah, or St. Luke, or Justin Martyr has said, 'There is nothing new under the sun.'

"Shakspeare and the Bible in the same breath!" exclaimed Bob Theory, one of those happy individuals about ten degrees in advance of the world, and who cruelly enough never wait for the trudging old dame to come up with them; "But I shall perish! are you doltish enough to take the Bible for your creed? Why I don't believe a word of it. When I was a month old, my aunt Hepsey said I should be an original thinker—it was my nature, and I have out-thought the Bible."

"'Oh that he were here, Masters, to write him down an ass!' as Dogberry says. But if you are 'good men and true,' and for an expedition both of glory and emolument, come with me." So saying, Shallowton led the way from the balcony, followed by Ned Dashford and others, among whom Theory, previously assured that no blood would be spilt, and that he therefore need not faint, was bold as a lion. Muddy skulked to his room, in search of the end of a political speech, begun a week previous.

"And now, men," said Dashford, as they were seated around a large fire in Massachusetts, No. —, "we will listen to Tom's proposition." "Ay, 'lend me your ears,' as the man says; my proposition is simply, that we procure something eatable to kill these unconscionably long evenings. What do you say to a roast duck?"

"Good!" said Dashford, "good!" and "good" echoed from all sides.

"The old fellow by the farther burying-ground," resumed S., "has the finest ducks in the country; always under a lock and key, to be sure, after sun-down,—but we must have some to-night. It is an easy walk."

"As for me," said Joe Plateful, "I cannot venture for the tooth-ache; but I wish you good luck, and should I be better when you return, will give you a call."

"But as for stealing them"—returned Dashford, —

"Why man, the owner shall give them up to us for fright. Disguise, deadly disguise — as to the necessary preparations,

'I do remember an apothecary,' —

But, reader, let us leave these roisterers, and indulge in more sober reflection; wishing them, do we never meet again, well out of their diabolical machinations.

"Why Jenny, my girl, you read the Scripture with right good discretion, — fed all the ducks you say? — and a judicious emphasis, — a double allowance you know for the starveling I had of Bradford, fallen away sadly poor thing; — well, finish the chapter. And hark you, daughter, have you bolted the yard door, and barred the ground windows? Smile if you will, but caution before courage, mind you; I am a poor man and in years, and in these degenerate days be not abroad after night-fall, Jenny; for a young woman in these times —" and old Jacob Jinchrister sighed, as he glanced at the pretty foot of his daughter, peeping from beneath her home-spun petticoat; her form in other respects being chiefly concealed by the large family Bible, which had officiated at the devotions of at least two generations.

Mr. Jacob Jinchrister, or more familiarly Jake Christy, to whom the reader has been so unceremoniously introduced, was a righteous, short-legged man, a great raiser of poultry, and for many years town barber. The latter occupation he had in some degree relinquished, having transferred his shop to a lower front room in his domicile; where his daughter, with scrupulous exactness, diurnally arranged his army of antiquated razors. I have said that Jacob was a righteous man, and verily had he need thereof. For think you he dwelt among half a score of chatty neighbours? Alas! he dwelt alone; his neigh-

bours' eyes were dim, their ears were deaf, their tongues were mute, and their limbs were motionless. He was the keeper of Dusty-bone Burying-ground, and dwelt immediately within the precincts. From time immemorial had the living gone down to this receptacle, but of late years, public confidence and patronage, so to speak, had been partially withdrawn. It was confidently asserted that the ghosts of two malefactors, who had been smuggled into a decent grave, not content to lie quietly in their places, were to be seen dancing about with blasphemous contortions. One by one, had his neighbours deserted the haunted vicinity, and Jake Christy was the only remaining male specimen of humanity. No wonder therefore at his occasional timidity; although he continued to raise his ducks, to sharpen his neglected razors, to caution his daughter, and to read his Bible with much the same regularity as ever. But bless us! we are not catching a word of the 15th chapter of Romans, which Miss Jenny is reading with such correct enunciation.

Her father as usual directed one ear towards his daughter, the other towards the duck-yard, and was profoundly attentive; his head nodding at the close of every verse, like the "dog" to a cog-wheel, which catches in every notch to hold what has been acquired, and obviate the necessity of going over the ground a second time; an operation only varied by an occasional spasmodic movement towards the window, at the vociferation of some unmannerly gallant of a drake, or the retort of a matronly duck. The devotions finished, Jacob kissed his daughter, with the direction; "Hie to bed, child, hie to bed; and be you so good a girl this day twelve month, one of my finest quackers shall be roasted. But in these times—well, good night, good night," and the old man walked once more to the window, cast a careful glance at the

bolts and bars around him, and went to bed. Milton says, (who to say truth was himself a bit of a rake,)

“Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we sleep,”

and truly our hero found cause 'to agree with the great poet. All Jacob's night-caps (for he was somewhat of a bachelor) were so constructed, that he could catch the least noise demanding his attention on the premises. With night-cap on head, therefore, he placed himself on his right side in the bed, (he always lay on his right side,) and amid dim visions of his daughter being roasted, and one of his ducks eloping, was soon asleep.

Precisely as the horologe in the shop told the hour of midnight, Jake fancied that his garden-gate creaked on its hinges; he listened, and it creaked back again. The undaunted barber, seizing two rusty muskets, and a bludgeon from his bed-side, knit his brow, ground his teeth—and sat up in bed. Low, unearthly murmurs, approaching the house, were distinctly audible. Jake did his best to cock one of the muskets, — “But, pshaw!” he whispered, “am I the quarrelsome fellow to make a disturbance at this time of night? Lie down, Jake Christy, lie down!” and down he flounced into the bed-clothes.

Scarcely had these thoughts passed through his mind, when his windows were assailed by a shower of (what he believed) human teeth, accompanied by heavy groans! Jacob pulled his night-cap over his ears, and covered his head with the bed-clothes. But again came the shower, and a hollow voice exclaimed, “O thou Jacob Jinchrister; direct descendant of Zerubbabel Jinchrister, if man thou art, come forth!”

It was no time for hesitation, and replacing very silently his weapons, and perspiring at every pore with appre-

hension, the barber faltered to the window. Protruding his head as far as he dared into the darkness, he descried, oh horror! three corpses in grave habiliments from head to foot; supported by these advanced with the same fearful step two skeletons, whose untenanted eye-sockets, ground teeth, and bony forms sent a thrill of horror through Jacob's soul.

"Now for the peas, Ned! one, two, three!" said a voice without; which, however, Jake heard not, for he was at that moment assailed by a third shower of the teeth.

"Heaven protect me!" groaned he in bitterness of soul, "me and the duck-yard!" and sunk on his knees.

"Rise, iniquitous Jacob, and behold the uprisen, whom thou wouldst have held in mouldering earth!" said the voice.

"What would you with a poor man?" stammered the barber.

"Descend—descend to thy shop; give welcome to the dead!"

"As soon as—I can—get—on—my—pantaloons."

A laugh of unearthly mockery smote Jacob's ear in return. "Man! man!" thundered the voice, "thinkest thou the disembodied would look on such objects of human folly? Envelop thy degraded corporeity in this emblem of spirituality from the graves of our fathers,"—and one of the corpses, gliding forward, cast into the arms of the terrified Jacob a white cloth, resembling perhaps, more than any thing earthly, a linen sheet. "From the graves of our fathers!" muttered Jacob, and with chattering jaws and throbbing heart, he drew back to execute their commands.

Relieved of the observation of humanity, their ghost-ships condescended to be more at ease. "An outrageous load I have had of it, Ned; the largest skeleton without exception that was ever wired!"

"And this rascally sheet pinned about my head,—zounds! as Falstaff says, 'the rankest compound'—"

"The peas are all running through a hole in my pocket, and my boots are an inch thick with mud. But the last can be remedied." The ghosts accordingly, reclining their bony companions against a tree, retired under a shed, and abstracted from their lower extremities three pair of calf-skin boots. In the twinkling of an eye they had taken their places with the skeletons immediately before the entrance to the shop, and our friend Jacob, the sheet wrapped convulsively about him, his feet hastily slipped, and his night-cap cautiously protruding into outer air, with trembling hand opened the door.

"Wider!" thundered his spiritual visitants, and the door swung on its hinges. "Lead us to thine apartment for the decoration of the human visage. Standest thou unmoved? Barber, onward to thy shop!"

"Barber, give ear!" said the chief ghost, when they had solemnly seated themselves within the apartment, and were gazing on their unfortunate host by the fitful light of his tallow-candle, "Thou art a devil incarnate! Thou livest on the flesh of man!" Jacob staggered backward as if shot.

"Most Reverend Ghost!" at length he exclaimed, "thou art misinformed; indeed I am not—I do not!"

"Man, man! wouldst lie? Eatest thou not thy ducks? Feed they not in the church-yard? Springs not their food from the dead beneath?"

"Too true, oh—oh!" groaned Jacob, covering his face with his hands.

"But we are lenient," resumed the unearthly; "perform our bidding."

"Any thing on earth," answered the somewhat resuscitated Jacob.

"Didst thou ever shave an inanimate? Not a word—but prepare!" Thus speaking, two sheeted personages courteously assisted one of the skeletons to a seat in Mr. Jinchrister's arm-chair, and the third superintended the preparation of the necessary ingredients. Jacob was absolutely petrified; he mixed the lather with a mechanical indifference; took a razor from the case, and made an effort to be courageous; but on taking a full view of his subject, "Shave a skeleton!" he exclaimed, "Drakes and Ducks! was ever such a thing heard of!" and almost sunk to the floor.

"You are sure there is no one in the house, Tom, to catch us?" whispered one of the disinterred, "Old fool, to be so humbugged!—Barber, search not for the nose of an inanimate!" In vain did Jacob protest, that without a nose to occupy his thumb and finger he could do nothing; in vain did he represent the extravagance of the project; and therefore soaping his customer to the eyes, he commenced the singular operation.

"And now, weak mortal, speed thy work with the Chorus of the Uprisen; halt not—falter not—but shave as thou wouldst be shaved;" and the ghosts closing round the operator, with a hollow, unearthly voice, urged him on his work. As his patience or strength faltered, with a tone of increasing thunder, they bound him to his toil:

"The guilty barber, tear his heart strings,
Wring his soul for midnight crime;
Ghosts avenging! guilt its dart flings,
Mark ye, mark! he shrinks—'tis time!
Chorus: ——— Shave, shave, shave, shave!
Mark ye, mark! he shrinks—'tis time!
Shave, shave, shave, shave!"

At every pause of his faltering hand, this fiendish chorus rung in his ears. He lathered and scraped, and

scraped and lathered, till his razor was blunt and his arm was paralyzed. At length dropping his brush, he cried out, "I must stop; come what may, I must stop!"

"So far is well,—complete thy task!" said the spirit, pointing to the unshorn skeleton. "Eternal Powers!" exclaimed Jake, "shave the other! On my knees, I beg you to have mercy; I am a poor man, but take my all—seize on any thing, so it will please you to depart; but bid me not shave another skeleton!"

The bony customer in the chair, soaped to the very eye-sockets, another apparently awaiting his turn, the barber himself on his knees clasping as well might be his singular vesture, and the three pale visitants in ominous consultation,—formed a scene, which, had he beheld it with other eyes, would have moved Jacob to laughter.

"We can be merciful," said the inanimates, approaching the man of soap. "We take thy tender—we accept human atonement; drag on thy miserable life—but now lead to thy ravenous brood. Barber, onward to thy duck-yard!" Jacob started to his feet; he loved his ducks, he loved his peace of mind—

"Monster, dost thou hesitate?" and they motioned to the remaining skeleton.

"Oh! no, no! come—this—way," said Jacob, as seizing the flickering candle he led them to the spot desired.

Let our readers remember that Jacob Jinchrister was alone, unenlightened, superstitious, and moreover keeper of a haunted grave-yard; and they will pardon his credulity. The duck-yard, as we have premised, was at the end of the house, and Jacob fancied that he heard something pass between the inanimates like "going through the mud without our boots," but their stately gait soon banished the idea. With heavy heart the barber opened

the enclosure containing his whole stock, "only hoping they would have compassion, God bless them!"

"Miscreant, apart from these objects of thy folly, kneel for thy iniquities, while we debate on these humble offerings." Jacob accordingly crossed himself and knelt a few yards distant, while the visitants, much to his annoyance, selected for destruction some of the best-favored animals before them.

"Take at least half-a-dozen," said an inanimate; "that gormandizing Joe Plateful, you know!"

"Come, Ned, the sooner the better;

'Is that a *fat one* which I see before me?—

Come let me clutch thee,'"

said another, wringing the neck of an unfortunate biped.

"Zounds! Tom, your Shakspeare will ruin us. Speak in an under tone—"

"Why man, he dare not interrupt us. See, there is a well-conditioned duck absconding; let me catch her. There! 'Dead for a *ducat*'—eh, Ned?"

"Merciful Heaven!" groaned the astonished barber, as they wrung the fifth neck with unabated vigor.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the sheeted, rushing to his throat, "let not thy voice interrupt our sacrifice again, or by our unbodied souls—" before, however, the completion of the threat, a window was heard to open overhead, and a pail of ice-water drenched the *inanimates* to the skin. "Humph!" said the chief spokesman, but soon recovered his equanimity.

"See! the very elements, weak mortal, the very elements—" but here the contents of a second pail better directed than the first effectually drowned his holy words. "Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed their ghostships, "it is a woman!"

"Ay," answered Miss Jenney Jinchrister, curtesying from the window, "it is a woman, and you are—"

"Zounds, let's be off, Tom!—Lie there on thy dorsal region in the mud, thou villain! The ducks, the ducks—have you got all, Tom? Plague on the luck! where are our boots?—But we must not delay; oh—I can hardly run—this infernal sheet!"

Jacob lay a moment on his back, and then gathering his sheet closely round him, rushed half-frantic to his house. "Oh my girl, Jenny, daughter—what have you done? They will haunt us henceforth every night; use violence with a ghost!"

Jenny smiled at her father's impetuosity, observing, that for ghosts they wore the most mortal-looking boots she ever beheld; and exhibited to the still disbelieving old man three pair of calf-skin boots, on the inside leather of which might be deciphered the names of Thomas Shallowton, Robert R. Theory, and Edward Dashford, jr., written with a compound still in use called ink, and apparently by the human hand of their boot-maker.

"What?—eh, Jenny? what! give me my musket, Jenny; I'll shoot the dogs;—my musket, Jenny, two bludgeons, a pair of pistols, and a hanger. Ducks and Drakes! I'll shoot the young rascals!" But Mr. Jinchrister's valor availed not; the disembodied were half way home ere he reached the field of battle.

The following morning three members of the ——— class of Harvard University were observed to come to prayers quite late, pale and haggard, and moreover, though a violent storm had set in, in slippers or exceedingly dilapidated boots; the same individuals were also observed to be "not prepared" for the morning's recitation. These phenomena were for a long time inexplicable to most minds; public attention was arrested; and, what is more fearfully inexplicable than all, those identical indi-

viduals were observed to make a pilgrimage together to the President's study on the morning of the following Tuesday — to hold ominously written pieces of paper in their hands on emerging therefrom — to go dejectedly to their rooms — and for the period of nine months to be invisible, like *bonâ fide* ghosts among the “groves of *Academus*.”

ALPHA.

THE ARAB STEED.

AMID his foes that slumbered round,
The desert chief lay faint and bound ;
And joyless saw the fires of night
Look silent down from their blue height ;
For round his heart, as he lay there,
Gathered the spectres of despair.

His wife, his home, his children, all
The lonely heart would fain recall
To cheer its darkest hour of gloom,
Seemed phantoms starting from the tomb,
That rise when blackening clouds of woe
Their shadows o'er the spirit throw.

He starts — upon him breaks a voice
He ne'er had heard but to rejoice,
The neighing of his sable steed,
Whose lion strength and lightning speed
Had been his only, surest trust,
When round him rolled the battle dust.

The captive cord had fettered fast
That swiftness of the winged blast ;
But still his lion spirit now,
Unchained, is struggling on his brow,
As if there lived a soul of flame,
No chain could hold, no arm could tame.

He starts — though 't were a sight of pain,
 He still would see that friend again ;
 Again his noble steed would bless
 With his known voice and kind caress ;
 Wounded and cut by torturing thong
 He drew his heavy limbs along,
 And when he saw his courser nigh,
 The tear was starting in his eye.

“ I wept not when the thirsty sand
 Drank the warm life-blood of my band,
 Nor when I heard the Turk's proud voice
 Loud o'er their fallen foe rejoice ;
 But when I see *thee*, once so free,
 A sharer in my misery,
 The tears my pride forbade to flow
 Fall now unheeded o'er thy woe.

“ No more, mid sabres flashing bright,
 Thou'lt share the rapture of the fight ;
 Nor hover round the haughty foe,
 With whistling shaft and twanging bow ;
 Nor, when dark danger's hour is near,
 Will thy tried strength my courage cheer,
 And, swift as dust-cloud in the wind,
 Leave far the baffled foe behind.

“ No more shall Jordan's limpid tide
 With coolness bathe thy reeking side,
 Nor thy proud chest in triumph brave
 The dashings of its angry wave ;
 No more, when day's bright beams are spent,
 Thy feet with joy shall seek the tent,
 Where now my children haste to bear
 The camel's milk, thy wonted share,
 And stretch their little hands in vain
 To bid thee take the welcome grain.

“ And must I see thee then, my brave,
 The desert's lord, a Pacha's slave —
 Shut from the free-trod pastures wide,
 The dwellings of thy native pride ?
 Within the Turk's close-prisoned roof
 Shall fetters bind thy swift-winged hoof ?
 No — though *these* limbs shall ne'er be free,
 His hand shall throw no chain on *thee*.”

He said — and bit the cord that bound
 His sable courser's neck around ;
 And, as his hands so fondly stroke,
 His voice in struggling accents broke.

“ Go — swift as thou wert wont to speed
 Along thy oft-trod path, my steed,
 Return — and seek the tent, thy home,
 Round which thy footsteps loved to roam ;
 And pass within its folds thy head,
 Where now my infants sadly tread,
 And tell them — they shall hear no more
 The voice of love they heard before.”

He ceased — but still his steed remained, —
 No cord now bound — yet love still chained —
 He could not leave the voice that blessed,
 The hand that had so oft caressed,
 But stops, and where his master's belt
 Was strongest girt, a moment smelt ;
 Then seized with firm-set teeth the prize,
 And homeward o'er the desert flies.

The night's last stars have left the sky,
 And day has oped his burning eye ;
 And now the steed, with labor spent,
 Has gained; with morn, the well-known tent,
 And lifeless sinks upon the sand,
 Where round him throng the startled band.
 In vain the children strive to raise
 The head all silent to their praise,
 And call by each endearing name
 Their hearts' warm sympathy can frame ; —
 No tongue can now recall the life,
 That perished in that noble strife,
 The love whose strength was all unknown,
 Until with life that love had flown.

And loud was heard the voice of grief
 For him whose death restored their chief;
 And maidens' voice, and minstrels' song
 The memory of his deed prolong.

I.

HARVARDIANA.

No. IX.

DIRECTIONS TO THE UNSOPHISTICATED.

Being an imitation of Swift's "Directions to Servants."

—— "These few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character" ——

Polonius.

You are first of all to understand that, by the common consent of all times past, there are two statutes in the student's code of morality, of a nature somewhat extraordinary, and at first view paradoxical. 1st. A pledge of unconditional submission to all laws, passed and to be passed by the college government, is binding, so far and so long as adherence to it be perfectly consonant with the inclination of the party so pledging himself, and no longer. 2dly. The dictates of conscience and honor, as regulated by the usual restrictions and requirements of moral and civil law, are obligatory during precisely the same period.

Let poets and moralists dwell as much as they may upon a righteous government, the horrors of insubordination, and the pleasures of obedience; you are to regard every officer of the government (as it is to be hoped you, in more youthful days, regarded the schoolmaster), as *per se* an

enemy — to be treated on all possible occasions with all possible disrespect. To this end you may find of service the following precepts.

Neglect all College exercises. In enjoining this duty thus uncompromisingly, I am free to confess that, acquainted as I have had the fortune to be, with a vast number of students about leaving College, I have never known one who has followed the course herein prescribed without most dolorously repenting of it. But this is nothing to you. Put no faith in these Senior-third-term moralists. By neglecting all College exercises, you will shew in the most effectual manner your contempt for the villanous system of emulation and similar abuses; you will moreover acquire with your classmates that reputation for non-chalant heroism, so vitally essential to the comfort of every Freshman; you will gratify the expectations and wishes of judicious friends. The mental habits too you will thus fix, the acquirements you will thus attain to, will most happily adapt you for meeting all the woes, the whims, and the petty vanities of this outer world, of which you are so often told College is a mere miniature. Who is it, that, instead of yielding passively to all the influences and restraints which a foolish and factitious society might seek to impose upon him, goes forward, Bottom-like, firm in his own dignity, tenacious of his own individuality, and impresses himself on the circle he moves in? It is he certainly (and no other) who disciplines himself for the work, by a stern and unceasing opposition to the artificial and troublesome restraints and requisitions, which may be thrown in his way in College.

Be specially careful to omit all morning prayers. I am particularly urgent in insisting upon this abstinence, (painful as it at times may be) because it is so essential to the health and comfort of the student, that he

begin his career duly impressed with its importance. It is one of the most odious "features" of the first exercise of the day, that it disturbs that sweetest and most salubrious season of repose—the hour after sunrise, and brings its unwary victim to an early grave, by exposing him to the cold, stinging air of the morning. Listen, then, with iron indifference to the morning prayer-bell, or rather, so habituate yourself to its tones, that, as they fall upon your tympanum, they shall, like "the murmurs of a dream," but render softer and deeper those slumbers, from which they attempt to rouse you. Especial regard too is to be paid to this precept, on account of the highly salutary effects it will have upon your habits in after life, and the comfort and despatch and success in your vocations it will secure to you.

If you room in the immediate vicinity of an officer of the Government, there is nothing by which you can so effectually remind him that you are neither asleep nor wasting your time out of doors, as by frequent and earnest appeals to his auricular organs. You herein effect a double purpose, if you at the same time rouse up the better sympathies of his nature, by the application of soul-thrilling music. There are several ways of effecting this. You may assemble half-a-dozen classmates for the laudable exercises of boxing and wrestling. You may get some judicious practitioner to declaim with the true emphasis,—"the atrocious crime of being a young man,"—"I am now going to my cold and silent grave," or, "Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear." Eight or ten of the incomparably rare "sons of harmony" may burst forth to great advantage in the seraphic strains of "As I view now," or "Did you ever see the white goose?" The most commendable of all methods is to set in operation (upon "Rise Columbia," or "What's the use of sighing?") two flutes of moderate dimensions, accompanied if

it may be with a "gay bassoon." The farther these instruments are from a servile adherence to the tune or to each other, the better for your purpose. And if the aforesaid officer be so stupid or so malicious as to take such conduct in dudgeon, it is his own fault.

When in the presence of one or more officers of the government, you are never to forget that all lying and impudence, of which you may find it convenient to avail yourself, are allowable and requisite *ex officio*.

On the whole, there is nothing which will give to your college life such a pleasurable excitement, (without at the same time impairing that species of monotonous otium which will be agreeable to you) as unremitted and vehement uprisings against the men, to whose absolute power you have voluntarily subjected yourself, and to whose orders you have pledged your conscience and sacred honor for unqualified obedience. There is nothing, too, which can so nerve you for the contests you will be called to pass through in after life; nothing which will so securely fix within you that condition of the intellectual and moral faculties and of the temperament, which is itself the highest happiness, through the whole period of human existence. To this what can be so effectual, as those petty and incessantly repeated acts of impropriety, (falsely so called,) which irritate infinitely the more, that they cannot be certainly and legally demonstrated to have been intended for insults, and must therefore be in a great measure unnoticed? When addressing an officer, for instance, let your epithets, the form of your sentences, your tone of voice, be just so near and just so far from the bullying and impudent, that, although he shall not have a particle of doubt that you intend gross disrespect, he shall yet have no pretext for resenting it. If, in passing an officer in walking, you can spit just at the fit distance from his person, or adjust your cane at

the right angle with his face, or, if in walking into a recitation room or the chapel, you produce the exact modicum of noise with your feet and no more, and wear your hat to the precise spot required for the objects herein specified, you effect your purpose still more admirably. Depend upon it, there is nothing which so galls, so thoroughly inflames a person you wish to mortify, as these often repeated, impalpable, petty insults, whose object is one which no human creature's common sense can permit him to doubt for a moment, but of which, at the same time, it is almost out of the question to find such proof, as shall justify positive action in the injured party.

It is both honorable and politic for you, in matters like this, to adopt the immutable and all-glorious principle of "peaceably if we can," &c. If the odious laws, with which the invaders of human rights attempt to fetter you, can be violated by any peculiar process, with perfect safety to yourself, so much the better for your purpose. There are several highly commendable plans of effecting this. You may erect a bonfire in such a locality that, being witnessed by not more than six select students, it shall subject you to no fear of investigation or chastisement from any man or body of men, who you know it is impossible should ever see or hear of it. You may most earnestly "stamp, shout, grunt, bark, and roar" over or near the room of an officer, who is unwittingly pursuing the "even tenor" of his thoughts at the distance of a league. And there are innumerable other convenient methods.

There are of course occasions, in which these infringements upon unpleasant (and *ipso facto* oppressive) laws must be of a more open and hazardous character; but these cases are so infinite in number and kind, that general directions with regard to them can be of little service. I shall stop to urge but one: it is especial impudence and

contempt toward the elder members of the government. The times when a "hoary head" and "righteousness" sustained any connexion with a "crown of glory," when a title to respect and regard was secured by the very fact of one's having, with righteousness and manliness, sustained the temptations, the inward struggles, and the external woes and perils of a long life, and his being ready to depart, wept and honored, for a higher sphere — such times, I say, it is to be hoped are passed, irrecoverably. The doctrine of this precocious age is quite another; several applications of it to your own conduct will convince you, that its practice is vastly more conducive to your permanent ease and bliss.

Suppose yourself, for instance, summoned before an aged officer, and censured for any thing like a mere neglect of some such insignificant duty as attendance upon or inattention to the worship of God. Rising erect, with that majesty which your native indignation will be sure to impart to you, your hat adjusted as its framer designed it to be, your *soi-disant* cane in your left hand, your right free for gesture, and your whole person radiant in the expression of the high feelings of insulted youth, you are thus to offer him his quietus. "I wonder, Sir, not more at the absurdity than the arrogance, manifested in the attempt to trouble my peace with a matter like this; — a matter, Sir, unworthy the notice of any but a very inferior order of young men. Is it possible, Sir, that you can think me placed here for no higher purpose, than anxiously and scrupulously to obey every jot and tittle of all the odious and obnoxious regulations, which may be thrown in my way in the shape of College Laws? Sir, you are old, and in so far alienated from a knowledge and regard for the wants, feelings, sympathies of youth; but let me tell you, if you never knew it before, that the youth of poetry, and feeling, and spirit, and genius, and he who

can lay claim to nothing but a logical, philosophical, moral, common-sense intellect and heart, are different orders of creatures. Let me conjure you, Sir, let this truth sink deep into your soul and bring forth its appropriate fruits. Legislate as much as you please, but while your laws (as must be generally the case with them) are adapted only to the plodder and the numbskull, never presume to trouble for his indifference to them the repose and dignity of Frederick Trismegistus Swell. I wish you a good morning." If you are ever after molested on the same score and by the same man, count me a pseudo-prophet. There is something imposing and fearful in the rebuke of the venerable aged by beardless youth. It is never forgotten.

If you cannot, at the precise moment required, summon courage sufficient to enable you to pronounce the above formula of speech, you may do, as is done almost universally in actual cases of this nature, that is, utter it mentally as you are leaving the presence, and in narrations of the circumstance to your classmates or others, consider it, by a slight but happy figure of rhetoric, as *bonâ fide* delivered. And the effect, so far as concerns your reputation (always to be recognised as the grand end and summum bonum of college existence) will be manifestly the same.

There are of course divers classes among students, formed by their diversities in intellects and previous habits and circumstances. But there is one character of mind, after which almost every one, during some portion of his college life, more or less eagerly aspires, and which claims especial attention from the unsophisticated. It is the college genius. His essential characteristics are what his enemies (that is, those who are conscious of inability to rival him) term his idleness and impudence. He must, 1st. Omit all superfluous study and thought.

2d. He must manifest on all occasions a special disapprobation of the college course of study. 3d. Not doubting that nature and habit have imparted to him a judgment and sagacity more mature and penetrating than was bestowed upon the antiquated authors of the above mentioned course, he will proceed to "mark out a course for himself." 4th. He will condemn beyond measure college honors,—a feeling he will find it easy to retain in full force, at least till a time so late in his career, that it would be idle for him, on any account, to throw it aside. 5th. He will say extremely little in conversation, which little he will be sure to utter with a gravity, energy, and majesty, which shall strike terror into the heart of every hearer, who might otherwise be disposed to withhold his assent to and respect for what is advanced. 6th. He will, in general, be as indifferent and contemptuous as possible toward all college exercises, honors, and officers. 7th. He will especially avoid philosophizing about what this college life and this earthly life are designed for and are coming to. His scheme of philosophy, his plan of action comprehends at most fifty years; to think and act with reference to what shall be beyond a period so distant, is, in his view, a madness, comparable only with that of the foolish insect, which occupies a vast amount of the time it might devote to immediate enjoyment, in heaping up that which shall sustain its existence and comfort in the cold and barrenness of winter, or of the student, who sacrifices what is conceived to be the happiness of the moment, for the sake of that labor which shall fit him for improvement and action in after life. He will confirm within himself a most sovereign indifference to the restraints and requisitions of the religion of Christ, at least so far as they exceed the demands of philosophical and worldly morality. He will not examine that religion (I conjure you, if you would not be the victim of a super-

stitious, exciting faith, avoid this); he will not examine himself, conscious, as he is, that the weakness of human judgment will be almost sure to give way to the false light, which either inquiry will throw upon it. He will sneer triumphantly at the whole, and "a sneer," says one of the greatest of moral philosophers, "is irrefutable."

Take every occasion to remind the members of the higher classes that they are no better than yourself. And to this end, lay aside such of the factitious restraints of civilized life as you shall deem it necessary. A convenient course is, if you board in commons, frequently to hurl missiles of bread (battered if it may be) *at* your own class-mates of course, but with such a provident force, that they shall be sure to suggest themselves to the head or back of some Senior or Junior.

If you room over a Senior or Junior, take especial care of his habits. Be sure that he does not sleep away the afternoon or the early part of the night. To this end, the usual methods of fighting, shouting, and spouting are applicable.

If you room over a Senior or Junior, always throw out the water from your washing-bowl in such style that it shall all stream over his window glass before reaching the ground, which will keep his windows perfectly clean, and will besides effectually deter him from the idle and obnoxious habit of perpetually sticking his head out from them.

I had intended to propound a few directions with regard to your own classmates, a proper management of your relations with whom is perhaps the most important of all your college duties. But time, room, and I fear me patience are deficient, and I must here leave you for the present.

TABITHA AND TABBY,

OR

THE AUNTIENT MAIDE TO HER CATTE.

COME to my bosom, dearest,
 Here rest thy sleeping charms;
 No billowy death thou fearest,
 When sheltered in these arms.
 They scorn me that I love thee,
 But I care not what they say —
 No spiteful words shall move thee
 From my loving heart away.

I love thee, gentle frisker,
 For thy green and piercing eye,
 For thy brush-like fund of whisker,
 And thy bearing grave and high.
 With tender hand I'm smoothing
 Thy seamless coat of fur,
 To the music sweet and soothing
 Of thy deep and tuneful purr.

Thy love for me is deathless,
 As thy being's ninefold span,
 And thy heart is never faithless,
 Like the fickle heart of man.
 And if at times thy scratches
 Are more than needful deep,
 Yet thine artless bosom hatches
 No wiles against my sleep.

Thou art no gay deceiver,
 With ready smile and sigh,
 To lure the fond believer
 To hope, to pine, to die.

I hate your sighing poet,
 Your fops, so bold and free, —
 Indeed, I think they know it,
 For they never trouble me.

A. P.

ALBERTO THE IMPROVISATORE.

An Italian Tale.

NEAR the close of a summer evening, in the early part of the last century, a crowd was collected around an obscure shop, in one of the long and narrow streets of Rome. There was nothing remarkable about the shop, which was of *l'arte bianca*, macaroni and other culinary materials being sold in it. Neither was the appearance of its owner, Petronio Vannini, likely to excite or reward attention. He was a plain, honest man, and had formerly been a soldier in one of the Pope's regiments. Later in life he had turned copyist, and, by industry and economy, had, at length, reached the object of his wishes, which was a stand in his present business. The intense interest manifested by the multitude, and the exclamations which at times escaped from them, could not be called forth by him.

The object of all this curiosity was a boy, only twelve years old, whose name, Alberto Vannini, was, notwithstanding his age, noised throughout Rome. He was the most famous improvisatore of the city, and nightly did audiences gather round his father's door, to listen to the sweet or exciting songs of the juvenile poet. Like all of an excitable temperament, he admired antiquity, and

frequently thought and spoke of the poets, heroes, and patriots of ancient Rome, with a degree of homage, almost amounting to adoration. At the time our story begins, he had been dwelling, with extraordinary animation, upon his favorite topic.

The people who heard him were, like most southern nations, gay and volatile. Alberto was a great favorite with them ; they were sometimes moved by his appeals to their pride, and their love of freedom ; but their ardor was quickly abated, and the boy not unfrequently interrupted with a cry from some rude artisan for a jolly carol. This happened at the present time. After an unusually rapid flow of brilliant and eloquent verse, while the poet stopped, overpowered by emotions he could not express, a rough voice called out from the crowd, — “Come, come, my lad, let’s have no more whimpering. We have no ears, and I am sure we have no souls for it. Give us a blithe drinking song.”

Alberto for a time seemed not to hear the man, but at length, viewing him with a look of compassion, he began :

“Nay cease, ye cry, that plaintive strain,—
Let festive notes arise :
I touch my harp ; its strings complain ;
They answer but in sighs.

“Let England wake the merry song ;
France shout in thoughtless glee ;
Italia, nought but tears belong
To all thy sons and thee.

“Ye bards of old ; awake, awake
Our souls to liberty ;
Nerve us our galling chains to break ;
Bid Rome again be free.

“They come, they sing Rome’s golden days ;
They sing the glorious past ;

Our father's mighty spirits raise
The war-trump's thrilling blast.

"The senseless earth repeats the cry ;
It shakes the forests deep ;
I hear the distant hills reply ;
And shall a Roman sleep ?"

While he was pronouncing these lines, the countenance of the youth shone with almost supernatural intelligence and fire. His auditors were carried away with enthusiasm, and bestowed upon him plaudits, which he was too much absorbed in his own feelings to acknowledge. There were some, however, standing near, whose admiration of Alberto sprang from softer motives than patriotism. They were charmed by his harmonious voice and agreeable person, and many a lovely girl, even with noble blood in her veins, wished herself the sole object of the happily turned compliments, which the son of the poor *confettière* so liberally distributed to the gentler sex. To one in particular was he an object of especial regard. This was the beautiful Marianna Castagnolo, the daughter of the first lawyer in Rome. She was nearly of the same age with the poet, and her extraordinary loveliness and accomplishments had already attracted much attention in the city. She possessed a vivid imagination, and a large share of poetic feeling, united to the light-heartedness and naiveté of girlhood. She had listened to Alberto, first with curiosity, then pleasure, and finally with unbounded rapture and astonishment, as she drank in the unbroken but tumultuous current of thoughts, which he poured forth with a heaving breast and flashing eye. When he had ceased, she stood some time, as if in a deep reverie, from which she was aroused by her father, who, feeling no sympathy with the scene, had consented to endure it thus long, only to gratify his child, and was now eager to proceed home.

"O stay, father, stay but for one moment," cried the enthusiastic girl, "let me thank him for the glorious thoughts, the deep emotions he has excited within me. I cannot part from him without a word."

So saying, she darted from her father, and rushing to the boy's side, took his hands in hers, thanked him for the gratification he had afforded her, and with a smile, whose exquisite beauty history records, she begged his acceptance of a jewel, which might, she hoped, sometimes recall her to his memory.

What were the feelings with which Alberto accepted the offered present, we find it difficult to describe. He was doubtless proud of the honor thus publicly paid him by the fairest hand in the city, and gratified by the joy which his parents manifested, but the lovely donor herself was the principal cause of his delight. As he gazed upon her perfect form, her beautiful countenance, now blushing at the presumptuous act into which she had been betrayed by the quick impulses of youth, and then enwreathed in a smile which played round her mouth and illumined her eyes, a passion was kindled in his soul which determined his future destiny,—the spirit of song came over him again, and he thus addressed her.

"With gentle course if winds or streams
 In morning's beams
 Through meadows rove in careless mirth,—
 If flowers of beauteous hues adorn
 A verdant lawn,
 Behold, we say, how smiles the earth.

"Whene'er a zephyr, soft and sweet,
 Its airy feet,
 Bathes in ocean sparkling free,
 That the ripples scarcely reach
 The sandy beach,
 Behold, we say, how smiles the sea."

"If midst flowers that charm the sight,
 Rosy and white,
 The morn in golden veil doth rise,
 To roll on wheels of sapphire hue
 The heavens through,
 Behold, we say, how smile the skies.

"Ah yes, in spring's fair hours of mirth
 Smiles the glad earth;
 When gay, how brightly laughs the sea;
 But neither earth, nor sea, nor sky
 Can gracefully
 Or sweetly smile, fair maid, like thee."*

In pronouncing the last words, the boy with the ease of a courtier, raised Marianna's hand to his lips, pressed them for an instant fervently to it, and was turning to retire into his father's house, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder which arrested his progress. The person who stopped him was Vincenzo Gravina, renowned for his learning and love of letters, especially of poetry. Passing by Vannini's shop, he had heard the last song, and, interested by the talent of the child, his generous heart had prompted him to rescue him from his present uncertain situation, and to establish him in some profitable and permanent occupation. After asking the consent of Castagnola, he offered to place Alberto in his office, and to defray the charges of the boy's education there to the law. Alberto felt no antipathy to a study in which he had never been engaged, and the solicitations of his parents, but still more the prospect of residing in the same house with his beloved Marianna, made him eagerly and joyfully embrace the proposal.

For several years the young poet submitted to the control of Castagnola, and devoted himself to the severest study. His master was an uncultivated lawyer, covered

* From Chiabrera.

with rust and dust, and a bitter enemy to every thing not allied to forensic disputes. Alberto had frequently received his severe reprimand for composing songs and theatrical pieces, and was finally ordered, under penalty of dismissal from his house, never to repeat the offence.

A more serious calamity, however, threatened the youth. The delight with which he beheld Marianna at first had deepened into a firm, unalterable love, which was returned with equal fervor and truth by its object. Nevertheless he was continually haunted with the suspicion that his mistress regarded him only as an inferior, with whom she could pleasantly while away her leisure hours, but to whom she could never dream of giving her hand. This suspicion, which irresistibly arose whenever he compared his mean origin with the exalted rank of Marianna, was often and reproachfully expressed to her, and seemed in no wise diminished by her vows of unchangeable affection. His jealousy at last became so excessive that he was often violently enraged, if she smiled upon, or addressed familiarly any young man except himself. It was at the termination of one of his ebullitions of spleen, that Marianna, provoked by his causeless distrust of her attachment, told him that, since he could not apparently appreciate her love, the time might come when her heart might be bestowed on a more worthy rival. "Then," she added, "Alberto, you may feel the difference between false and true jealousy."

An event soon occurred which seemed likely to afford an opportunity to Marianna to carry into effect this plan, if any such she had. This was the arrival in Rome of Gasparo Murtola, a Genoese, and a distinguished improvisatore. He had been travelling through the various provinces of Italy, challenging all learned men to contend with him upon any subject, and had now come to the capital for the purpose of trying his skill with its most

renowned poets. Immediately on reaching Rome, he posted up a card, "offering himself to compete with any one in the art called improvising, on fair and honorable terms." Murtola's reputation in this respect was so extended and remarkable, that not one of the numerous poets in Rome accepted his challenge. Alberto was prevented from doing so by the express command of his master.

The beauty, talent, and accomplishments of Murtola excited a great interest in the hearts of his fair admirers; but no one appeared to be the object of his choice, till it was finally whispered that he had spoken of Marianna Castagnola with the familiarity and confidence of an accepted lover.

This report soon reached the ears of Alberto. In a paroxysm of rage, love, grief, and despair, he hastened to his mistress to inquire into its truth. Before her he broke out into such a tempest of passion, that it was long before she could understand the cause of his anger. When she did, she appeared as much surprised and irritated at the intelligence as himself, and taking his hand, she told him, that though his continued doubts of her love might justify her in withholding all denial of the report, yet she would pardon his impetuosity, because the case was extraordinary, and might well exasperate him.

"I declare to you then, Alberto," she continued, "that I have never seen nor spoken to Gasparo Murtola. I know not the cavalière; and this story of my extending to him favor and encouragement is a base slander on my fame."

Alberto's eyes sparkled with fury. "The vile braggadocio," he cried out, — "dares he proclaim that the chosen of Alberto smiles upon him? But I will meet him, this Genoese vagrant, and he shall expiate his crime with his life."

"Stay, Alberto," exclaimed Marianna, hastily grasping his arm, "I conjure thee let not this foolish affair proceed farther. Ah, I can bear the effects of thy ungovernable temper, when I only am concerned, but when thy life is endangered;—Alberto, promise me, promise me, by all the remembrances of our love, by all our hopes of its fruition, that thou wilt never meet this Murtola."

Alberto remained for some time indecisive. The natural fierceness of his disposition urged him to take immediate revenge; but, at length, the earnest and affecting appeals of his mistress prevailed, and he pledged himself to abandon all designs of challenging Murtola.

"Now that this difficulty is satisfactorily adjusted," said Marianna, "let us return to more pleasant topics."

She then inquired of her lover whether he had finished a play, which he was writing for a prize offered by the viceroy. This prize was an immense sum to be given to the writer of the best drama in honor of the birth day of the Empress Elizabeth Christina, wife of Charles VI. Alberto had concealed his intention of being one of the competitors from all but Marianna, and the play as fast as it was written was read to her, receiving many improvements from her judicious criticisms. He felt a great anxiety to be successful, because his literary reputation would thereby be established, and Castagnola, convinced of his poetical talent, and proud of the honor conferred upon him, might willingly accept him as a son-in-law. Thus it will be seen that he had two powerful incentives to action, love and fame.

To the question of Marianna, he replied, that his play was entirely completed, and that he would return with it in the evening to read the remainder of it to her. After some further conversation, unnecessary to our purpose to relate, the lovers, now perfectly reconciled, with a kind embrace and a kiss separated.

It was long after sunset when Alberto was returning to the residence of Castagnola with his manuscript. The public avenues were thronged, but in the by-street where Marianna lived he met only a few stragglers. As the poet proceeded on his way, his heart beat high with love and hope. His soul, untroubled by a doubt, revelled in the consciousness of Marianna's affection, and confidence in his own powers gave him assurance of success in his literary enterprise. He was now near the house of his mistress, when he beheld in advance of him a form which he thought familiar. Quickening his pace, he approached the man, and recognised — Gasparo Murtola. Suprised at finding him in that street, and determined to ascertain his object, Alberto withdrew to a distance, from which he could conveniently watch him without being discovered. Murtola moved on, examining the buildings on either side, like one in search of a particular spot, till finally he stopped before the dwelling of Castagnola. Here he stood a few minutes, cautiously looking round in every direction, to satisfy himself that no one observed him, and then quickly opening the door he entered the house.

Alberto remained for some time as motionless and benumbed as a statue. He had really seen Murtola, the hateful Murtola, pass into the abode of Marianna! The story then was true. He *was* her suitor, and favored by her. The artful girl had deceived him by her caresses and smiles, and the heart which he had long deemed his own had yielded without a pang to the wiles of a foppish and conceited stranger. But now they were both in his power. He would burst suddenly upon them; he would upbraid her with her infidelity, and then renounce her for ever. Murtola should answer for his conduct with his sword.

These thoughts passed instantaneously through the mind of the infuriated lover. Fearful of losing his revenge, he rushed to the house, and hastily opening the

door, ran up the stairs, and in his fury nearly threw down some one who was descending them. Supposing it to be his rival, he sprang upon him, and was attempting to grasp him by the throat, when he perceived by the sound of the voice that it was Castagnola. Alberto made what apology he could for his abrupt assault, and, after assisting the old man who had received no bodily injury to arrange his dress, he supported him, by his request, to the principal hall in the house.

And what a sight here broke upon the eyes of the astonished Alberto! Marianna, the guilty Marianna, whom he supposed to be at this moment engaged in a secret interview with Murtola, was sitting in the midst of a circle of his dearest friends, laughing and talking with every appearance of an easy and happy spirit! Could he believe his senses? What probable explanation could be given to this marvel, and where was Murtola? He had certainly entered the house, and it was equally certain that he could not have been seen by Marianna, for the latter, Alberto learned, had not left the room during the whole evening. Why might it not be true that she had made no appointment with the Genoese, that she knew not of his coming at all, and that the whole transaction was an adventurous act of his own?

While Alberto was endeavouring to answer these questions satisfactorily to himself, Marianna approached him, and gently drawing him to the centre of the circle, placed him by her side. "Alberto," she said, significantly, "I have invited some of your dearest friends this evening, to dispel, if possible, the cloud which has lately overcast your spirits; and we are determined, if love and mirth have not lost their power, that you shall not retain your melancholy."

This was spoken with so much artlessness and sincerity, that the poet discarded involuntarily all his suspicions,

and convinced that no appointment could have been made between Murtola and his mistress for that evening, joined in the conversation with cheerfulness and spirit. Thus the time passed in the enjoyments of social intercourse, till, one by one, the party dropped away, and the lovers were left alone.

Alberto, who had frequently during the evening desired this moment, began rapidly to relate to Marianna the mysterious occurrence which he had witnessed before entering the house. A smile, very inexplicable to him, played, for an instant, upon her features, but was succeeded by a grave and sorrowful expression, as she said: "Alberto, I cannot describe to you how painful to me your frequent doubts of my fidelity are. Can *I* prevent this Murtola from following me? Am *I* to blame if he declares that he has won my heart, and that my smiles are for him alone? Alberto, I am shocked that you should think it possible for me ever to desert you. No, my heart is yours, for ever yours, and I should be unworthy of a thought from you, could I barter the rich possession of your love, the boundless treasures of your inspired intellect, for the summit of earthly grandeur. And is it probable then, that I am so cold, so selfish, that a word, a smile from this Genoese, whom no one knows, has broken ties which have bound us together from our childhood? No, I *love* you, and by that word I mean a passion so blended with my life that it cannot be altered, and so sensitive, that if it be often rudely assailed, I must die."

"Say no more," cried her lover, moved even to tears by her sorrow, "I believe you, from my soul I do. Forgive me for the pain which my foolish jealousy, my unkind reproaches, have caused you, and I will never doubt you again."

Thus ended in the usual manner another of the lovers' quarrels, commencing with distrust and anger on the part of Alberto, but terminating to his perfect satisfaction.

"Now that we are again reconciled," said Marianna, "let us attend to a subject, which must be pleasing and interesting to both of us. Have you brought your drama with you, Alberto? If you have, let us hear it; we will sit in judgment upon it; and if *we* pronounce it excellent, let the world be of a different opinion if it dares. We have often listened to detached portions of it, but now, in order that our decision may be an understanding one, we will hear it as one connected whole."

The poet, bowing reverentially to his mistress' air of authority, then drew forth the great object of interest, his drama, the work of hours stolen from sleep, and commenced reading it. To read his productions to Marianna was one of his most delightful occupations, for he found in her a soul alive to their nicest shades of thought and their most delicate beauties. Her praises were sweet to him, for they were dictated by a correct judgment and a polished taste. As he beheld her intellectual face more and more interested and kindled as the plot thickened, as he met the intelligent and responsive flash of her eye at some idea radiant with the light of genius, he felt that there is no happiness to be compared with that which springs from a union of warm hearts and cultivated minds, possessing kindred feelings, tastes, and interests. He was frequently interrupted by her expressions of admiration, and when he closed his manuscript, the excited girl exclaimed: "O it is beautiful, most beautiful; O that I had a poet's power to sing its merits! I am sure it will gain the prize, and then, dear Alberto, our happiness will be sealed."

Alberto started, for at that moment he thought he heard a noise at the door of the apartment. Motioning to Marianna not to be alarmed, he listened attentively, and distinctly heard a hand moving upon the door, as if groping for the latch which confined it. "It may be Murtola;"

he muttered to Marianna, "the villain has perhaps waited till he supposes the company gone, and you left alone, and now he is proceeding in his purpose." So saying, he drew his sword, and, moving softly to the door, awaited its opening. It at length slowly swung on its hinges, and a man entered. Alberto sprung towards him with his weapon, but was again doomed to be disappointed. The intruder was not Murtola. It was the lawyer Castagnola.

"So ho!" he exclaimed to his pupil, "you are very valorous to-night. This is the second time you have attacked me. But" he continued, advancing to the table, and taking up the manuscript, "arms, I think, are not the sole object of your devotion. I believe I overheard other sounds than those of Mars. Ah, it is as I supposed — an opera — perhaps I can tell you whether it will be likely *'to gain the prize.'*"

With these words the old man ran his eye hastily over the writing, and then, before Alberto, who was standing at some distance from him, could prevent it, he applied it to the light, and saying contemptuously, — "Poor thing, I foresee it will not be successful," — threw it upon the stone pavement of the court yard. The evening breeze completely enveloped it in the flames, and it was consumed before there was a possibility of reaching it.

Alberto's frame trembled with the violence of his indignation. He rushed upon the lawyer, and would have dashed him to the floor, had not his daughter, springing in between them, clasped his robe, and besought him to spare him for his white hairs, to spare him for he was her father.

With a powerful effort he restrained his passion, and, regarding Castagnola with a stern and scornful look, he said, "Signore, you may esteem me no poet; but I have the feelings of a man, and they shall not be insulted. I have borne with contumely and ridicule from you, but I

will endure them no longer. Our connexion is at once and finally broken. Seek elsewhere for objects on whom to exercise your spleen." "I hail your departure with joy," replied Castagnola, "the world will thereby receive a bad poet instead of a worse lawyer. But come, I will show you that I am not so cruel as you imagine, for I will allow you to take leave of my daughter, for whom I think, you have some slight affection. While there was a prospect of your becoming but a tolerable advocate, I was willing the attachment should continue; but I cannot part with her to a miserable rhymester."

Alberto, observing a contemptuous silence towards the lawyer, approached his mistress, and imprinting a long kiss upon her lips, could only trust his voice to whisper the highly characteristic motto of Castagnola's crest,— "The cause is won, while the judge sleeps,"—then breaking from her, with a heart torn by anguish and insulted pride, he left the house.

When he found himself in the open street, the soft moonlight resting upon Rome's gorgeous palaces, the balmy air which, loaded with sweet odours, fanned his flushed cheek, the elegant tranquillity of the whole scene, presented so striking a contrast to the distracted state of his breast within, that he burst into tears. He upbraided fate, which had placed before his eyes a vision of surpassing beauty never to be his; he cursed the talents which had attracted the notice of Marianna and awakened hopes to be thus cruelly blasted. Agitated by his tumultuous emotions, he hurried on he knew not whither, till he was in the midst of the Forum, and surrounded by the ruins of the capitol. He was recalled to himself by nearly stumbling over a fragment of rock, and, looking up, he saw in front of him a large placard—the challenge of Gasparo Murtola to the poets of Rome. Excited almost

to madness at the sight of that hateful name at that moment, he was turning hastily away, when his eye fell upon an additional notice, in which Murtola informed the public, that "for the purpose of provoking any one of the degenerate spirits of Rome to meet him, he would appear on a stage in the Forum the second day from that time, and there he, the champion of Marianna Castagnola, would celebrate her charms over those of any other *donna bella* in Italy."

The young poet assumed a loftier look as he read the advertisement, so plainly intended for himself. Suppressing all outward signs of emotion, he muttered in a firm, deep voice — "Champion of Marianna! — Insolent liar! — Thank God I am free; I can meet thee now; I will shame thee in thine own art before the people, and then Murtola, shalt thou reckon dearly to me for thy arrogance and falsehoods." Full of this determination, and rejoicing in the opportunity thus afforded him for triumph and revenge, Alberto turned haughtily from the place and proceeded home.

The beautiful sky of Italy was just blushing with the light of morn, as two gallant and glittering processions entered the Forum. One of them had set out from a mean dwelling in an obscure corner of the city, but yet was not inferior in splendor to the other which had started from the most elegant part of Rome. No arms were to be seen in them, — no war horses, — they were entirely civic processions, decorated with the shining robes of peace, and moving to the strains of sweet music. They advanced slowly till they came to two separate stagings, in front of a throne or chair reserved for the judge of the trial. At the top of the chair was a golden eagle, holding suspended from his beak the laurel crown which was to

adorn the brow of the victorious poet. The two companies took their stations, and the rival improvisatores stood, prepared to begin, under their respective banners. That of Murtola, an illustration of his vanity, was a playing fountain, with the reservoir exactly full ; — under it the motto — *Semper plena*. — Alberto's banner, equally ambitious, though apparently more modest in character, represented the sea, with rivers flowing into it, and rains descending upon it, and sunbeams here and there illuminating the surface, with the motto — *Nunquam plenum*.

We would gladly detail, were we not afraid of exhausting the reader's patience, all the particulars of the contest between the two poets. By previous agreement the vanquished bound himself to relinquish to the victor all claim to Marianna, and never to breathe her name in connexion with his own. At a signal from the judge, they commenced singing alternately, in the animated and hyperbolical style of the times, the beauty of Marianna.

Alberto began : —

"I ask not for the sunlight hour,
When all the world is gay ;
Nor when is shut the dewy flower,
To feel the moon's cold ray.
I gaze not on the softened light
Which streams in northern skies,
And gently fans the cheek of night,
Like zephyrs that in vestures bright
From earth to heaven arise.
But let me drink the milder beam
Of Marianna's eye ;
Dissolved in love's ecstatic dream,
O I could drink and die."

Murtola immediately rejoined : —

"A beauteous arch that graced the sky,
Besought the sun to chase away
The rain drops, with his burning eye,
That dared to dim her gorgeous ray.
The clouds, the mists were scattered soon,
But ah! the rain-bow too was gone.

Then, love, still let the tear-drops flow,
 Like pearly rain be shed;
 For they impart a heavenly glow
 Which fades when they are fled."

Alberto sang at first with confidence and fluency, but becoming irritated by some of Murtola's severe replies, he lost his presence of mind; especially when he found his best ideas easily surpassed in beauty by his adversary, and his most ingenious attacks almost miraculously anticipated and retorted. It soon became manifest to his friends, that he was in no condition to display his powers to advantage, and the intensity of the mental exertion requisite in improvising, together with the host of passions by which he was tormented, at length so overpowered him, that he was incapable of continuing the contest, and was borne senseless and conquered from the place.

When he recovered and recollected that, by the conditions of the trial, Marianna was lost to him for ever, and that his fame was gone, he attempted to break from those who held him and to rush to the Forum again. He exclaimed, that he was not defeated and called upon Murtola to meet him again, and he would hazard his life upon the event, declaring that the haughty Genoese should never triumph over *him*. Then the stories of the connexion between Marianna and the Genoese would cast a dark shade over his mind, and he would accuse her of meeting him, and disclosing to him his most beautiful ideas, and his method of improvising, for he was certain that Murtola must have received information of this kind from some quarter. By an indulgence of these thoughts he became frantic, reproached his parents for dismissing him from their care, and cursed his mistress for her supposed partiality for Murtola. But we must leave him to hasten to the concluding scene of our story.

A week had elapsed since the events last related, and the birth-day of the Empress of Austria had arrived. All Rome seemed wild with joy. Fêtes and shows had been the morning's diversion, and now in the afternoon crowds were hurrying to the principal theatre, where an entertainment was provided for them at the public expense. Alberto was there, and was carried into the building, in the midst of the throng. He had but partially recovered from his illness, yet his earnest desire to see the play, and compare it with one which he had hoped might win the prize, would not suffer him to remain at home. Murtola was there too, surrounded by the nobles and by all the pageantry of the court. As he glanced his eyes over the assemblage, he perceived Alberto, and lifting his cap made him a courteous salutation, which was returned by the latter with a look of withering contempt.

The immense multitude were at last seated, the nobles had arranged themselves on either side of the viceroy's throne, and all were awaiting the commencement of the play, with a silence interrupted only by the flapping of the heavy canopy over their heads. The bell at length rung, and the curtain rose. But who can describe the astonishment of Alberto at finding that the opera was his own? He listened until conjecture was turned to certainty, then, fearful of discovering his emotions, with a violent effort restrained himself, to witness the reception his drama would meet with from the people. Yet as it proceeded, and applause on applause met his ears, tears of joy ran down his cheek, and his frame trembled; and when, at the conclusion of the opera, the whole vast audience arose, and with waving of handkerchiefs and enthusiastic cheers, called for the author, Alberto felt a thrill of joy which amply compensated for all his previous suffering. He was about to descend from his situation, and approach the throne, when he observed the viceroy

rise, and present Murtola to the audience as the successful poet. At this sight, rage rendered him completely ungovernable. He sprang from his seat, and, rushing by the guards, appeared before the viceroy and demanded justice against the Genoese who had robbed him of his own work. He himself, he declared, was the author of the prize drama.

The viceroy and his officers were disturbed by this sudden intrusion, but the Genoese, approaching Alberto with his accustomed ease, whispered something in his ear which effected the most wonderful change in his whole person. His eyes sparkled with pleasure, his countenance was flushed with delight, and turning to Murtola, he appeared almost ready to embrace him. Repressing his feelings, however, he requested leave of the viceroy to retire, for a few minutes, with the foreigner. When they were alone, in one of the private rooms of the theatre, Alberto rushing into Murtola's arms, embraced him warmly, and exclaimed : " Dear, dear Marianna, I forgive you all, now that I find the detested Genoese no longer lives. But tell me, why did you subject me to so much misery ? " " Alberto, " replied his mistress, " I found no assertions of mine sufficient to convince you permanently of my innocence ; I wished to teach you, by experience, how much misery jealousy produces, and often from what trifling causes. If by past suffering we shall render the future secure from the suspicions which have hitherto disturbed our love, will our happiness have been too dearly bought ? " " No, no, " rejoined her lover, " I have deserved all my misery for ever distrusting you ; you have treated me only with too much fondness ; never for an instant has your affection wavered, for all my harshness and petulance. But explain to me how my drama could be performed to-night ? I saw it completely destroyed, and no other copy was ever written. " " You mistake, " answered Marianna, smil-

ing, "when it was read to me, you had no sooner left me than I wrote down what I had heard, and transmitted it to the viceroy. Could I forget the strains of the Roman swan?" "Noble girl," exclaimed the poet, "can I ever be too grateful to you? I will never, never doubt you again."

Alberto then returned to the theatre, and, explaining the circumstances to the viceroy, was acknowledged by him as the successful competitor, and crowned, amid the acclamations of the multitude, with the laurel wreath. Many inquiries were made for Murtola, but he had disappeared from the audience. In his place, however, there sat the most beautiful maiden of Rome, whose eyes glistened with pride and love, as the wreath encircled the brow of the poet. A few weeks passed, and Alberto, now admitted to be the first dramatist in the city, and courted by the noble and the wealthy, clasped her hand at the altar.

T.

RECOLLECTIONS.

"Dead, sayst thou, my Antonio — *such love*
Can never die."

THE PERJURED, Act III. Sc. IV.

I.

THE image of a laughing girl,
With eye of jet and brow of pearl,
While down her neck the locks of hair
In soft luxuriance flow;
And quiver on her shoulders bare,
As raven pinions, bright and fair,
When tost along the spotless snow,
Whose voice of gentler warble seems
Than ever minstrel heard in dreams;
Oh! let me wander where I will,
This dark-eyed vision haunts me still.

II.

It chanced upon an Autumn's day,
 When wind and leaf were at their play,
 And faint the dying roses' hue,
 Upon a silver streamlet's bank,
 Which murmured low an arbour through
 Of tangled vines that o'er it grew,
 Entranced in holy thought I sank —
 I started up — the rippling wave
 A picture of those features gave.
 For let me wander where I will,
 That dark-eyed vision haunts me still.

III.

I rose and gazed towards the sky,
 And there methought I saw an eye,
 Which from a fleecy cloudlet shone;
 An angel's skiff, that mist was sailing
 O'er azure billows wafted on,
 But in a moment all was gone:
 That cloud her face no longer veiling,
 Behold! she gleamed upon my sight,
 A seraph bathed in heaven's own light.
 For let me wander where I will,
 This dark-eyed vision haunts me still.

IV.

I looked again upon the ground,
 A withered honey-suckle found,
 Its grateful odor almost fled;
 I touched the leaves with cautious hand,
 When starting from the velvet bed,
 An elfin shape threw up its head,
 Like those who crowd the fairy land;
 Yet in its features could I trace
 The semblance of a well-known face.
 And let me wander where I will,
 That dark-eyed vision haunts me still.

V.

How could it be? She was no more,
 Her earthly footsteps — they were o'er;
 Her merry laugh — 'twas silent then,
 And lip of song both still and cold;
 Yes! while I trod the sacred glen,
 Sweet thoughts my bosom filled again,
 Of all our young affection told,
 And oh! remembrance holier yet,
 Of souls in soul-communion met.
 For let me wander where I will,
 Her smile, her accents haunt me still.

VI.

Thus fancy is my dearest friend,
 And will a power creative lend,
 That when ought beautiful appears,
 It seems an image of that one,
 To whom I gave my earliest years,
 For whom I shed my purest tears,
 When strangers told me she was gone,
 And heedless, marked not while they spoke,
 My tender heart-strings all were broke.
 Which, let me wander where I will,
 With that rude touch are trembling still.

VII.

When beauty wakes her magic song,
 And lightly trips the joyous throng,
 These tell-tale glances oft confess,
 That other thoughts my breast o'erflow;
 Or, if I grant a short caress,
 It is not one of tenderness,
 My heart is beating calm and low;
 But when through nature's halls I rove,
 My throbbing bosom swells with love,
 By forest, vale, or mossy rill,
 That dark-eyed vision haunts me still.

S. T. H.

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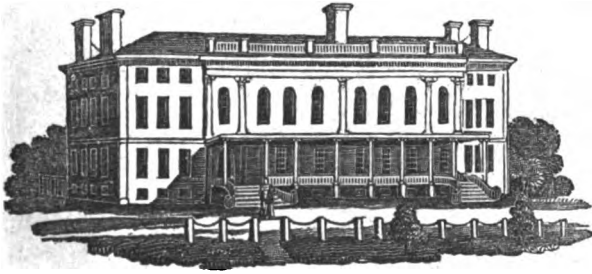
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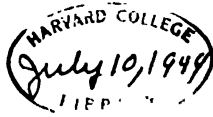


"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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No. X.

TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENCE.

MON CHER NED,

Lower Canada, August 6th, 183—.

SINCE we parted at Pittsburg, you for the South, down the Ohio, and I for the Canadas, I have journeyed over the fairest portion of the British dominions in North America. I am now on the St. Lawrence, in the steamer St. George, bound to Quebec. It is now near midnight; and what a glorious night! The broad cope stretches out in boundless expanse above our heads, studded with the most brilliant gems of night. The moon is riding high in the zenith, throwing a noontday flood of light upon the waters. The song of the boatmen, carrying a gay party of French peasants across the river, comes wafted to us with the most soft and melancholy melody, and the whole scene is rife with the richest poetry of night. The neat latticed cottages, which stretch along in an almost unbroken line on both sides of the river, between Montreal and Quebec, shine out distinct and clear with their white walls, and the tall tapering spires of the village churches seem to pierce the sky, like needles of light.

As we float along, I unconsciously imagine myself sailing down some of the old rivers of Europe, so foreign is the appearance of every thing around me. The pilot at the wheel, who has just discovered a lumber vessel bearing down upon our bows, is hailing her through the trumpet in a jargon of Canadian French, while the men on board are running about in the most unamerican confusion, and speaking in every variety of tongue, but that of our vernacular. The farm-houses on the banks of the river are built low, with sloping roofs, and high latticed windows, with thick vines clambering over them, reminding one of the beautiful cottages on the Swiss lakes. The churches are of heavy Gothic architecture, and with their moss-covered roofs and gray weather beaten walls, look like some of the structures of the feudal ages. Methinks yon venerable Jesuit pile, whose illuminated windows I just see glancing through that clump of pines, could tell a legend of romance which should rival even the history of the old castles on the Rhine.

Aug. 7th. 'T is now noon ; we have just turned Cape Diamond, and Quebec is in full view before us. Yonder verdant fields adjacent to the city walls are the "Plains of Abraham" — beneath the fort, on Cape Diamond, is the almost perpendicular precipice up which Arnold led his soldiers to the storming of the walls, which frown upon us at every point of view. Those massive granite walls standing near the landing, blackened with fire and in ruins, are the remains of the ancient Castle of St. Lewis, which was burnt a few years since, and here at our side, with the royal standard floating from her mast head, is the Frigate Belvidere, noted for her long cruises on our coast during the last war ; and a little in advance of her is the Shannon, the vessel which fired the first broadside on an American in the same war. I have now

reached the landing, and must bid you adieu, till I am lodged with mine host of the Albion.

Aug. 10th. I have spent the last three days in rambling over Quebec and its environs. I feel myself in a strange land. Every thing around me—the people, their customs, the buildings, all are new and singular. The streets of Quebec are full of strange sights. The city seems to be regarded as a sort of neutral ground, where every nation may adhere to its usual characteristics without laying them aside, as is common in a strange land, in polite deference to the dominant tastes. Thus, the streets present a very amusing variety in dress. I have just returned from a stroll along the west walls of the city, whose broad surfaces and commanding elevation form a most delightful promenade. The day has been extremely warm, and the inhabitants have thronged the promenade to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the evening wind. What a gay and picturesque scene! Here is a tall moustached Frenchman, with a lively brunette hanging on his arm, both conversing with eager fluency in their native tongue, while, ever and anon, the quick sounds of the French reach my ear, mingled with the measured solemn tones of two Spaniards, who are scowling fearfully on the passers by, from beneath their dark sombreros. But to my taste, the best feature in the scene is yonder officer in gay converse with the lady at his arm. By their bearing, you would at once set them down as English. The officer has the fine, manly, open countenance of his countrymen, and he walks with dignity and firmness, while the lady has the flush of health and cheerfulness in her countenance, and an intellectual light in the eye which is native to the land of her birth. Through the mazes of the moving multitude there may be seen occasionally glancing the bright uniform of the soldiers of the garrison, the most conspicuous

of which is the rich costume of the plaided Highlander and the flaming red of the —st regiment.

Quebec is a very old city, and in its present appearance it exhibits a perfect picture of a French city of the 17th century. Save one or two public buildings, there is hardly an edifice of modern architecture within the walls. The streets are narrow, and in their zigzag windings would be a perfect labyrinth to a denizen of the "rectangular city." Every man seems to have located his dwelling according to his own fancy, and to have bent the street to suit his eccentricities. As for myself, I never wander half a square from the hotel, but I am lost in the maze of brick and mortar around me, and am generally compelled to seek the aid of some fair Ariadne, in the guise of a bouncing French grisette, to extricate myself from the labyrinth.

As I am writing, there has just passed by the window one of those strange vehicles which so much amuse a stranger in Quebec. It is a small cart drawn by a pair of stout dogs. They are jogging along at a very sober, steady pace, not aware perhaps of the ridiculous figure they cut, while a man, with his legs dangling over the side of the cart, is bawling at the top of his voice, "milk! milk ho!" Dogs in Quebec may be classed as working dogs, and gentlemen dogs. The former are destined to draw milk and vegetables to market, to do all the drudgery of common horses with us, while the latter parade the streets with smooth sleek skins, and have quite an aristocratic bearing in the dignity with which they carry their two extremities. Like all aristocratic puppies, they have an extreme dread of the *profanum vulgus*, which they always show, when meeting one of the "workies," by a very contemptuous snarl and curl of the lip. Of a consequence there is a distinct line drawn between the "rich and the poor," between

which two factions there rages a most fierce and irreconcilable hostility. Nightly, when the biped race have gathered themselves to rest, the cry of battle is sounded, and the "workies" descend with desolating fury on the kennels of their enemies, and the returning morn, in the mangled carcass of some poor "Tray," and the blood-dyed pavement, shows the fury with which this social war is carried on. No dog is permitted to remain neutral; he must be either a "Guelph or a Ghibelline;" a lamentable instance of which has occurred to the dog of a fellow traveller, who last night, indulging in the canine sport of baying the moon, unconscious of the state of affairs, suddenly found himself in the midst of the contending factions, who have nearly torn him asunder in consequence of his offensive neutrality.

The Catholic, as you are aware, is the prevalent religion in Canada. The churches are open every day, and are much frequented by the repentant, seeking the grace of the church for a remission of sins. Their internal decorations are of a most gorgeous character, but the most splendid edifice of the kind in North America is the Cathedral in Montreal. It is built entirely of granite, in the most severe Gothic taste, and is a perfect copy of an old English Abbey. It is of quadrangular form, and at each angle are laid the bases of projected towers of an uncommon altitude. It is built on a slight elevation, and stands out distinct and full from the surrounding buildings. The interior is of immense dimensions, capable of containing ten thousand persons; so our guide book tells us. The decorations are of a most choice and costly character. Its walls are hung with exquisite paintings, and are indented with numerous niches, holding the statues of favorite saints. At the southern end is a window thirty feet high, of stained glass, with paintings of the Saviour and the Apostles, as large as life, drawn in the

most brilliant colors. Scattered over the lower floor, at frequent intervals, are confessionals, whither the penitent is constantly seen resorting to ask the aid of a ghostly father in his petitions of grace.

With its long, dark aisles, across which are dimly seen fitting the forms of the priests, as they hurry from confessional to confessional to pray with the anxious sinner, — with its vast space in which you seem lost in insignificance — its long, narrow windows of stained glass, through which the light falls dim and sombrous on the pave, and its heavy groined roof, looking at which you seem to tread in some ancient cloister, you are impressed with feelings of the deepest solemnity and reverence. Every thing around me was antique; the cowl, the mitre, the paintings and statues of the Madonna, with worshippers kneeling before them, and the solemn silence, broken only by the lisping voice of prayer, or the loud grating of the heavy door as it was shut by some rude hand. It appeared like some old pile of the seventh century, beneath whose pave reposed the remains of venerable abbots, or sainted heroes of Palestine.

One of the best points of view in Quebec, and the most magnificent I ever witnessed, is from the extremity of Cape Diamond. I had been rambling all day over the city and vicinity, and it was about an hour before sunset, that I clambered up the precipitous point of the Cape, and rested myself upon a projecting rock. What a glorious scene burst upon my vision! Directly beneath wound the St. Lawrence, enlivened with a gay fleet of vessels and steamboats, which had just arrived under favorable winds and tides. Ferry boats and batteux were in busy motion, carrying passengers and peasants across the river, and the loud song of the sailors, heaving up the anchor of one of the frigates which was setting sail, came mellowed by the distance upon my ear.

Before me, on the opposite side of the river, lay a small town, and beyond, a few green fields, beyond which lay outstretched an apparently interminable wilderness, forming a dark background to the picture. To the right lay the city, with its metallic roofs, burnished up like silver by the rays of the setting sun, and its limits distinctly marked by the long line of wall which encircled it, and above all preëminent, stood the citadel, with the Lion standard, waving its protecting folds above the city. To the left, lay the heights of Abraham, roughened with crumbling forts and breastworks, and a black column rising in the midst, on which, through my glass, I read the simple inscription — “Here died Wolfe victorious.” The slope of the hill was chequered with the gay colors of the uniform of the soldiers of the garrison, who were gathered in groups on the hill side, indolently reposing, or engaged in games of chance. The evening gun from the Fort announced the close of the day, and at the heavy roll of the drum the whole hill was alive with the soldiers hurrying to the quarters. The monotonous hum of the neighbouring city grew faint upon my ear. The sun had sunk below the horizon, scene after scene faded from the view, and when I awoke from the delightful reverie, excited by the place and season, the stars were in the sky, and night was around me.

* * * * *

Yours, &c.

FRANK ROANE.

To E. ALLERTON, Esq.

B—— Hall, L—— County, Virginia.

"I HATE TO SEE THE WHISPERING CROWD."

I HATE to see the whispering crowd
Stand coldly round the fresh-lain bier, —
I hate to hear the thoughtless step
Unholy mock the mourner's tear;
As if death's sting were not so deep,
But men might watch to see them weep!

Are friendship's tears so few and cold,
That busy eyes may watch their fall?
Are broken hearts too gay to stand
In loneliness around the pall?
Is there no hour so dark and dread,
That man unseen may mourn the dead?

When death's rude hand hath closed my eye,
On earthly joy and earthly pain, —
When memory, time, and care have fled,
And dust calls back its dust again, —
May tears unwatched fall o'er my grave,
And give the soul to God who gave.

ALPHA.

TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

ATREUS' sons I fain would sing,
And of Cadmus, Thebes' king,
But my lyre, with playful tone,
Echoes gentle love alone.

Late the chords I strung anew,
 And the lyre I altered through,
 And I sang the labors done
 By Alcmena's mighty son,
 But my lyre, with thrilling tone,
 Back responded love alone.

Now no more I vex the shell,
 Mighty heroes, fare ye well !
 For my lyre, with wanton tone,
 Sings the deeds of love alone.

ELAB.

A CRITICAL DIALOGUE ON THE CHARACTER OF EDMUND BURKE.

Varius. No man has ever received more speedy justice at the hands of posterity than Edmund Burke. He was one of those great luminaries which in troublous times illuminate the political firmament, and cast such a brilliant light upon the waters, that the most unskilful pilot can trace out a pathway to a harbour of security. To attempt to narrow the fame of such a man would be as vain, as to undertake to disprove the existence of the sun, whose light and heat we all see and feel.

Mr. Burke was what is called a philosophic statesman, in contradistinction to the common order of men who engage in political affairs. These men are popularly called *Politicians*. They make politics a sort of game, in which every move is made with reference to some selfish advantage. They embroil nations with their own personal quarrels, and create factions in the state, whose sole purpose is the elevation of their leaders. Thus in the worship of men the great conservative principles of society

are lost sight of, and in the fury of such contests the social ligaments become loosened, and all government is threatened with dissolution, until some strong arm seizes the social frame, and binds it once more into solid strength and compactness. These men take a narrow view of things, and judge of every measure only by its present effects, regardless of its influence upon the permanent interests of a nation.

The philosophic statesman takes a higher stand. He looks at things from an elevation, which commands a view of all the great periods of time — the past, the present, and the future. With such an extensive scope his mind becomes expanded, and he lays the foundations of the state so deep and broad, that nothing can overturn the fabric, save the folly and madness of those for whose benefit it was reared. The conduct of such men is regulated by a very wide deduction of facts. From the experience of history, and the nature of man they draw their principles of action, which are incomprehensible to men who act from present impulses and views. Hence their writings become a series of wise maxims appropriate to all times and circumstances; a sort of code which may form the rule of universal action.

Plotius. Do you think the writings of Burke are of such a character?

Varius. I do; except the writings of Cicero, I know not any political compositions which abound more in general principles, and which have had a more lasting influence on mankind. Take the speech on "Conciliation with America." Almost every sentence is a deduction from a most extensive range of reasoning, and the whole speech covers a wider field of thought, than a common mind could traverse in a lifetime. Maxim after maxim follows so rapidly, that you are almost disposed to think they are the fruits of inspiration itself. Look

through the speeches of the great statesmen who have succeeded him, and you will find every where his thoughts influencing them, and in many instances serving as texts which volumes alone can expound. The speeches of our own great statesman, Mr. Webster, are rendered doubly striking by his deep study of Burke, to whom on all occasions he pays the most profound homage, and whose thoughts have frequently formed the starting point, from which he has made those great incursions in the field of political discovery, which have placed him so far ahead of his contemporaries.

Plotius. I agree with you on the philosophy of Burke, and I think his conduct is a practical exemplification of his principles. You say his philosophy made him a liberal man. True; mark his conduct in the great crisis of affairs which made his age such a momentous era. In the quarrels between the American colonies and the mother country, it surely was his interest to espouse the ministerial cause. That cause was firmly fixed in the affections of the people, and to all human foresight seemed destined to be the eternal policy of the country. His talents were of the highest order, he was an orator of uncommon influence, his fortune was narrow; and should he enlist in the ranks of the dominant party, the most brilliant destiny awaited him.

These strong temptations, which would have overcome a weak mind, had no influence with him. He set them aside, and forgot every personal consideration in his devotion to the eternal principles of justice. With the precision of prophecy he pointed out the inevitable results which would follow, if ministers persisted in their oppressive measures. He drew in ineffaceable lines the boundary between political right and wrong. He promulgated principles, which came like the sound of an earthquake upon the ears of the European despots, bod-

ing ruin and dismay to their corrupt thrones, built upon the mental degradation of mankind. He touched a chord which vibrated through every human breast, and awoke tones whose echoes broke for ever the awful silence which had enchained the human mind for centuries. In our Revolution he recognised only humanity, awaking to a true perception of its dignity and claims of right.

What he thought he openly declared, and standing on what he knew to be the rock of principle, he calmly defied the terrors of the storm which assailed him. He knew posterity would recognise the great truths which he advocated. They have done it, and what a noble encouragement does it give to every mind, seeking the path of duty and truth, when it is assailed by partisan clamor and defamation.

Varius. You speak warmly, but the dignity of the subject is a sufficient excuse. I have always regarded Burke as the most liberal statesman of his age, and one to whom mankind is much indebted for the glorious changes in government, which have been the exciting causes of the extraordinary improvements, that have taken place within the last century in the social condition all over the world. He unconsciously gave a powerful impulse, by the extreme liberality of his opinions, to that French Revolution, which was afterwards the theme of his fierce and eloquent denunciation.

Notwithstanding my admiration of Burke, I think there was some inconsistency — I might almost say, a blind dereliction of his former principles, in his denunciation of that Revolution. He broached some most arbitrary ideas in his celebrated essay on this subject, and I could almost believe that he had turned traitor to liberal principles, and had basely sacrificed truth to power, were I not convinced, by the whole previous tenor of his life, that his integrity was incorruptible.

Plotius. You do him but justice in confiding in his purity of character ; for if there ever was an incorruptible statesman, Burke certainly was one. But I cannot see his inconsistency. Your ideas partake of the popular error on this subject. It has become the fashion to denounce every statesman as inconsistent, if he does not adhere to the particular line of policy, with which he commences his political career. To me the frequent change of a man's political opinions is a proof, rather of consistency, than otherwise. Time so entirely changes the aspect of things, that almost every moment society assumes some new feature, which must cause a corresponding change in conduct. Laws, which, at one time, are imperatively necessary to the wellbeing of a state, at another, are directly prejudicial. If you will allow a local illustration, I might cite the Tariff laws of this country.

How many different modifications have they undergone, from an almost total exclusion of foreign manufactures, down to a, comparatively speaking, free trade system. The necessity of these changes the progress of domestic industry at once justifies. The best way to test a statesman's consistency is to see whether his change of views is brought about by a new order of things, that is, whether his policy is that, which prudence and necessity demand, or whether it is the result of selfish considerations.

When I examine Burke's conduct by these tests, I pronounce him perfectly consistent. In the French Revolution he saw not the workings of a rational liberty. Liberty was never allied with the instruments of tyranny — she never taught her disciples to break their chains to fetter others with them — to subvert all law and order, and to assail the great doctrines of religion and justice, which hold together the elements of society. In this revolution Burke saw only unrestrained popular

licentiousness, indulging its passions with a revel on the ruins of society. As such he denounced it, and foretold in its commencement the horrid scenes which it would produce. He certainly did not betray liberty, when he was the advocate of order, when he denounced oppression and assassination as unnatural confederates of civilization and freedom. That some good effects did grow out of this revolution I admit, but it has been the parent also of many evils, especially to France.

Varius. Well, I waive my objections, if not from conviction, at least in deference to your zeal on the subject. But there is one other point of objection with me; I think Burke's style too florid for practical oratory, and I cannot exactly admire the extreme austerity of his principles, which caused him, from fear of debasement, to separate himself from his noble compatriot and friend, Charles James Fox.

Plotius. No; I think the style of Burke perfectly chaste and appropriate. It is a fine specimen of the great beauty and grandeur of which the English language is capable, when in the hands of a master artist. It is pure Saxon, save in some instances, where he followed the example of Johnson in enlarging the scope of its power, by the introduction of foreign words and phrases. It has none of the overwrought intensity of Gibbon, nor is it, like his style, a corrupt English dressed in the tawdry robes of the worst fashion of a foreign tongue. To such a polished and refined mind as Burke's the beautiful style which he adopted was *natural*. A gross and careless style to him would have been as disgusting as the rant of a modern demagogue to the ears of Cicero. Elevated style is a powerful adjunct to an orator. It can never be out of place in the high seats of legislation. An orator there should marshal into his service every instrument, by which he can operate most powerfully on the minds of

men, and surely splendid imagery, bold and striking expressions, the bolts of irony, denunciation, and satire, hurled in the flame of eloquent speech, are no feeble allies of original and vigorous thought.

It was truly an affecting scene when Burke, in the House of Commons, severed the friendship which had so long held together, in an unbroken bond of amity, two such noble hearts as that of Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox. The tears which Fox shed on the occasion, the sympathy that was expressed from all parts of the House in his distress, was one of the most noble testimonials that was ever paid to the worth of an upright character. All felt the great affliction which must be sustained in the deprivation of the friendship of such a man as Burke. But Burke sincerely thought, that he could not, without a countenance of the most pernicious doctrines, continue his intercourse with Fox. He was fearful, lest his own pure principles might fall a victim, like those of others, to the winning qualities of his noble friend. He therefore, with true Roman severity, snapped one of the strongest links which bound him to existence. In view of such reasons, we cannot condemn his conduct.

I fear the fascinations, which talent throws around vice, have blinded you to a perception of its degrading effects on the character, and of its diminution of the influence of great abilities. . Sheridan and Fox were men of extraordinary powers of mind, and were fitted by nature to guide the destinies of any empire. But, in consequence of their want of moral principle, they could never acquire the confidence of the people of England. Their vices were a reproach to the nation, and an insult to the dignity of Parliament ; and they died without a shadow of the influence of Burke, or even of William Pitt, to whose hands, hardly yet braced with the nerves of man-

hood, confiding in his elevated moral character, the English people entrusted the reins of the greatest empire upon which the sun ever shone. To a statesman, an unimpeachable character, aye, an almost immaculate moral purity, is essential above all things.

L. L.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. BELA JACOBS.

LAY the form once loved and cherished
 In its chamber dark and deep,
 And the hopes that with him perished,
 In the cold clay let them sleep.
 And the earth shall slumber lightly
 On the heart no love could save,
 And the dew that falleth nightly
 Shall be tears above his grave.

But the hearts that now are cheerless,
 Who shall be their earthly stay?
 And the eyes that once were tearless,
 Who shall wipe their tears away?
 Hopes there are shall softly brighten
 Even the mourner's saddened eye,
 And a ray the heart shall lighten; —
 'T is a daybeam from on high.

All that clogged the living spirit
 To its clay we give once more;
 But the soul it did inherit
 Hath its home beyond our shore.
 Every link that now is broken
 Closes in that brighter home;
 Every tear-drop beams a token
 Of a cloudless joy to come.

H.

THE SENTINEL OF THE BURIED CITY.

"THE air was now still for a few minutes—the lamp from the gate streamed out far and clear: the fugitives hurried on—they gained the gate,—they passed by the Roman sentry; the lightning flashed over his livid face and polished helmet; but his stern features were composed even in their awe! He remained erect and motionless at his post. That hour itself animated the machine of the ruthless majesty of Rome into the reasoning and self-acting man. There he stood amid the crashing elements! He had not received permission to desert his station and escape!"

BULWER'S *Last Days of Pompeii*.

I.

THE Sun is sinking fast away,
 Along Pompeii's vine-clad hills;
 Bright gilded by his parting ray,
 How shine the joyous, leaping rills!
 A smile of love earth, sea, and sky
 Mellows in beauteous harmony!

II.

The rising spire and gilded dome,
 The stately palace, warlike tower,
 The humble peasant's happy home,
 Each feels the magic of the hour.
 For who alone this *his* could call?
 From God — 't is heritage of all.

III.

Hark! loudly echo on the ear
 The ringing notes of festive mirth;
 The wine-cup brings its welcome cheer,
 And care gives smiling pleasure birth.
 Yet see! one silent gazer there
 Those scenes of pleasure will not share.

IV.

Stern on his brow so proudly high,
 The Roman majesty is writ;
 His dauntless mien, his eagle eye,
 With all the fire of valor lit!
 He seems there standing death-like still,
 Like statue formed by Phidias' skill!

V.

Dark clouds are gathering fast around,
 Like chasing waves upon the sea;
 For fadeless joys are never found,
 Nor halcyon days that will not flee.
 The blast awakes its slumbering breath,
 And tunes the mournful dirge of death!

VI.

The Hand that wrote Belshazzar's doom,
 In characters so fearful clear,
 His empire sunk in starless gloom,
 Has graven *Devastation* here.
 Yon sea of flame with tempest dire
 A second deluge threatens — of fire!

VII.

Those revellers — and where are they?
 The song is mute, the laugh is hushed;
 To shady groves they're fled away,
 And madly to destruction rushed.
 That warrior bold! — and where is he?
 Has Safety bid him turn and flee?

VIII.

Ah! no — too well he knows command —
 He has been nursed in war and strife,

Has gazed on blood, and stained his brand,
 Should fear now bid him quail for life?
 The avalanche its throne of snow
 May leave and sweep the plain below,

IX.

And many a loosed and broken rock
 May follow in its tumbling flight,—
 Yet fearless hears the thundering shock
 The eagle from his eyrie's height.
 With eye undimmed, spear grasped in hand,
 He stands where empire bid him stand.

X.

Yet is he Man! with sadness rife
 His lone heart seeks his wretched home,
 Where wait his helpless babes and wife,
 When he to guard and save may come.
 He hears their cries and piteous fears,
 He sees the mother's gushing tears!

XI.

Around him havoc—ruin lay—
 His comrades dead, or fearful gone;
 What need is there for him to stay,
 A wreck upon the ocean lone?
 And why not leave his Eagle there,
 And fly to lend a father's care?

XII.

Conscience — that little voice within,
 Stifles at once his heart's desire;
 "The gods will ne'er forgive the sin,
 And nought could tame their vengeful ire,
 If thus I spurn, alike unheard,
 A soldier's pledge — a Roman's word!"

XIII.

O! spirit of a soul divine,
 If thus beneath the heathen cloud
 Thy light so brilliantly could shine,
 How brighter far, how nobler proud,
 Should gleam its rays, when shining seen
 Beneath a Christian sky serene.

M. E. L.

 THE BROTHERS.

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF COMMODUS.

THE two Roman youths, Maximus and Condiānus, left their proud, imperial city, to seek the more philosophic Athens. Here they together pursued their literary labors in the schools of philosophy and classic learning, afar from the noise and tumult of their native Rome. All the precepts they here gained remained with them, and, when they departed from the quiet retreats of study, guided them in the active pursuits of life. Though called at times to serve in public, they rejoiced when they could leave their stations, and, retiring to Athens, devote themselves to intellectual improvement.

One morning, while both were quietly gathering delight from the pages of Homer, a knock at the door was heard, and immediately a slave entered, clad in soiled and tattered garments. His looks indicated extreme toil and suffering; his countenance was pale and haggard, his eyes bloodshot, his hair, which appeared as if it were once glossy and black, was now dishevelled and matted.

For a long time he gazed on the students without uttering a syllable.

Maximus, but a year older than his beloved brother, observing that the intruding stranger was not inclined to speak, and being somewhat vexed that a slave should thus disturb them, spoke to him:—“Slave,” said he, “what bringest thou hither? what is thy errand? Speak, and let me know what thou wouldst have.”

The slave answered not the young student, but bent his knitted brow steadfastly on him, and murmured something in an inarticulate tone. Maximus turned his head; a light touch on his shoulder caused him to start instantly from his seat. “Villain!” cried he, overcome by surprise and anger, “depart hence. This is no place for vagabonds like thyself. Depart, and trouble us no more.” The slave hesitated to obey.

“What! dost thou yet linger? Hasten, I tell thee, or thou wilt suffer what thy obstinacy demands, and what my just anger shall bestow.” The slave smiled, as if careless of threats. Again he shook his uncombed locks, and again murmured indistinctly. “Let me hear thee,” said Maximus, in a milder tone; “if any thing thou hast to say, speak quickly, that I may know; but if not, depart hence instantly.”

“Brother,” said Condianus, surprised at hearing Maximus so angrily addressing the stranger, “brother, be not enraged against him. Undoubtedly he has a mission from some friend for us, and therefore let us hear him. Stranger, what is thy name and object? Speak out; no one will harm thee.” Encouraged by the mildness of the younger brother, the slave turned towards him with a countenance lighted up with animation and confidence.

“I bear fearful news. I know you, and what most intimately concerns you—something, (oh! must I tell it? something which demands your instant attention.”

The brothers turned eagerly towards him. "Let us hear from thee what thou knowest concerning us." "Ah, my masters! you will now condescend to hear one, a slave though he be," he uttered in a sarcastic tone, as if proud of the victory he had gained. "Well, well, ye are young now, but, I fear, it is a hard blow for you. Enjoying yourselves here in study and seclusion, you feel not what is going on without. But will you hear this menial slave utter the words of truth? for truth alone am I about to tell you." Having seated the poor man near them, they waited impatiently for his tidings. As he was commencing, the entrance of a companion in their literary occupations interrupted his narrative. He was invited to revisit them that evening, when they could listen to him.

Evening came, and the stars one by one began to show their twinkling orbs. The brothers had early sought their room, waiting anxiously for their unknown visiter. Not a word passed between them; each was silently retracing the events of the day.

The slave soon entered. "Ah," said he, "why are ye melancholy now? Hear me and ye shall have cause for grief." Condianus turned upon him his dark, piercing eye, and motioned him to be seated. He obeyed, and, securing the attention of the students, began:—"My tale is brief; it concerns you both. Know you not Commodus, who now wields the sceptre of Rome? But a month has elapsed since he put inhumanly to death Rome's noblest Senator. His cruelty has desolated the city, and with an unrelenting ferocity is he daily sacrificing innocent Romans to his suspicious fury. Oh! mighty Rome, where now is thy splendor, and whither has thy glory departed? No longer can the proud city be called free; despots hold her sceptre; tyranny and oppression prevail in the place of the freedom and happi-

ness our fathers once possessed. Oh, Commodus! may a fit death terminate thy infamous and brutal life! But I am to acquaint you, my masters, with one of the acts of this weak and merciless tyrant. Know then, (imperious necessity demands it from me,) that Commodus, who rules as if all men were his slaves or his enemies, has condemned your father, Quintilius, to death. I am Cyanthus, his slave, and have come to bring you this unhappy news. The tyrant's decrees are irrevocable, and die my master must in his innocence. In innocence, Maximus and you Condianus,—for ye must not think that absence has obliterated your names from my memory,—in innocence, without even a suspicion of wrong, he dies. You can save him, but it may cost you much. If you will abide by my directions, we may accomplish our purpose. Not a moment should we lose; every hour is bringing his life nearer to a close, and narrowing the means of his escape. Maximus, are you willing to take a slave's advice and counsel? Condianus, will you sacrifice your ease to save a fond father? Accept my counsel, and the gods go with us."

The astonished youths started from their seats. "Are thy words true?" "Oh Maximus," said the younger, mingled passions inciting him to instant action, "our father doomed to death by this cruel tyrant, and we here in ease and comfort—it may not be—let us haste to Rome. Cyanthus, how can we save him?" Condianus spoke resolutely; the news of his father's condition had armed him with sudden daring, and prepared him to peril every thing. "Brother," returned the elder, "hitherto have we been ever united,—let us still move in the same path. Delay is ruin. This night should find us on our way to Rome." This was immediately determined, and the three left Athens, with all possible quietness and secrecy.

Commodus was seated in his palace ; his counsellors were around him, devising means for effecting the death of those of whom they were jealous or fearful, and offering to him whatever appeared best suited for their purposes, as most contributing to the interest or dignity of the empire. This emperor was incited to acts of cruelty, not so much by his own depraved appetite, as by the artifices of these men, who guided their weak dupe into such measures, till sentence of death was pronounced on innumerable innocent victims, with the callousness of habit. The reader of Roman history passes with mingled horror and shame over the record of his wicked and inhuman brutality. Weak, cruel, relentless — how thoroughly the reverse of his mild, benevolent, beloved father!

While the emperor was thus in conference with his counsellors, a slave approached, and, bowing submissively before him, announced the presence of an officer. "Admit him," said the emperor ; and a youth, of dignified, lofty bearing, and a countenance of manly beauty and resolution, approached. He was marked by the firm, martial step, the commanding mien of one wont to rule. "What is thy mission?" asked the emperor. The officer bowed: "Sire, years have rolled by since I last came to Rome. I have been Rome's faithful subject. Your foes, the Germans, are now subdued ; and I, my lord, inform you we have gained a signal victory over them. This I come to declare to you."

"We are pleased to learn," returned the emperor, "that our foes are vanquished ; and for the part you acted accept our thanks. We cannot now hear the particulars of the war, as more urgent business requires our time for the present." The dissatisfied young officer knit his brow: "But, Sire, I would speak with you on business which demands immediate attention. Grant

me a hearing. If you would know what concerns yourself and your people, permit me to stay. I must speak to you privately and instantly, and I entreat you to dismiss your ministers." The emperor, apprehensive that his own cruelty had already excited public indignation against him, and thinking the young officer came in time to warn him, bade his counsellors retire, and then stood ready to hear the news concerning himself.

"Commodus," said the youth, "I have rejoiced, but now I weep. You have changed my joy into mourning. There was a noble knight, once free and happy; now deprived of his liberty, and doomed, innocent though he be, to an ignominious death. Sire, I know him well. Guilt dwells not within his heart. Beloved by all Rome's citizens, his death, I fear, must excite them to unlawful acts. It is not on my account alone I ask you to release him, but because your own power will be hazarded, and Rome revolutionized. Who would not deplore the carnage and slaughter of her citizens, her streets flowing with human blood? Commodus, you can prevent this. I ask—I warn you to set him free."

The last words were uttered in a firm, monitory tone, which startled the weak monarch. "And who is he that speaks to me thus? And whom would you have me liberate?" he inquired, inwardly trembling, with a semblance of firmness.

"I would have," replied the stranger, "Quintilius set free. He was wrongfully imprisoned, and by your decree he soon dies. I appeal to you, as Rome's emperor, as the protector of her rights, the avenger of her wrongs, let him not perish. He has two sons, who have done service to the empire,—for their sakes I entreat you to spare him. As for myself, it matters not who or what I am."

"I may not gratify thee," returned Commodus. "He has violated his duty to his country. Already has he refused obedience to my mandates; he merits no milder punishment than death; and death shall be inflicted on him and all like him."

"But will you receive no ransom for him?" asked the officer; "surely, Sire, it is a hard and stern law which requires that an innocent man should suffer. I have met a peasant, and so ardently does he love him, that he avows his willingness to die for him. Is there then no pity in your bosom? Have you no regard for human life? May then the gods avenge his death.—What say you, my lord, will you liberate him, and let all Rome rejoice, or murder him, and put all Rome in tears?"

"What I have said, may not be recalled. By to-morrow's evening he dies, so trouble me no more." The emperor had appointed the time, and was not to be moved by entreaty or menace.

Shortly after, he was passing through the streets of Rome on his way to the Capitol. Cyanthus, the slave, approached him, and, mean as he was in his apparel, made bold to speak. "Emperor Commodus," said he, "this writing was put into my hand by a peasant, who directed me to give it you, requesting you at the same time to read it. Commodus opened it and read the following:—

"TO COMMODUS, EMPEROR, GREETING.

"To-morrow, by your edict, dies one dear to Rome. I entreat you, pardon him freely. If you will not, at least let another die for him.

"INFELIX."

"What means this?" cried the enraged monarch; "who wishes Commodus to change his decrees? What I have commanded, shall be executed. Tell me, base menial, who delivered this into thy hands, and dared send such an insolent letter to the emperor? Speak, or die in thine obstinacy."

"Emperor Commodus," said Cyanthus, "I know not. As I passed along the street, I heard a voice calling out to me, and hastened my steps to learn what was desired. A countryman, — for such he appeared to be, — delivered into my hands this letter, ordering me to present it to the emperor. I took it; and, receiving a sesterce, went in pursuit of you. This is my plain story."

"No;" said the emperor, soliloquizing rather from a resolve just fixed in his own mind, than in answer to the slave, "no; he shall die. I will permit no one to offer his life for the deliverance of this man. Rome and my whole empire shall see that Commodus is true to his duty. Tears and entreaties shall not move me."

"Emperor Commodus," interrupted Cyanthus, "I have heard that Quintilius is sentenced to die. I am his slave! I love him, and oh! if you will but spare him, his slave will offer up to you his own life. Think of his two sons, who were valued above all price by the Antonines, and who are loved by all, having faithfully served Rome as consuls, and who have gloriously conquered the barbarous Germans. Ask any Roman citizen of the Quintilian brothers, and he will tell you they are the pride of the city, united in their studies, pursuits, and pleasures, and exerting all their means to promote the highest good of the empire. Save, then, Oh save the father."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished emperor, wondering at the zeal and interest manifested by three supplicants of such different ranks, in the life of him who was

to die on the morrow, — “and wilt thou yield thy life also? Where are his sons? — perhaps,” he said, with a fiendish sneer, “they too will die for him. But I would not pardon him, were the city itself offered as a ransom. Slave, begone; thy master shall die; there is no escape for him.” — And the emperor pushed away the slave, and proceeded hastily to the Capitol.

The day, on which the father of the two students, — (for such study and seclusion from all active engagements of life had of late made them,) was to suffer, arrived, and preparations, by the immediate order of the emperor, were made for the exhibition of the barbarous spectacle. The hours flew rapidly on; Quintilius awaited his fate with a calmness which the trembling and self-torturing Commodus himself had of late been far from possessing; his soul was discomposed by no pangs of remorse, no remembrances of guilt, no fear of death. Multitudes had already assembled to witness the execution of the unjust and merciless edict of their cruel monarch upon the noble knight. Even the emperor himself took care to stand near, to secure the prompt and faithful performance of the sentence he had pronounced. Quintilius, with a stern, manly brow and firm step, was led forth. He looked upon the surrounding multitude, but was prohibited from addressing them, for fear of its effect on the excited populace. When the order was given, he with perfect quietness permitted his executioners to enter on their task. The moment had arrived. All was ready, and nothing but the nod of the emperor was wanting to sever the head from the body.

There was a movement at this moment among the crowd, and immediately a young man, in the accoutrements of a general of a legion, rushed to the place of

execution. "Stop! suspend the blow," he cried in a loud, eager tone. "Spare this innocent victim. Have I then supplicated you in vain? Did I not pray you to save him, for the sake of his two innocent and faithful sons? I that spoke to you then, and who now speak to you, I am his son. Oh! save him, save him! Release him, or let me die with him."

"And I," said the disguised Condianus, who now approached the emperor, "the peasant who besought you by letter to save him, am his son. Do not let us look upon the cruel death of an innocent and fond parent. What were life to us thus bereaved of him? Brother," he continued, turning to Maximus, "let us die with him. If the relentless tyrant suffer the axe to fall on him, let us willingly kneel that it may at the same moment descend upon us. Innocence shall be martyr to the cause of innocence."

The tyrant was furious at the interruption. He remembered the entrance of the officer into his palace, and the letter of the peasant. The mystery was now solved. Any heart but that of Commodus must have given way to such an appeal. But with him the struggle was slight. Anger and cruelty of course gained the ascendancy over every thing like compassion and sympathy, and, ere the multitude were acquainted with the meaning of the scene, the two brothers had suffered with the father. "They loved in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided." Their memory long lived in the hearts of the Roman people, and the remembrance of their suffering aided to incense them against its blood-thirsty author, and hastened the time when a most laudable conspiracy terminated his infamous existence.

D. Y. L.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

I CANNOT heal that green gold breast,
 Where deep those cruel teeth have prest,
 Nor bid thee rear that ruffled crest,

And seek thy mate,
 Who sits alone within his nest,
 Nor sees thy fate.

No more with him, in summer hours,
 Thou'lt hum amid the leafy bowers,
 Nor sip at morn the dewy flowers
 To feed thy young,
 Nor seek, when evening darkly lowers,
 Thy nest high-hung.

No more thou'lt know a mother's care,
 The honied spoils at eve to share,
 Nor teach thy tender brood to dare
 With upward spring
 Their path through sunny fields of air,
 On new-fledged wing.

For thy return in vain shall wait
 Thy tender young, thy fond, fond mate,
 Till night's last stars beam forth full late
 On their sad eyes;
 Unseen alas! thy cruel fate!
 Unheard thy cries!

I.

TO A LADY,

IN RETURN FOR AN ARTIFICIAL ROSE-BUD.

LADY, with eager hand I lift
 The offering laid on Friendship's shrine,
 Not for itself I prize the gift,
 But that the gift is thine.

Not for itself — but that there lingers
 Around each tinted leaf a charm
 Inwoven by thy fairy fingers, —
 Of feeling fresh and warm.

Not for itself, — for oh ! there breathes
 No perfume from its cunning fold ;
 Each fair green leaf that round it wreathes
 Is lifeless, changeless, cold.

I culled a rose of living frame, —
 O how unpaired the queenly flowers !
 Like England's coldest, proudest dame,
 By some bright girl of ours.

Yet, as I gazed upon the twain,
 Some few fond words broke forth to air ;
 O scorn not thou the humble strain,
 A poet's simple prayer !

May Fate, where'er her mandate calls,
 Keep thee like each sweet flower I view,
 Make thee as changeless as the false,
 As lovely as the true.

ELAH.

SONNET.

TO ———.

How wilt thou feel, my friend, at sixty years?
 Will nature seem to wear a lovely form,
 The glorious sun with radiance new and warm
 Shine on thy cheek unfurrowed o'er with tears?
 Will mirth yet linger on a smiling brow,
 As sweet a perfume breathe around the flower,
 As fresh a garland deck the green-wood bower,
 The robin chirp as merrily as now?
 Or will thine earth-ward glances all be cold,
 And with a pilgrim's yearning for his home,
 Or caged sea-bird's for his ocean-foam,
 To the deep heavens thy tearful eyes be rolled,
 Fixed steadfastly upon the quiet sky,
 Where all thy hopes and all thy wishes lie?

S. T. H.

 ANCIENT SOURCES OF COLLEGE REVENUES.

"UNDERGRADUATES shall in their course repeat at least the heads of the forenoon and afternoon sermons on the Lord's Day evenings in the hall; and such as are delinquent shall be punished by the President or one of the Tutors, not exceeding three shillings.

"No Undergraduate shall keep a gun or pistol in the College, or any where in Cambridge; nor shall he go a gunning, fishing, or scating over deep waters, without leave from the President or one of the Tutors, under the penalty of three shillings. And if any Scholar shall fire a gun or pistol within the College walls, yard, or near the College, he shall be fined not exceeding ten shillings, or be admonished, degraded, or expelled, according to the aggravation of the offence."

From Peirce's History.

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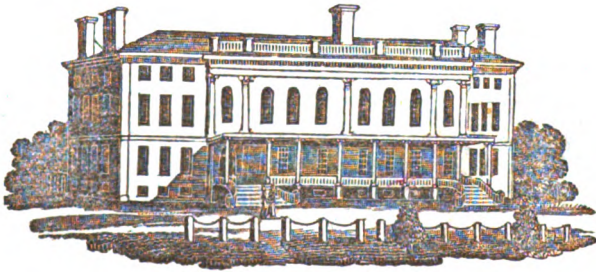
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JULY—AUGUST.

H A R V A R D I A N A .

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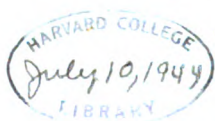
" Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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No. XI.

SARTOR RESARTUS, in three Books. James Munroe & Co. Boston. 1836.

THE contents of a small volume, with the above title, were first given to the world, a few years since, as the Preface represents, in successive numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*. Thomas Carlyle, undoubtedly the author, is yet a young man, but has made himself known to the world, by a finely written *Life of Schiller*, and several articles in the late *British Reviews*, among which may be mentioned, as displaying great richness and depth of thought, those on "Characteristics," and the "Life of Burns," in the *Edinburgh*, and on "Goethe," in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

The present work professes to be a Commentary upon a late German publication, bearing the following title, "*Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken (Clothes, their Origin and Influence) : von Diog. Teufelsdröckh, J. U. D., etc. Stillschweigen und Co^{gnie}. Weissnichtwo, 1833.*" It requires, however, no great depth of penetration to discover that the account of Herr von Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and the origin of his wonderful Clothes-Philoso-

phy, is all downright humbug, and that the pretended Commentator himself is, really and truly, the only father of the Clothes-Philosophy. The German scholar, when he recognises in the term "Weiss-nicht-wo," the English synonyme "I know not when," and in the name of the irreproachable firm "Stillschweigen und Co." Silence and Company, will readily conclude, that the Clothes-Philosophy of our famous Weiss-nicht-wo Professor, was published at some mystical "Nowhere," by some silent "Nobody," and had its only existence in the cunning brain of the assumed Commentator.

Having discussed and decided concerning the mysterious and perhaps illegitimate nativity of the Clothes-Philosophy, let us attempt some analysis of its substance and composition. We would first, however, premise, that the author, not content with fathering his bantling upon some fancied "Professor of Things in General," and German "Doctor Utroque Jure," has also, (for the sake we suppose of strengthening the pretence of its German origin,) so plentifully interlarded his pages with the jargon of German idioms, that some have only opened the book to close it in despair. We would here say for encouragement, that as the strangeness disappears, the language not only ceases to offend, but at last becomes even pleasing.

Under the allegorical garb, which our Professor has seen fit to assume, lies, though sometimes almost completely hidden, a mine of pure feeling and deep thought. To some few minds, we confess, the covering seems utterly to have concealed the real substance, so that the inimitable Clothes-Philosophy has been mistaken for a mere essay on Tailors and Dandies, but, to the patient and careful reader it has, we trust, suggested many new ideas, and been the source, not only of much delight, but of lasting advantage.

The Clothes-Philosophy is by no means the only subject which occupies the mind of our author; every variety of topic seems by turns to engage his attention. Now, he dives into the annals of the dim past; now, he regards with pitying sorrow the imperfections of the present; now, glancing at the future, he looks onward, with seer-like vision, to the progressive improvement and the final perfection of man.

The following extract, as it contains the essence of the Clothes-Philosophy, will, perhaps, best introduce our account of the work. "All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken is not there at all; matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea, and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the king's mantle downwards, are emblematic, not of want, only, but of a manifold, cunning victory over want.* On the other hand, all emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven. Must not the imagination weave garments, visible bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our reason are, like spirits, revealed, and first become all-powerful; the rather if, as we often see, the hand too aid her, and (by wool-clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye?" Truly speaks the Herr von Tenfelsdröckh, when he says, "all visible things are emblems." Yon tree, which spreads forth its arms to heaven, and opens its tender leaflets to the cool night-breeze, which produces every year a thousand seeds, whence spring a progeny of infant saplings; what is it but the *bodying* forth of principles,—of forces? Take away that living principle which gives it expansion and generation, and it lies an inactive clod. The body of man is but the *Clothing* of his spirit; a something which gives visibility and expression to the

divine essence within ; and even ideas are merely the *thought-woven* vestures of soul, by which she communicates herself to others, and gives form and action to her own intelligence. Is not Watt's steam-engine an idea embodied, a something which was first communicated spiritually, but now materially ? Thus noble and glorious is the view which the Clothes-Philosophy spreads before us ; thus ample, yea, almost illimitable, is the field which it offers for speculation ! But *most* divine is our author's system of anthropology. Hear the following. — "To the eye of vulgar logic what is man ? An omnivorous biped that wears breeches. To the eye of pure reason what is he ? A soul, a spirit, and divine apparition. Round his mysterious *Me*, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a garment of flesh (or of senses), con-textured in the loom of heaven ; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in *Union and Division* ; and sees and fashions for himself a universe, with azure, starry spaces, and long thousands of years. Deep hidden is he under that strange garment ; amid sounds and colors and forms ; as it were, swathed in, and inextricably overshrouded ; yet is it sky-woven and worthy of a God."

Abstracted, insulated from his brother man, and enwrapt in his own thoughts, like some air god from the clouds, looks down our Professor upon the denizens of earth, and scans their varying characters. With that sublime spirit of radicalism, which considers all men equal, he divests mankind of all external circumstances, — the contingencies of matter ; — he takes from the King his crown and his purple, from the peasant his rags and his hardships, and views each as a spirit, — an emanation, — a breath — equally, of the Eternal Mind. He not only ascribes to man a finite nature of body and life, "a living garment," woven in the "Loom of Time," but an infinite and im-

mortal, — an inspiration, — a god within, and the more brilliantly burns forth the divine fire of the soul, the more is man purified, refined, and advanced to the ultimate perfection of his nature. The two natures of man, the finite and the infinite, the material and the spiritual, are battling for the mastery, and there is no peace, till the spiritual and heavenly gain the victory: "For," says the Professor, "the God-given mandate, *Work thou in well doing*, lies mysteriously written, in Promethean, prophetic characters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted gospel of freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve, — must there not be a confusion, a contest, before the better influence can become the upper?" And in those, in whom this better influence has prevailed, how worship we the divine impression of the Godhead, how reverence we the awful beauty of holiness and heaven in the soul of man! Unhappy are we, if the celestial light of holiness has never burst forth in our hearts, with its immortal radiance!

The Herr von Teufelsdröckh has the extraordinary good-sense, as well as hardihood, to dare an opposition against many of the approved and fashionable follies of the day. In speaking of duelling, the author makes use of the following remarkable language. "With respect to duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Two little visual spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the *unfathomable*, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon, — make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; whirl round; and simultaneously, by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into dissolution; and

offhand become air, and non extant! Deuce on it (verdammt!) the little spit fires! — Nay, I think, with old Hugo von Trimberg: ‘God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous mannikins here below.’” In a no less paradoxical strain, holds forth our Professor, concerning wars and blood-spilling generally, — describing the meeting of hostile armies, he says: — “At length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxta-position; and thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word ‘Fire!’ is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor block-heads shoot.”

The spirit which has characterized, in times past, our systems of education, and which, even now, seems to prevail too extensively, excites the special malediction of the philosophic Teufelsdröckh. We allude to those systems, which make the attainment of words, — the clothing of ideas, and not ideas themselves, — the principal object; — emphatically word-systems. Of these, he thus expresses himself, in speaking of his teachers. “They were,” says he, “hide-bound pedants, without knowledge of man’s nature, or of boy’s; or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account books. Innumerable dead vocables (no dead language, for they themselves knew no language) they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate, me-

chanical gerund-grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured at Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of mind, which grows, not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological compost), but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of spirit; thought kindling itself at the fire of living thought? How shall *he* give kindling, in whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterschlag professors knew syntax enough; and of the human soul thus much; that it had a faculty called memory, and could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch-rods."

But to return more particularly to the Clothes-Philosophy of our most enigmatical Professor: in developing the principles of this system, he has thought proper to divide the world into three great classes, distinguished severally by the appellations, "Dandies," "Poor Slaves," and "Tailors" — a division, at first view, perhaps, not a little ridiculous, but well sustained and illustrated by its author. "The Dandiacal Body," the Poet of Clothes, who writes upon his person, with all the different dyes that brighten the children of the loom, a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow, whose gold chain and jewelled ring express the sole ideas of his mind, — is not the only Dandy; the readers of fashionable novels, the ephemeral rhymesters of our times, and finally all those who make *Clothes*, — externals, the object of their life, who dwell upon material beauties, without looking farther and deeper into those hidden principles, which cause nature's outward revelations, — are also classed from their analogy under the term "Dandies."

By "Poor Slaves," is intended, the incessant toilers, whom stern necessity compels, by the sweat of their brow, to procure a scanty sustenance; — those too who,

like the perishable beasts, make physical life, and animal enjoyment, their only consideration.

But to the despised title of "Tailor," he affixes emblematically, the duties of an instructor and guide, one who teaches to man the true nature, and proper use, of that clothing of external visibilities, which is necessarily appendent to every circumstance of our present condition.

We have thus endeavoured to give some imperfect idea of the Clothes-Philosophy of Herr von Teufelsdröckh, as well as of the other principal topics, of which he holds discourse. We have dwelt more particularly upon the beauty of thought, which the work contains, rather than upon the language, in which that thought is clothed, trusting, that worthy ideas, wherever found, and under whatever garb, will attract the eye and engage the attention of the thinking mind. But, we would also offer a word of recommendation for the language, in which the thoughts are couched. Some parts of the story of Teufelsdröckh's life — (a spiritual epic) — are told with attractive beauty; and the curious unison of allegory and deep truth, of mental and physical biography, cannot fail to excite the inquiring regard of the curious.

TO —

Oh! think of me when throned in the west,
 Amid his gorgeous palaces of white,
 Encircled with a coronal of light,
 The royal sun before he sinks to rest,
 Looks with a monarch's eye around the earth!
 Oh! think of me, when o'er yon mountain's head
 With noiseless step the virgin moon shall tread,

And wake the whippoorwill to joyless mirth!
 But when thy soul is borne aloft in prayer,
 Then let the whisper of a brother's name,
 Whose bosom kindles with love's holy flame,
 Blended with thine be softly uttered there.
 Such the remembrance which I ask for me,
 My thoughts, sweet one, are ever turned on thee.

S. T. H.

THE WRITINGS OF SELAH GRIDLEY.

A Dissertation on the Importance and Associability of the Human Stomach both in Health and Disease, by SELAH GRIDLEY, M. D. Montpelier, Vt. 8vo. pp. 24.

The Mill of the Muses, by SELAH GRIDLEY, M. D. Exeter. 18mo. pp. 267.

In the very few remarks we have to offer on the above works, we shall enter into no philosophical disquisitions on the subjects of which they treat, much less into any sketch of the life or eulogy on the personal character of their author, for the all-sufficient reason, that we know nothing of either. We trust, therefore, that our honest expressions of rapture at the view of his genius may be unsuspected, and in so far inoffensive.

It is to be regretted, that all our sources of information, with regard to Dr. Gridley's powers or acquirements as a physician and psychologist, are confined to a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, most of those too occupied with a detail of facts. This, however, is not entirely the case

with them ; and, in those passages in which the author furnishes comments upon and results of his observations, it is certain that he exhibits an extent of research, an intenseness of ardor in his pursuits, an ingenuity in the application of facts and the deducing of results — but, more than this, an acquaintance with the human heart and soul, and a transcendent brilliancy of imagination, every way worthy of the celestial poet he elsewhere shows himself to be.

Dr. Gridley coincides with Van Helmont, in placing the seat of sensation, and almost of the whole soul itself, in the stomach. We are not profoundly acquainted with the German philosopher ; but, if he have any where defended his hypothesis with illustrations so happy, logic so ingenious, and in a style any where approaching in vigor to what will be found in the following passage from the author we are reviewing, our veneration for him will certainly be immensely enlarged.

“But I shall assign to this wonderful part of the human system another and a nobler office. I shall consider the stomach as the seat of sensation, which, by its pains and its pleasures, is communicated to every part of the system, by means of sympathy and association. Does any one ask what constitutes the pleasure of existence ? I answer, it consists of a pleasant and easy action of the stomach and other organs immediately associated with it. When the stomach is duly excited by food, by wine, by opium, by tea, the highest degree of corporeal, moral, and mental happiness is enjoyed. * * *

“Every strong emotion of the mind is felt most powerfully at the stomach. An intelligent friend, who was in several battles during our revolutionary war, assured me, that, in those awful moments when drawn up in battle array, he felt (to use his own expression) *a dreadful whirling at the stomach*. He further assured me that

the bravest soldiers in the army uniformly told him that they experienced this distressing sensation, and felt as though the stomach was rolling over, till they became engaged in battle, when this sensation entirely ceased. Similar sensations are experienced, I believe, by every one who has felt the sudden impulse of love, fear, or terror. That unceasing sadness, that mourning without hope, which often succeeds the loss of dear and beloved friends, discovers its depressive effects upon the stomach, by impairing digestion, by diminishing its secretions, by enervating its force, and consequently by reducing the vigor of the whole system, until the lamp of life burns but dimly in its socket. Hence the propriety of that expression of Ossian: 'Sorrow wastes away the mournful, and their days are few.' It is now easy to perceive how a peculiar state of the stomach produces the soldier's courage, the mourner's sobs, and the lover's sighs.

"When I contemplate the stomach, as an organ susceptible of every sensation that can effect the human system, I feel more disposed to assign to it *the seat of the soul*, than to affix this seat in the pineal gland of Descartes. From a view of the sensibility of this wonderful organ, I am ready to exclaim, as Sterne did on sensibility itself: 'Source inexhaustible of all that is precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows, it is here we trace thee?'" — pp. 4, 5.

Dr. Gridley next appends a few observations on the universal custom of imputing to the heart what, in the words just quoted, he attaches to the stomach. He cites the following passage from Solomon — "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," — which he would amend in a manner perfectly obvious to the reader himself.

Now, whatever may be our own personal opinions on the truth of the positions maintained in the above extracts, we forbear here intruding them into our pages;

but, if there be any one, who (whatever he may think of the conclusions) refuses to pay enthusiastic homage to the originality, ingenuity, and glowing rhetoric displayed in them, who feels no "*whirling*" at the view of all, we must and do say, that such an one is to be most intensely pitied — we do in truth pity him from our very inmost — stomach.

We can no where more appropriately than in this connexion introduce the following exquisitely pathetic lines from Dr. Gridley's second work, (which we shall notice presently.) They most evidently spring from the same deep, abiding sense of the all-important faculties, functions, interests, and "associabilities" of the human stomach, which is observable in what we have above extracted. We have many times perused them alternately with Milton's "blindness," and we are really compelled to aver (as Cibber does of Shakspeare's Dramas) that we always think that best which we have last read.

"My stomach with the seat of life,
Exhausted long with toil and care,
Is tired of earthly noise and strife,
I feel a constant faintness there.

"My stomach, though the seat of joys,
Has failed — my appetite decays !
I there feel pain from every noise ;
Thus sorrow clouds my dying days.

"—— ———, may peace appear,
To make me more completely blest,
May sweet repose dry every tear,
And grace soon give eternal rest.

"Thus when my heart and flesh shall fail,
This stomach, faint, shall not be mine,
My soul shall sweet salvation hail,
And bless —— ——— so divine." — p. 170.

On such verse comment were presumptuous. The intelligent mind and the feeling "stomach" need it not.

We shall close our remarks on the first mentioned work of Dr. Gridley with a single extract.

"Every one knows the universal pleasant effects of these essential oils upon the tongue and stomach. Our intelligent citizens take away the "*grief of a wound*" from a rusty nail, by applying *fat pork*. When the remedy can be obtained, you all know the use of it in taking away the pain of hunger. They sometimes apply animal gall for the same purpose. * * *

"My philosophic hearers need not be informed of the agreeable sensations which arise when the stomach is suitably stimulated by *sugar and rum*. Such, my brethren is the beautiful symmetry of the human form!"—p. 24.

Delightful as is to us the theme on which we have thus far dwelt, we gladly turn to a yet nobler one, Dr. Gridley's poetry. And here we hardly know where to begin, and what course will be briefest and fittest for imparting to our readers some portion of the rapture with which it has passed into our souls. To show by a logical course of argument and philosophical illustration, that he is indeed "of imagination all compact," filled with that unspeakable adoration of nature, and possessed of that searching knowledge of the human heart, which help to constitute the true poet, were such a childish easy task that we are ashamed soberly to attempt it. And were we to proceed, by adducing extracts, to point out his peerless superiority in the didactic, lyric, tragic, and other classes of poetry, we suspect that the whole "*Mill of the Muses*" would be most speedily emptying itself into our glad pages. Thus embarrassed, we have deemed it infinitely best that Dr. Gridley should speak for himself; and the following brief extracts, (with the necessary

explanatory remarks,) adopted almost at random from different parts of his work, will close our observations for the present.

All of our readers remember the ancient warrior, who sighed bitterly that he could not, like Achilles, have his deeds sung by a Homer. How perfectly would his aspirations have been satisfied, could he have lived in the day of verse like the following ! (which we extract from an ode on the battle of New Orleans.)

“ Our heroes like Benjamites aimed the sure rifle,
To “ hair’s breadth ” their bullets gave death a new wing ;
Britannia’s proud boasting our cannon could stifle,
Our heroes for ever our country shall sing :
O, each man did his duty,
Words ‘ Booty and Beauty ’
With knells sadly ring.

“ The Wellington troops by their last desolation,
Bid Europe of Jackson and Orleans beware !
Britannia in tears for the brave of her nation,
Must sing their sad dirge in the tune of despair :
O, the bales of our cotton
Will not be forgotten,
Nor riflemen there.

“ Thus Mars and Minerva in Jackson were blended,
Each soldier a Vulcan made thunder now roar !
Britannia thus vanquished her warfare here ended,
In arms she revisits our country no more :
O, shout Liberty’s glory
Till Jackson is hoary,
Let all shout encore.” — p. 150.

Several other portions of Dr. Gridley’s patriotic poetry are of the highest order. Take the following from an Ode on Washington’s Birth-day.

“ A voice, as from heaven, came to call Lafayette,
Who crossed the Atlantic as Washington’s son :

A nation now pays off her national debt,
 In honor of days when such greatness begun :
 See memory half melt down the great Lafayette,
 Where Washington's sun of existence has set." — p. 118.

In the first four of the above lines is a remarkable exemplification of an art of Dr. Gridley's, somewhat rare among modern poets, by which the surprise of the reader is forced into the service of his admiration. We confess ourselves heartily sick of the rhetorical poetry of our day, in which the thought and the rhyme in any one line is perfectly obvious to every fool who has read that immediately preceding it, and wherein there is nothing to amuse by startling and delight by exciting wonder. This silly fault has been completely avoided by Dr. Gridley. What reader would have expected the quick transition by which Lafayette, Washington, and the discharger of the national debt of the poet's own day were all so blended together and eulogized in four lines. How happily completed is the rhyme, how harmoniously diversified the thought! The bard of Exeter alone could have conceived it.

We have many times attentively perused Lord Byron's ode to Napoleon. All who have done as much will bear us witness that, for grandeur of description, for power of exciting both admiring and pitying sympathy, and for adapting the sound of the verse to the sense, the noble poet might advantageously have drunk of the inspirations of the *Selah* we are reviewing. Listen —

"Ambition arose — Bonaparte was in Russia !
 Like whirlwinds his forces o'er kingdoms could ride !
 Brave Holland and Germany, Poland and Prussia,
 Each trembling saw future destruction spread wide !
 Now vast armies defeated,
 Rich Moscow completed
 Victorious pride !

" Rastapchin, despairing, produced conflagration,
 The fire raised an ocean of flames to the skies !
 Grand, awful, terrific ! spread wide desolation !
 Astonishment seized great Napoleon's eyes !
 Fire provision had wasted !
 Frosts fatal soon hasted !
 Hosts perished like flies !

" Napoleon's reign was by Wellington finished !
 Great Waterloo's battle compelled him to fly !
 Resigned he was exiled with fame undiminished,
 Intelligence vast with great mortals must die !
 O, St. Helena's breezes
 That brought on diseases
 Still waft on a sigh." — p. 158.

It is a very trite observation, which however we have
 the best of reasons for repeating in this place, that every
 poet has had his own favorite place of meditation, his tree,
 grotto, or fountain, which he has consecrated as a shrine
 for visiting admirers, to all posterity. Our Selah is not
 peculiar in this respect. He has had his spot of rest and
 thought, and most sweetly has he sung it too.

FISHERSFIELD ROAD.

" While travelling on to a brother's abode,
 A brother's affection to wake ;
 I dwell on the value of Fishersfield road,
 Along the old Sunapee lake.

" With ease to the height of the country we climb,
 And view Sugar River's sweet source,
 Which rapidly flows like the flying of time,
 And moves many mills in its course.

" O commerce, how poor are thy profits to me !
 On Exeter river I roam ;
 While trade is the life of the land and the sea,
 Eternity's ocean's my home."

Dr. Gridley is not without the other usual accompaniments of a grinder at "the Mill of the Muses." He is a poet of passion, and has sung of disappointed and divided love, in strains as sweet and pure as those of the white bird of his own "Piscataqua river."

" Once I shared this sweet enjoyment,
 Then this rainbow of my soul
 Promised peace through life's employment
 Which I thought none would control.

* * *

" Power produced a separation
 By authority o'er youth !
 Where is now my consolation,
 While I write the mournful truth ?

* * *

" Must I wander round creation,
 Far from worth so half divine ?
 Power of all our mighty nation,
 Cannot conquer love like mine." — p. 82.

But the passion and melancholy of our Selah was by no means of that morbid kind which haunts such souls as that of Childe Harold. It could not even induce him to permit his imagination to fly beyond what a somewhat rigid morality taught him were its rightful bounds. In his "Ode to Melancholy," he says,

" Yes, as a poet, I *might* men deceive,
 Pretend to see what is not to be seen,
 Paint phantoms, where some giddy heads conceive
 Each boy a king, and every girl a queen." — p. 96.

We insert the following as an affecting specimen of deep and truly poetical sensibility, accompanied with exquisite art in its expression.

“ *May you, my loved and my once loving daughter,
Always be blest though my bed is the water,
Resting from hatred from love and from strife ;
You, my dear Mary, have seen me in anguish,
Gone from me and left me when lovelorn to languish,
Ruin has followed and finished my life !
If the great deep holds the form that receives it,
Dear is the wave that sees woe and relieves it :
Love was less kind and that comfort denied ;
Endless as time shall each pitying tide
Yield a sad proof how your father has died.*” — p. 192.

The heart-melting second line of the above refers to something unknown to us in the character or history of the poet. In one of his other pieces there is a similar allusion :

“ *God of all mercy, remember my daughters,
Rest I must find in the deep rolling waters.*” — p. 206.

We must indulge in a remark on one or two of the prominent and what many would be disposed to term the distinguishing merits of such of Dr. Gridley's poetry — we mean its *substantial* character. Those who discern the essence of poetry in ornamental language and pretty images, clothing any thoughts or no thoughts, as the case may be, fitted to amuse without instructing, and please without improving, will find themselves very far from home in the “*Mill of the Muses.*” Dr. Gridley views true poetry as something infinitely higher than this in its character and its ends ; and his verse is the outpouring, not of a rhyming dictionary, but of a soul ; a soul, moved by sublime and pure and holy feeling, and longing after the improvement and progress of the spirits to which it

speaks ; its purpose is to purify and elevate them, by something more than "decorated language in metre," elegant similes, or grand and fearful images.

Neither does he deem poetry fitted to deal only with passion and madness, the darker feelings and the lower propensities of our nature. He is no silly falsely termed philosophical misanthrope, who fancies himself born only to sigh at his own woes and hardships, and rail at "the world's rank breath," ferociously delighted to fasten upon its lusts and passion and malice, and hurl scorn and defiance both at its censures and its sympathies. Our poet is, it is true, by no means destitute of a just perception of human sorrows and weaknesses and wrongs ; but he surveys them not with sublime and unearthly indifference, or a stupid, Byronic bitterness and despair, or an effeminate simpering at the whole ; but with manly pity and solemn and resolute determination to heal them, so far as may be. It has been somewhere most happily observed, that a mind purified by its own holy feelings is in fact best fitted to understand and point out the workings of hearts most averse from holiness, and the remark is pertinent in the case of Dr. Gridley. His is indeed the poetry of passion, but it is the representative of "persons impassioned," and not of "passions personified." He, indeed, tries searchingly the human soul, and the darker features of our nature stand portrayed in fearful relief in his verse ; but he imparts to the beholder his own just view of them, and never suffers him to come out from the wonder-working "Mill of the Muses" more vexed and dissatisfied with himself and the world around him than when he entered.

Nor, in the third place, can Dr. Gridley be esteemed one of those petty minds who is eaten up in his dear self, and fancies that poetry is a fit vehicle for ceaseless showings forth of the personal sentimentalities and suffer-

ings, beauties and deformities of the poet. The celestial rhapsody upon "my stomach," quoted a few pages back, and a few other short pieces, are the only instances in which he introduces himself to our view. He commands, and almost the living forms of Washington, Lafayette, Napoleon, Alexander appear before us; the demons of the human heart come at his bidding: but "the mighty enchanter who summons and moves the whole is invisible," and his existence only to be discerned in his deeds of wonder.

We have thus mentioned what we deem to be the distinguishing characteristics of the poetry of this work. The first of them, viz. that it presents to the reader thoughts, truth, sound instruction, and not merely a beautiful succession of meaningless sounds, we deem the most important, and must be permitted to illustrate it by a brief extract.

" All winds have their causes in currents of heat,
Made suddenly, often spread ruin complete !
As heat reigns unequal cold air rushes in,
Storms, whirlwinds, tornadoes and tempests begin."

p. 204.

In simplicity, sublimity, sweetness and truth, and all else in the poetical that helps to impart rapture and instruction, we hold the following unsurpassed by any thing in the English tongue.

O N P A P E R .

" *With paper man's wisdom is mostly displayed,
In letters on paper much love is conveyed ;
Love travels on paper with every mail,
Like sunbeams to darkness, where doubts may prevail.
In friendship, in business, in records of state,
All contracts on paper must stand with the great.
Most permanent proof must on paper appear,*

Law founds her best justice on evidence here.
Each truth of the Bible on paper is given,
With paper rise ladders like Jacob's to heaven,
If angels on paper should write sins we love,
Such proof might exclude us from mansions above."
 p. 226.

We have done—done with striving to impress “on paper” these life-giving “breathings of a soul divine”—done with troubling our readers by our dry comments upon them;—and we now only call upon them, for the last time, to give ear to the dying notes of the sweet swan of Exeter.

LAST MOVEMENT OF THE MILL OF THE MUSES.

“The Mill of the Muses, the public's forever,
 The last grist is grinding at Exeter falls;
 Its slow wheel moves down to Piscataqua river,
 And wealth to vast works of utility calls.

“Like Exeter's stream in its silent meanders,
 The force dries away when the Mill needs its power,
 Which ground for the people the bran of their slanders,
 And put up for virtue some superfine flour.

* * *

“The tide of my life, like the tide-moving ocean,
 Here finds a fixed limit,—here moves to retire;
 Seeks blessings eternal to mortals by motion,
 Till oceans shall rest, and till GENIUS expire.”

pp. 263, 264.

We shudder to contemplate the fearfully glorious height of mingled ecstasy and awe, to which the souls of our readers are by this time raised. We would not for worlds that a single word of our own should precipitate their descent from it—and tremblingly we leave the subject.

Ware's Sunday Library. Vol. IV. *Sketch of the Reformation.* Boston. James Munroe & Co. 1836.

WE are glad to see another number of this valuable series of publications, which has thus far proved as creditable to their Editor, as to the individual authors of them. We have long been in want of some such works, presenting in a more attractive and commodious form, and with freedom from sectarian spirit, subjects of the greatest importance, and especially adapted to the young. The present volume contains a concise, but clear and connected history of the rise, progress, and final establishment of the Reformation in Switzerland, Germany, England, and Scotland. The characters and influence of Zwingle and Luther, Wickliffe and Patrick Hamilton, the "morning stars of the Reformation," together with those who took a less prominent, but scarcely less efficient part in propagating and establishing the great principles, in defence of which they cheerfully sacrificed their present interests, and, if necessary, their lives, are described in a simple but forcible and impressive style. We shall not select extracts, for we trust the work is within the reach of all our readers,—it is sufficient to say that it fully sustains the reputation of the numbers that have preceded it, and we have risen from the perusal of it with obligations to its author, and gratitude to the editor to whom we are indebted for this valuable acquisition to our literature, as well as for the similar, and not less valuable series, entitled "Scenes and Characters," &c. Works of this character are to be looked upon as valuable, not only for the important instruction they communicate, but for the influence they exert upon our literature. They serve to do away with the false notion that books of a light and exciting character, as tales and romances,

are the only ones that can be popular among the young. It is an absurd and pernicious error, that stories about witches and fairies are more fit for the nursery and youth than those which are founded in truth and reality, which convey solid instruction to the mind, while they develope and refine the affections. Literature should not be purely intellectual either. If we would have it permanent, we must have it built upon the basis of moral culture. The richest and most valuable materials of literature lie within the moral province, the province of moral associations. There have been those indeed who have distinguished themselves in the literary world, who have not been eminent for moral worth. Among such is Lord Byron ; but it must be remembered that moral culture does not necessarily imply moral worth. Moral culture embraces moral associations in the mind ; moral worth implies the reduction of those associations to actual practice. But the homage has always been so far paid to the moral department of the mind, that those authors, who have made use of moral sentiments only for literary purposes, have made the most liberal use of them here. The finest passages are those which relate to the sentiments of generous friendship, humanity, magnanimity, and the other moral virtues ; nay, they have generally soared into the regions of transcendental morality and religion.

The truth is, the moral field is plainly the one in which literature has its widest and largest range. One reason of which is, that all mankind are furnished with the elements of those feelings which are aroused and delighted by a moral literature. Those poets can be read with delight in every language, and in every age, who touch the topics of moral and religious feeling with a natural and powerful hand. What has consigned Lucretius, the Tacitus of poets, to comparative obscurity by the side of the Mantuan bard, but that he has selected for the topic

of his exquisite numbers a subject of a decidedly anti-religious character, while the other has delighted us with the story of the pious Æneas, and with scenes of kind and generous sympathy and affection. It is a moral tale, adorned with the finest powers of imagination, and wanting only the benefit of a higher moral system than was allotted to a heathen mind, to have shunned the moral defects with which it is chargeable.

A moral literature, again, has the highest claims to the preference of intellectual talent on account of the universally impressive and exciting character of the associations it presents. Every department of literature calls upon us for the exercise of the principle of association. This is perhaps one of the most powerful and in its operation the most imperceptible and mysterious agent of the mind. It unites itself in some way with every object and incident of life, influences every act of perception and contemplation, and, as it were by a hidden veil, gives hue to every thought and emotion. The poet appeals to it, in his creations of fancy, and his touching descriptions of outward nature. He furnishes us imagination, we must supply associations. The sublimity or meanness of a subject depends upon the associations it is adapted to excite. Of what avail the dignity and majesty of Milton's versification, had he devoted it to an epic upon a worthless and insignificant topic, as for instance a miserable character of history. A long poetical effusion upon a vulgar theme is revolting, because of the meanness and want of dignity in the associations; and what else is it, that gives dignity and pathos to the same exercise of talent upon such subjects as the falls of Niagara, the ocean, the snow-capt chain of the Alps or Andes, but the elevation and importance of the associations we involuntarily connect with all sublime objects of nature?

Now in this view, what can compare with the pregnancy and plenitude and power of moral topics? With what has all mankind associations so elevating and important? They come home with intense interest to every heart; they possess a pathos that every breast responds to. If we observe attentively what most moves and delights us in the paintings of external nature, we shall find it is that which appeals to, and arouses most forcibly, moral and religious sentiments within us. The roar of the cataract, or the heaving billows of the ocean, the thunder's peal, and the raging tempest, whatever is most grand and sublime in nature, all address themselves mainly to our moral feelings. Nor is this peculiar to scenes of sublimity and grandeur; it is equally true of the most admired forms of beauty and loveliness. Whoever therefore neglects the culture of his moral nature, will remain to the same extent a stranger to the highest charms of the outward universe. Nature reveals herself fully and completely only to that capacity of pure and refined perception, which is the foundation and essential element of true taste.

A moral literature, we would say lastly, has especial claims to the preference of intellectual talent at the present day, because the progress of society has plainly given a more determined predilection to the *useful*, in the minds of men, upon all subjects. Songs addressed to ladies' eyebrows, and the like, are no longer in vogue; even fancy itself has acquired an utilitarian character from the habits of the public mind. Imagination may soar to its loftiest flights, and explore the untrodden regions of upper or nether worlds; but it is a vain and profitless excursion to the modern reader, if it bring nothing useful down. Fancy spreads her wings for a thankless service, if from her flowers and landscapes there arises no perfume of practical virtue. The ten-

dency of every thing at the present day is towards the practical. The cry is for visible, tangible utility. The field of literature may no longer extend itself over the boundless regions from which Virgil drew his gods and goddesses, and Pope his sylphs and gnomes; it must be restricted now within the bounds of truth; must submit itself to the accurate touchstone of practical utility. Here then is the very point at which a moral literature should come in, for this is the only literature that deals with things as they are, the only one that is conscientious, that seeks after truth. Accordingly that of the present age is beginning to be of a higher and purer stamp, and abounds more in books absolutely useful. What has raised our Martineaus, our Edgeworths, our Mores, our Hamiltons to eminence, but the direction of their talents to topics of utility?

N.

POOR TOM.

Ah! Tom was once a careless lad,
 Prime, bold, and merry, — seldom sad,
 Who loved a frolic, good or bad,
 A bottle and cigar;
 His very visage made you glad,
 Seen, like the moon, afar.

His purse was light, — his heart was too,
 And ever joyous, warm, and true;
 His cash and wit alike he threw
 With liberal soul away.
 Alack! Poor Tom nor recked nor knew
 What brought the coming day.

A happy heart was all his store,
 And Tom can know that heart no more ;
 "A worm is gnawing at its core,"

At least, so Tom avers.
 And even the rind is given o'er,—
 "It is not mine but *hers*."

A pair of bright, black, laughing eyes,
 Beaming like stars in winter skies,
 When orb with orb in lustre vies
 To charm the frozen earth,—
 Poor Tom! they seized him by surprise,
 They checked his flowing mirth.

Gone, gone the merry quirk, and quip,
 No more the wink he loves to tip,—
 He prattleth of a ruby lip,
 Red cheek, and flowing hair ;
 He daily patronizeth Snip,—
 He strummeth a guitar.

They 've ruined him—those two black eyes—
 They 've made poor Tom to poetize !
 'T would break your heart to hear his sighs
 About the world's sad frown ;
 He 's given much to Byronize,
 He wears his dickey down.

"His lofty soul is yet unbowed,
 His spirit walks not with the crowd,
 His thoughts are gathered in a shroud,
 His heart is chilled, not broke ;—
 His mind is wrapped, as in a cloud,"
 (So is his head—in smoke.)

Poor Tom! I'm not much used to flatter,
 I often ask him what's the matter,
 And tell the fool that sighing at her
 Is not the way to win;
 His pining, too, has made him fatter,—
 Poor Tom was never thin.

Unhappy Tom! my heart is torn
 With anguish for thy state forlorn;
 O'erclouded is thy life's glad morn,
 Diseased thy youth's sweet prime; —
 Fever with ague *may* be borne,
 But never love with rhyme.

S.

THE INDIAN GRADUATE.

THE approach of the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University gives additional interest to the slightest circumstances connected with its history. The early settlers of Massachusetts have been deservedly praised for their wisdom, energy, and generosity, in establishing Harvard College within six years from the settlement of Boston. Their truly catholic spirit was, however, in nothing so conspicuous, as in the pains they took to make scholars even among the Indians. Our fathers desired that the red man should taste of the spring of knowledge and of life, which, at their command, gushed from the rock and in the wilderness of New England. "Their efforts, however," as Peirce informs us, "were not attended with much success; for those natives, who undertook to study, were apt to become tired and discontented, and to return to their countrymen; they frequently grew sick and died, after having made considerable

proficiency in learning ; and though several Indians were admitted into the college, only one was ever graduated. His name was Caleb Cheeshahteumuck." We heard the following account of him from an aged graduate of Harvard, who would not, however, vouch for the correctness of the story in every particular. We give it as nearly as possible in the old gentleman's own words.

Without detaining you, said he, though it might be interesting, with any history of my examination ; or of the forms I went through on entering, I will begin at once with the time I first saw Caleb the Indian. The chapel and commons-hall were then in Harvard, beneath the room which contains the library. I well recollect the freshman diffidence which I felt on my attendance at prayers, the first evening of the term. I tumbled into the nearest seat, — a wrong one, — and did not dare to raise my eyes from the floor, during the whole service. As soon as it was completed, I hastened, with my companions, into the opposite room, where we were each provided with bread and milk. No table was set, or regular supper prepared, but, bowl in hand, we walked about the hall, which at this time was a complete exchange for news and chit-chat. I was greedily devouring my meal, when some one cried out ; "Who will be the Indian's chum ?" We all gazed with great curiosity at the quarter whence the voice came, and I beheld as faultless a specimen of the red tribe, as the young Mohawk warrior, to whom West, the painter, compared the statue of Apollo. His hair, which was a glossy black,

"Down from his parted fore-lock manly hung,"

in clusters round a face, which attracted attention not less by its extraordinary beauty, than by its intellectual expression. His forehead was smooth and high, like some of those massive fronts, which seem designed to bear down all obstacles. His complexion was lighter than

that of many a Spaniard I have seen, and his eye and whole carriage told you that the spirit inhabiting that form possessed all the energy, and nobleness, and dignity of the Indian character.

In consequence of a romantic cast, I had a fervent admiration for the whole race, and my eye was hardly fixed upon the youth, who was about eighteen, when I rushed to his side, and arrangements were made, by which he became my room-mate and intimate friend through college.

In those days, when the privilege of boxing the students' ears was expressly reserved to the officers of the government, there were many laws of the University which Caleb found it impossible to obey. Among them was one requiring that "all the scholars should be uncovered, or take off their hats in the College yard, when the president or any of the tutors were present, or were passing through. At all times, the *freshmen* were to keep their hats off in the yard, unless when it rained." Caleb set at defiance all such encroachments upon his personal freedom. I well remember his answer to a Sophomoric scrimp pipe stem puffing out tobacco smoke, who ordered him to doff his cap. Caleb looked down upon him with great contempt, but the diminutive, curly-headed lap-dog, nothing daunted, squeaked out again; "Take your cap off, Sir." My friend seized him in his arms, held him, kicking in the air, up to it, and said, "Take it off yourself."

I do not believe there was ever in the world another man so completely grotesque and unique as Tutor Bugbie. He wore a wig to which time and ink (he always wiped his pen upon his hair) had given the semblance of Joseph's coat. His skin was like the binding of an old and much handled law book, and he seemed to think it would not bear smiling without cracking, for he generally kept a countenance of imperturbable gravity. At one

time he was Steward of the College. Nothing vexed him more than for the students to call for their term bills, near the end of the term, before they were made out. His peculiar irritability on this point being notorious, a combination was entered into between the four classes, to proceed successively to his office, and inquire if their bills were ready. The freshmen went first, thronging in great numbers round the window. The steward gave them a look of surprise and anger; and after some timidity, one of them asked him the prescribed question. Without deigning to answer, he motioned to them to be off, with a wave of his hand something in the style (though with more dignity) of a shepherd scaring a flock of sheep. Next came the sophomores. They met with a similar — a scornfully silent, reception, accompanied with more violent gestures. The juniors followed. "What do you want?" cried out Mr. Bugbie, now completely excited with rage. "Are our term —" "Away with you, off with you, what do you mean?" shouted the officer. Last came the seniors. They walked up with great dignity, and arranged themselves in front of the window. "What are you here for?" "Are our term bil——." Before the query was completed, the steward's wig was off his head, and came whizzing through the air, — scattering incense in its path, — at the head of the speaker. It struck him full in the face, and covered him with flour and dirt; but it never graced the head of Mr. Bugbie again. We were returning, satisfied with the success of our project, when we met the Indian, who had not been informed of our plan. Some one inquired if he had his term bill, and on his replying in the negative, pointed to the room, from the window of which the steward was still reaching his head, bald and glowing with rage, and told him to ask that gentleman for it. Caleb marched up very innocently, and with native gravity, requested his

term bill. "Ye - ye - yes," answered the steward, his mouth quivering with rage, "come in, come in, and you shall have it." Caleb proceeded into the room, but had scarcely stepped his foot in, when Bugbie seized him by the collar, and attempted to strike him with a cow-hide; but before it descended, the athletic Indian arrested it, next threw it out of the window, placed his struggling opponent in the closet, turned the key, and left the room.

The tutors of that day were required to board in commons, to preserve order among the students. A few of the younger and more thoughtless scholars were in the habit of throwing articles of food from their forks at the tables behind them. Tutor Knowlton, a devout man, who never smiled, was passing through the hall to his accustomed seat, when a large and soft potatoe struck him on the cheek, and remained adhering to it and steaming. He passed on, without noticing it, with the same look of heavenly serenity and pious resignation as before. When he came to the table where his fellow tutors sat, they all smiled; but Bugbie burst into a loud and irrepressible fit of laughter. The others, who had soon recovered their gravity, rebuked him by their looks, but to no purpose. He laughed until he nearly fell from his seat, and it was not till he attracted the attention of the whole hall, that he obtained any control over himself. Nor did his composure remain long undisturbed. Tutor Knowlton turned to him, and with a face indicative of Christian indignation, said, with a soft, lisping voice, "Mr. Bugbie, you have hurt my feelings, I shall never forgive you;" then, with a mathematical twirl of his hand, removed the potatoe. Bugbie could not resist this appeal and gesture. He rolled about in his chair, with the tears running down his cheeks, absolutely screaming with delight.

(To be Continued.)

HARVARDIANA.

No. XII.

THE INDIAN GRADUATE.

(Concluded.)

BUT his enjoyment was soon interrupted by an unlucky potatoe, which, thrown in the manner I have before described, fell into a bowl of gravy, just before him, liberally distributing the contents over his snow-white shirt and red velvet waistcoat. He was sobered in a moment; there was nothing to laugh at now, and springing to his feet, he struck the table with both hands, and exclaimed, in a furious passion — “Who did that?” Every scholar’s eye was directed to his plate; they all appeared busily engaged in eating, and the culprit was never detected.

Caleb, notwithstanding his fondness for learning, had lost none of the true Indian relish for hunting, and I accompanied him on several excursions in the vacations. The intense enjoyment I took in these delightful tours was truly enviable. The whole scene — the bright, exhilarating mornings — the beautiful landscapes — and my own buoyant feelings, when I started upon our adventurous expeditions with my noble-hearted friend, were lately brought powerfully to mind, by reading the fol-

lowing animating verse from Motherwell, a living Scotch poet, in many respects equal to Burns.

“ The grass is wet with shining dew,
 Their silver bells hang on each tree,
 While opening flower and bursting bud
 Breathe incense forth unceasingly ;
 The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
 The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
 And cheerily the blithesome lark
 Salutes the rosy face of morn.
 ’T is early prime,
 And hark ! hark ! hark !
 His merry chime
 Chirrup the lark :
 Chirrup ! chirrup ! he heralds in
 The jolly sun with matin hymn.”

I said our excursions were adventurous. They were, in fact, often attended with great danger, from the nature of our game, (which was bears and wolves, as well as the more edible animals,) and from hostile tribes of Indians. We had wandered, on one occasion, in pursuit of a wolf, near a hundred miles from Boston, when we fell in with a party of Chinango Indians. They immediately seized us and took away our guns, whose purpose they understood, though not the manner of using them. We were bound, and marched in front between two lusty Indians. My companion manifested the Indian stoicism usual in such emergencies, but for myself, I could not suppress great anxiety as to our probable fate. We proceeded till evening, when we encamped for the night under some lofty trees. The savages placed us at a distance from the main body of the party, with three or four as a guard. Nothing had yet escaped them as to their intentions respecting us. Caleb informed me that they were a malicious and extremely superstitious tribe. The worst was to be dreaded from their vindictiveness, and we must endeavour to excite in them feelings of reverence or fear.

They endeavoured to kindle a fire, but were unable to obtain a light, on account of the dampness of the weather. Caleb waited until they were thoroughly vexed by their disappointment; then in the Chinango language, with which he was well acquainted, he informed one of the guards that if our bonds were removed, he would give them a light immediately. The man pointed to the gun, with which they were afraid to meddle, and answered, so Caleb interpreted — “I suppose you wish to get that man-killer into your hands.” “No, by no means,” Caleb replied, “send your chief here, and I will explain my meaning to him.” “The chief is here,” said a deep voice at our side — “unloose the prisoners.” This was soon done; and my friend, taking from his pack a box of patent matches, which had been sent over to a few of the aristocratic families in Boston, lighted some of them in succession. At each ignition, a guttural “Hugh” of surprise escaped from the Indians. A fire was quickly kindled; we were allowed to sit near it, and henceforth were treated with more respect.

But another difficulty now occurred. The savages as well as ourselves had been unsuccessful in the chase, and *they* were *totally* destitute of provisions. Caleb learnt from them that they had eaten but little for two days, and from their significant looks and probable appetites, I began to be apprehensive of the safety of my body corporate. My chum, however, calmed my fears, by producing a small jar of Portable Soup. Some water was brought from a neighbouring spring, and a vessel, which the savages carried with them, being placed over the fire, and the soup put in, we all made a delicious and hearty meal.

Having amply satisfied their appetites, the Indians made preparations for sleep. We were closely watched during the night, and as soon as the first dawn of morning

appeared, the whole party sprung to their feet, and continued their journey homeward. We had not, however, proceeded far before one of the women, (thirteen had been taken captives in an attack upon a hostile tribe,) was seized with the pains of child-birth. A fine, healthy boy was brought into the world; but the event was so entirely unexpected, that unluckily there was no dress ready to clothe its naked limbs; and the Indians, always irritated at any thing that may impede their march, would not permit the other women to assist the mother. Caleb took the shivering child from its half-clad parent, and I perceived that some benevolent design was forming in his brain, but what it could be I could not conjecture. He proved himself, however, equal to this emergency. He drew from his pack his powder flask, 'made of catout-chouc, in the shape of the human figure, and emptied it of its contents. In consequence of long use, it had become very soft and pliant. He next cut off the head, and before my amazement was over, I beheld the copper-colored babe snugly ensconced in it up to the ears. A string was tied under its arms, and in this novel but warm and easy covering, the child was appended to its mother's neck.

The savages now began to regard my chum as endowed with more than human power. The chief considered him a favorite of the Great Spirit, and told him if he would transport them safely over a river a few miles distant, which bordered upon their country, he would liberate us. In the mean time it was necessary to observe great caution, as we were passing through an enemy's land. Accordingly we were continuing on our way with extreme secrecy, when we were overtaken by a severe thunder storm. We took shelter under some immense elms, Caleb warning the Indians to stand at a distance from the trunks, to avoid danger. My friend's gun was

leaning against a huge tree, far overtopping the rest, over which a large, black cloud was suspended. Caleb anticipated this tree would be struck, and in order to give the savages a more fearful idea of his power, that we might be the sooner extricated from their clutches, he ventured to command the lightning to descend upon it. Scarcely had the words issued from his mouth, when the fiery element rushed down the lofty tree with tremendous effect, and a roar of thunder, as if the great globe were bursting asunder, terrified the most courageous. As soon as we recovered from our alarm, we hurried to the spot to examine the effects of the discharge. To our astonishment we saw a man prostrate at the foot of the tree, and motionless. While I was endeavouring to ascertain if life yet remained, our chief approached; and when he saw the body, manifested towards it the utmost animosity. It was long before he could sufficiently restrain his passion to express himself intelligibly; but finally we learnt that the dead man was his most inveterate enemy, the head of the tribe against which he had been warring his whole life. Perceiving some marks of blood about the breast, I examined, and discovered a hole directly through the heart, which I knew at once must be produced by a bullet. I looked round for the gun, and saw it at some distance from the tree, lying upon the ground. It had been discharged, and was evidently the principal, if not the only cause of the man's death; for no signs of injury by lightning were discernible about his person.

We communicated this fact to the chief; and probing the wound found the bullet, which we placed in his hands. As soon as he understood the matter he knelt, and supplicating our forgiveness for detaining us, told us that we were at liberty,—he would not attempt to confine those who could at any time free themselves. But

desirous to excite still more amazement in these untutored breasts, we answered that we should extend to them our protection, until we saw them safely landed in their own country, to which it was our pleasure they should proceed as speedily as possible.

In a few hours we arrived at the banks of the river. The country on both sides was bare of trees, an extensive conflagration having destroyed them the preceding year. The Indians, who had no means themselves for crossing the stream, looked to us for the promised assistance. I could not devise any expedient; there was no wood near of which to construct a raft or boat of any kind; and the river was deep and too broad to cross by swimming. Caleb's inexhaustible pack again came to our aid in this time of need. He slowly drew a silk handkerchief from its unfathomable depths, and untying it, took out a long black object which he unrolled. When he had completed this process, which occupied some time, I saw, unfolded to view, a large and elegant India rubber galley, capable of holding a dozen persons.

This beautiful little vessel, light, safe, and water-tight, was sent over by the firm of "Brothers & Co." to the Governor of the Province, who lent it to my friend, — who was an especial favorite with him, — to use during his hunting excursions. The company mentioned above manufactured articles of various kinds out of catoutchouc. They were also famous for many other useful discoveries. They had found out a sure means of exterminating vermin, for which her Majesty was so grateful that she allowed them to put on their sign the enviable distinction — "Bug-Poisoners to her Majesty."

When all the Indians had passed the river, we took a friendly leave of them, and began our return home, where we arrived in safety, after a month's absence. Nothing else of moment happened during our college life, and

finally, thirty-nine of us (a large class for those days) took the first step in Arts together. The performances at Commencement were essentially different from those of the present time. They consisted principally of disputations in Latin on theses which had been previously printed. Though most of us had not a high opinion of the Class, we thought the exercises tolerably fair; but to our surprise, we saw the following notice the next day in one of the Newspapers.

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS MIRROR.

"Yesterday was Commencement at Harvard College. The principal merit of the President's prayer was its brevity. The students' Latin would be disgraceful to an Irish Professor of Hebrew. The delivery was abominably wretched; redundant in gestures,

They kept their arms flying,
As if they were trying,
With face and neck burning,
A windlass by turning,
To exhaust all the deep well of truth.

The whole exercises were flat, stale, and unprofitable, with the exception, perhaps, of the dispute on the thesis, "*Luna est caseus musteus*." Both the affirmative and negative of this interesting question were ably supported; but we were especially filled with admiration at the learned President's decision, which was—'*Anne luna sit caseus musteus, nescimus*.'"

We held a class meeting, unanimously voted the editor an ignorant puppy, and entered the world with as good an opinion of ourselves as ever.

Shortly after leaving college, Caleb, who had been previously intimate with some of the first families in Boston, became acquainted with a gentleman named Pearson. He was a stern loyalist, and regarded with detestation the proceedings of the whigs of America

against England. The difficulties between the two countries were just commencing, and Parliament had lately passed the law which required that all accused of high treason should be sent to the mother country for trial. Theodore Pearson, the son of the old gentleman mentioned above, and Caleb were close friends, and shared in the indignation with which the news of this law was received.

Mr. Pearson had but one child besides Theodore. Her name was Jane. I have heard Caleb describe her in the most glowing terms—that bright vision of beauty has blessed my sight—and pardon the rapture of an old man, if I portray it to you. Her face was Grecian; her eyes were of a lighter blue than azure, large and beaming with kindness and intellect; her hair, soft and glossy, was light brown; her complexion combined the softened tenderness of elegant life with the flush of vigorous health; her neck, graceful as sculptured marble, was gently rounded into a bosom which rose and sunk to the palpitations of as noble a heart as ever beat in human breast; her form was perfect—I do not exaggerate—but why should an old man dwell upon her *person*, when her *mind* presented far nobler and more attractive qualities. She could hold a tough argument with the literary worthies of the Province; she had true independence of thought, not forcing her opinions upon others, nor declining to express them through fear of authority; she possessed a fervent, a truly feminine love of the true and the beautiful. Whatever was generous, whatever was noble, created a kindred thrill within her soul. She was capable of the most exalted self-sacrificing love, and she gave ample proof of the tenacity of her attachment. She was not a creature of forms; many of her actions might not be deemed *à la mode*, but they were the promptings of true, hearty girlish vivacity.

Caleb became a frequent visiter at her house. He conversed with her and admired her naturalness, her freedom of action and of thought, so different from others of her sex, who are for the most part trammelled by conventional rules. She was on first acquaintance pleased with my friend's graceful figure and handsome face, which really made great havoc among the ante not anti revolutionary belles. Jane, however, was not a girl to be fascinated by a merely "pretty fellow," and had Caleb possessed none but external charms, he would quickly have been dismissed from her mind. But he discovered exalted qualities of heart and intellect; he sympathized with her in her thoughts and feelings, and an affection sprung up between them "lasting as life, and strong e'en in the bonds of death."

We have said before, that great agitation was occasioned in Massachusetts by the act of Parliament requiring all accused of treason to be sent to England for trial. A meeting of the citizens was called to consult what measures should be adopted in relation to the law. An address was read to them of a highly inflaming nature, to which were appended resolutions expressive of the utmost indignation, and of a determination to resist the enforcement of the law. Theodore Pearson, who, unknown to his father, was a violent Whig, at this meeting broke through all precautions of secrecy, and boldly avowed himself a decided friend to the Americans, and an enemy to British aggression. He was particularly caustic in his remarks on the conduct of George the Third.

After the meeting was dissolved, Theodore returned home with his friend Caleb, who had been among his hearers. They found Jane anxiously awaiting their coming; for the city was in a state of great disturbance. Her father was in the parlor. They conversed upon the

events of the evening, and Theodore openly declared his political opinions. An angry discussion ensued, which was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced that two British officers were below.

"The servants of his majesty are ever welcome," said the stern old tory,—"show them up; they shall find loyalty and hospitality yet remaining in the province." The officers entered, and showing their authority, claimed the person of Theodore Pearson as guilty of high treason. The father gazed upon his son with a bewildered look; the blow was too sudden and terrible for him; he could not understand it; his senses reeled, and he would have fallen, had not his son rushed to his side and supported him. He soon recovered, and when he noticed whose arms were around him, he exclaimed, dashing them away,—"Off, off, you recreant from my blood; traitor to your king and your country, thou art no son of mine." But this paroxysm of rage did not continue long. When it was explained to him that the cause of his son's apprehension was the speech he had delivered in the assembly of the people that evening, and that he would be sent to England, there to be tried, and to be executed, if found guilty, all the father was awakened in him. The old man, distracted between loyalty and parental love, would now express deep reprobation of his child's sentiments, and now weep upon his neck, and manifest distressing anxiety respecting his fate. The Indian stood at a little distance, at a window, whither he had conveyed the daughter, who was slowly recovering from the effects of the tidings. She at length tottered towards her brother, and fell into his embrace. She entreated to know of the officers, if he could be permitted to remain with his family, and when this was denied, she turned to her father, and supplicated him to be reconciled to his son, and to bless him. The old man approached, placed his hands

upon his child's head, and moved his lips inaudibly. Shortly after, Theodore Pearson, accompanied by the Indian, departed, and was placed in close custody.

Caleb had formed a noble design before leaving the house. He had drawn up the fiery resolutions which were read at the meeting before which Theodore had delivered his unfortunate speech. The government might be more desirous to arrest the author of these than their supporter. If so, if pledges should be given of the liberty of his friend in case the originator of the public meeting were given up, — his determination was made; he would save Theodore by laying down his own life. Having attended his friend to prison, and endeavoured to cheer his spirits, by holding out to him a prospect of a speedy deliverance, he pursued his way to the Governor's mansion. The result of the conversation, so anxious were the British to secure the principal offender, was a solemn promise in writing, that Mr. Pearson should be instantly set at liberty, on the surrender of the author of the obnoxious resolutions. "I am the man," said the Indian. The Governor started; we have already hinted that Caleb was a favorite with him; he also knew of the attachment between him and Miss Pearson. He suspected that his affection was causing him to sacrifice himself innocently for the brother of his beloved. "Caleb," he replied, "this is madness; it is incredible. What sympathy can *you* have with these fool-hardy rebels in their rash measures!" "My story is true," answered the Indian; "there are the resolutions in the original manuscript. If demanded, I can bring testimony that I composed them. I claim the fulfilment of your promise. The Governor, crafty as a lawyer, in the discharge of his duty, pretended not to believe the Indian till he had extracted from him a full account of the meeting, and the names of witnesses amply sufficient to convict him. He then gave an order for Pearson's release, and the Indian was sent to prison.

I called upon Miss Pearson a week after the events just narrated. I was an old, and I trust, an esteemed acquaintance ; and I was requested by her brother to do my best to soothe her mind, nearly insane as it was, in consequence of these unhappy occurrences. I was prepared to see a considerable alteration in her appearance ; but I confess, when she entered the room, I was shocked at the emaciation which a few days of misery had produced. I approached her, and, with as much firmness of voice as possible, uttered a few words of consolation and hope. She shook her head ; she knew the danger in which her lover stood, and indeed it was imminent. The British Government were in a state of violent exasperation, in consequence of the insults offered to their functionaries in this country, and had expressed a determination to visit the full extent of their vengeance upon every leader in rebellious measures. The next day, a vessel of war was to set sail for London, in which Caleb was to be conveyed for trial. This circumstance was known to Miss Pearson ; she had been to the prison several times in company with her brother, to see her lover, and the next morning she was to visit him for the last time. I obtained permission to accompany her, and finding myself unable to afford her any relief, I left the house.

Miss Pearson was not conscious of the strength of her attachment herself, till time proved its power. She admired Caleb's manly bearing, his vigorous intellect, and generous heart, but she had not imagined him capable of such magnanimity and heroic self-denial as he had evinced towards Theodore. She had before loved him, but now she revered him as a superior being. Possessing an exalted character herself, she felt an overpowering enthusiasm for the truly godlike traits which he had discovered. Her deep sorrow that one, whom she so much esteemed and loved, was to be torn from her for

ever, was fast wasting away her frame. Her father, who had formerly been adverse to Caleb's attentions, was so grateful to him for preserving Theodore from danger, that he declared his willingness to bestow his daughter upon him at any moment, notwithstanding the accusation against him of high treason. Mr. Pearson was at this time confined to his chamber, dangerously ill from anxiety of mind.

At the appointed time, I went with Theodore and his sister to the prison. We found Caleb composed and even cheerful. He raised Miss Pearson's hand respectfully to his lips, thanking her for her kindness in visiting him so frequently. He knew not of the dearer claim which he might have to it, through her own and her parent's permission. He had thought, notwithstanding Miss Pearson's pleasure in his company, that family prejudices would prevent him from ever calling her his own; but inclination had induced him to persevere in what he deemed fruitless attentions. He was soon to be undeceived, and to learn, that both with the consent of her relations and her own free will, that noble girl might become his bride.

We informed him that the day for his departure was come. "The jailor has just told me so," he replied, "and then I thought myself fully prepared to go. I did not realize how bitterly the words would sound, coming from the lips of my friends." "Caleb," said Theodore, "you shall not go alone. I will share your voyage; I will be a partner in your danger, and there is ——" "No, no," he interrupted, "you can render me no assistance, you will only increase my misery. I charge you, by your regard for your father's health, to stay and endeavour to restore it. Should he be taken away, there is another," he added with a sigh, "who will need all your care, in whom I have felt an interest, — for whose hand I have dared to hope." — "It is yours now," exclaimed

Theodore; "noble youth, you have saved my life; my sister has long loved you; she will be proud to be called your wife, — I, to press you to my heart as my brother." A blush of maiden modesty suffused Jane's face, — but for an instant only; she went up to him, and taking his hand, — "Caleb," said she, "this is no time or place for ceremony. What my brother says is true. I have long been warmly attached to you. Your fears often expressed to my brother, that both my father and myself would disapprove your pretensions, are ill founded. My father has pronounced his consent, and after my brother's declaration, need I say that mine is not wanting." "Lovely, generous girl," cried Caleb, imprinting the first kiss upon her lips, — "can I express to you all the admiration, the joy which fill my soul. — But," he continued, as if soliloquizing, "ought I, a prisoner and in danger of my life, to form an engagement with one who may expect an alliance with the titled and the happy? No," he added, after a long pause, "my heart, my reason say no." Then turning to Miss Pearson, he said, "but now I thought my cup of joy was full. I forgot my bonds. The probability is that I may never return from England. I may die an ignominious death there. I would not have a thought of me, Jane, sadden your young life. Dismiss me from your mind as soon as possible, and may you be happy with some one more fortunate than I." "Caleb," exclaimed Miss Pearson, "where my heart is once fixed, it can never be revoked. Shall I remain here, while you are exposed to insult and to peril of life? No, Caleb; the vow which will be pronounced by us will oblige me to share your weal and woe. I will accompany you to England, to return with you in joy, or to sleep with you there, in the grave."

The Indian stood irresolute. The temptation was great. A young and beautiful girl, in whom his affections were

garnered up, and whom to call his bride he would, in other circumstances, think the summit of bliss, offered him her hand. Her father and brother were willing, nay desirous, that the union should take place. The object, for which he had anxiously and secretly hoped, was within his reach. He was fast yielding to his wishes in their struggle against his judgment, when an officer entered and informed him it was time to leave the prison. That incident decided him. The necessity of coming to an instant determination aroused all the manliness of his nature. "Jane," he began, "your affectionate self-denial renders you doubly dear to me, but I should be most base, were I to subject you to the hardships and sorrows I must endure. I may be condemned to death. Should I not be infamously selfish, if I were willing to incur the possibility of leaving you friendless and miserable in a foreign land?" "But" answered Miss Pearson, "what will the world say of me, if I remain at home, in comfort and affluence, while my lover is perhaps destitute and wretched abroad?" The officer interrupted her, and announced that the vessel was weighing anchor, and that the Indian must instantly depart. At this intelligence, Miss Pearson rushed to Caleb, and embracing his knees, entreated him to allow her to go with him. "Caleb" she said, "if you reject my supplication, something whispers me I shall never see you again. Here I shall be in misery; let me be with you, and I ask no joy in the world beside. You may be unwell; you may be attacked by a thousand harms. My hand may be *indispensable* to save your life; my eye to guard you from danger. I will be no burden to you. Let me, oh let me go with you. I cannot part from you now, with the dread thought that it may be for ever. I am sad now, but I can look blithesome as a lark. I will cheer the dull hours of imprisonment, and if you are—Caleb, I must speak the word—if you are ex-

ecuted, I would be by your side, to join you in prayer, to catch your last words, to receive your last, fond kiss. Caleb, oh let me go."

I turned away to conceal the tears which were fast flowing from my eyes. Even the rough guard was overcome. But Caleb manifested all the lofty heroism of the Indian character. The spirits of his eagle fathers, who were lords over half the continent, beamed from his countenance. It was pale but fixed as marble. His breast heaved tumultuously, but his face spoke the suppression of passion, the sternness of resolve. He gazed earnestly on the noble-hearted girl who had fainted in his arms, fastened his lips to hers in one long, *last* kiss of love, and hastened from the room. He went forth *alone, to die*.

Theodore and myself took measures to resuscitate Miss Pearson, and silent and sorrowful, we returned home. From that day, the image of her lover was continually present to her mind. No efforts to enliven her spirits were successful. She was melancholy and absent, and answered our anticipations of Caleb's return, with only a faint smile. Fate seemed to warn her against all such hopes, and the flame of life was fast flickering to its close. A few months elapsed, and news was received of Caleb's condemnation to death and pardon by the king; but the same mail brought intelligence that he had died of consumption, occasioned by harsh treatment on board the vessel in which he was sent out, and in prison. Jane appeared to expect the tidings, she was quite calm when they were disclosed to her; a slight hectic only crossed her cheek, succeeded by a paleness, which, with the thinness of her figure, indicated the disease that was preying upon her system. A few weeks passed, and death mercifully relieved of its burden the spirit so early crushed by human affliction.

G.

LINES TO ——— ON THE DEATH OF HIS FRIEND.

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it."

SHE sleeps not where the gladsome earth
 Its dark green growth of verdure waves;
 And where the winds' low whispering mirth
 Steals o'er the silent graves.

She sleeps not where the wild rose lends
 Its fragrance to the morning air;
 And where thy form at evening bends
 To raise the voice of prayer.

She sleeps not where the wandering wing
 Of weary bird will oft repose,
 And bid Death's lonely dwelling ring
 When shades around it close.

She sleeps not there—the wild flower's blush
 Would kindle up her closed eye;
 She could not hear sweet music's gush
 Pass all unheeded by.

Vain, vain would earth call forth again
 Her children from their narrow bed;
 The soul that loved her joyous strain
 Has fled, — for ever fled.

The spirit's robe earth gave is there,
 Where leans yon wild flower's cheek of bloom,
 Where rises oft thy voice of prayer, —
The spirit has no tomb.

I.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha, compuesto por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Nueva edicion clásica, ilustrada con notas históricas, gramaticales y críticas, por la academia española, sus individuos de número Pellicer, Arrieta, y Clemencin. Emendada y corregida por Francisco Sales, A. M., Instructor de Frances y Español en la Universidad de Harvard, en Cambrigia, Estado de Massachusetts, Norte América. En dos tomos.

WE congratulate the lovers of the Spanish language and literature on the appearance of a new and correct edition of the noble work of Cervantes, published now in the original for the first time in the United States, and we believe we may say, in the New World. We rejoice, not only because the adventures of the renowned knight of La Mancha can be read in an accurate and beautiful form, but at the proof thus afforded of the increasing attention that is given to the cultivation of the Spanish language amongst us. An edition like the present has been much wanted; the Spanish copies hitherto generally used here have been incorrect and imperfect, abounding in errors, printed in bad type and on worse paper, forming a contrast with the present edition as great as can be imagined.

Some idea of the care that has been taken in its execution, and the emendations that have been made, may be formed from the following extracts from the Editor's preface.

"We have taken as our standard the edition of the Royal Spanish Academy of 1819, and have introduced into the text the corrections and improvements which are contained in its valuable notes, but have omitted the *various readings*, as not required for general readers. We have also consulted the edition of Pellicer, printed at

Madrid in 1797 ; that of Arrieta, which appeared at Paris in 1826 ; and the first part of the *Knight of La Mancha*, with the commentary of Clemencin, published at Madrid in 1833, in three volumes 8vo. ; and have freely availed ourselves of all the notes and observations, whether grammatical or critical and historical.

"This edition contains a likeness of the incomparable author of *Don Quixote*, copied from one contained in the Paris edition above mentioned, by Mr. D. C. Johnston, a distinguished engraver of this metropolis ; also ten plates, illustrating different adventures, seven of them copied from the illustrations by Cruikshank, contained in an edition of Smollett's translation, published in London, in 1833, and the three others designed and engraved by the above-named ingenious American artist ; likewise, a map of a part of the kingdom of Spain, comprising the districts traversed by *Don Quixote*, and the seats of his adventures, taken from the one contained in the above-mentioned edition of Arrieta, but executed with much more elegance and correctness, by Mr. G. W. Boynton, a skilful engraver of this city."

The present edition is likewise enriched by the preface of Clemencin, the last distinguished and lamented commentator. It is needless to say any thing in favor of a work, which has received the seal of universal approbation. It has been translated into almost all languages, and read by all classes with delight. It was the remark of Montesquieu that it was the only good book in the language ; and that accomplished critic and scholar Schlegel considered it a work unrivalled in its way in the literature of any nation. Such is the power and beauty of its style, the fertility of poetic invention which the work discovers, its beautiful combination of gravity and humor, of poetry and wit, the exquisite picture it gives of Spanish manners and character, the deep and varied knowledge of human nature it evinces, and especially the noble spirit of Chivalry that beams forth from the battered figure of its uncouth representative, that it will be always

read with increasing delight, both by the peasant and the scholar. While the one will be able to understand its nice touches of humor, its less obvious beauties will not be concealed from the eye of the other.

No work has furnished writers with so many allusions and illustrations, as Don Quixote. So frequently have they been brought before us, that all its characters have an air of reality about them, such as belongs to no other tale. The spare and upright figure of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, his pasteboard visor, and tonsorial helmet, his lean and ancient steed, Sancho, with a body short and fat, the contrast of his master's, with his dapple ass, forming a perfect *partie quarrée*, all are familiar to us as the most common images of every-day life.

Much as Don Quixote has been admired, yet we think it has not been so fully appreciated as it hereafter will be. It has for the most part been read through the dim and uncertain light of translation, a light which can seldom show more than an outline of the lineaments of the original. Of the English translations, that we have seen, no one, not even Motteux's, which we think the best, has made any approach to the inimitable beauty of the style of Cervantes, or has caught, with any degree of success, the distinctive traits of the knight and his squire. The subject is peculiarly a Spanish one, and it can be perfectly delineated in none but the Spanish language. In the style of Cervantes there is all the nobleness and simplicity of the ancient romances united with a vividness of coloring, a precision and harmony of expression, that has never been equalled; and it is always suited to the different characters. The knight himself always utters his thoughts with a solemnity and pomp of diction, corresponding to the dignity of his profession, and contrasting finely with the plebeian tongue of his squire. And it would be as much impossible to translate into English

the sustained language of the one, as to express upon paper the peculiarities that accompanied the expression of the proverbs of the other. In the original the hero has by no means the air of a fool or a buffoon, given him by our English Translators. His real character is grave, dignified, noble, and even beautiful, possessing much nationality as well as individuality; intelligent on all subjects but one, and on that insane; accomplished to the highest degree, and yet the continual subject of ridicule; with the greatest bravery, he unites the most generous and honorable feelings; ready at any moment to hazard his life for the relief of the feeble and oppressed, he is as gentle as enthusiastic, disinterested as brave. With a refined taste, a cultivated intellect, he far surpassed in honor, loyalty, and in every quality, which forms the perfect knight, the imaginary heroes whom he took for his models. The spirit that he breathes is unquestionably the noblest spirit of chivalry; and, as has been truly remarked, "if ever the flame of Spanish liberty is destined to break forth, it is owing to Cervantes and his Knight of La Mancha, that the spark of generous sentiment and romantic enterprise has not been quite extinguished."

The object of Cervantes in writing this work has been made a subject of much discussion. But we think there ought not to be much doubt that it was directed against those books of chivalry with which Spain was then overrun, which, wretched in their composition, were doing incalculable injury to the Spanish character, by misdirecting the national spirit and corrupting its taste. We know indeed that Sismondi attributes to the author an allegorical purpose, and imagines his work intended as an universal satire. This opinion he defends by saying, that the attempt to cast ridicule upon a particular class of literature was beneath the dignity of the genius of Cervantes. To this we think it a sufficient reply, that the object

we have mentioned is the one that Cervantes himself acknowledged; especially when we consider how great at that time was the rage for this sort of writing and reading. We are told by Guevara that the young men did nothing but read books of knight-errantry, and to such an extent that they came at last to regard the Arthurs, the Amadis-es, and Orlandos of these tales as having had a real existence. It was natural therefore that Cervantes should attempt to check this kind of writing, and cast ridicule upon its readers. Nor would it have been surprising, had he, instead of devoting a short time, spent a considerable part of his life in attempting to put an end to a fanaticism so extraordinary.

When Cervantes had finished his romance, he was little aware of the great work he had accomplished. He had effected his object; a new revolution in literature at once took place. But this was but a small part of his glory. Without a thought of posterity or literary reputation he had written in a classical and inimitable style a work which was always to be read and admired. That he thought but little of it, is evident from the carelessness with which it was composed. It has properly speaking no plan. Attempts have been made to render the incidents chronological, but this has been found impossible. In some parts the hero is contemporary with his author, in others he belongs to a remote age. The events of the morning and evening are often united. In short it abounds throughout with mistakes and inconsistencies, which clearly evince how little care was taken in its composition, and the small estimation in which it was held by its author.

No one can fully appreciate the beauty of Don Quixote, without some acquaintance with the character of Cervantes. The English accounts of him are meagre. The best is that of Lockhart prefixed to Motteux's translation.

A very interesting life of Cervantes has been written by Navarrete, who has much distinguished himself, not only by this work, but by his indefatigable and successful labors to throw light on the life of Columbus and the early history of Spanish maritime discovery. We hope that this work will soon be rendered accessible to all the admirers of Cervantes through the medium of a good translation. In early life Cervantes was remarkable for his love of study and fondness for poetry and fiction. He became a soldier and distinguished himself in several battles; was taken captive and sold as a slave. While in Algiers he formed many bold and sagacious plans for the escape of himself and his fellow countrymen; but which by untoward circumstances were frustrated when just on the point of being carried into execution. He was finally ransomed, returned to Spain, again served as a soldier, and there devoted himself to literature, and published many works both of poetry and prose. He suffered much from poverty and persecution, and lived and died neglected by his ungrateful countrymen. The vicissitudes of his strange and eventful life, united with his enthusiastic temperament, gave him an insight into human nature and a knowledge of character, such as few have possessed, and which well fitted him for his great work. A beautiful character of him is given by Navarrete in the conclusion of his life. "If," says he, "Cervantes is deserving of high regard for the fertility of his genius and the extent of his knowledge, he is not less worthy of esteem for his elevated virtues. He knew how, like a true Christian philosopher, to be religious without superstition, warm in his faith and worship without fanaticism, a lover of his countrymen without prejudice, valiant in war without rashness, generous and charitable without ostentation, grateful for favors without servility, candid and thankful for just censure as much as for praise, moderate and

indulgent towards his rivals, answering their satire and invectives with good temper ; in fine, he never prostituted his pen through favor or interest, nor ever used it but for the good and happiness of his fellow men, and was always ready to praise to a degree that did more honor to the goodness of his heart than the correctness of his judgment.

“ Such is the history of the life and writings of Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra ; of that illustrious Spaniard, who, having shed his blood for his country in war, adorned it in peace with writings equally instructive and delightful, left a splendid example of virtue in his private relations, and finished his life with the tranquillity inspired by religion and Christian philosophy.”

The calmness with which he met death may be seen from the dedication of his last work, *Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*, to the Count de Lemas, written only four days before he died. “ I could have wished,” says he, “ not to have been called upon to make so close an application of those ancient verses which commenced with the words, *With foot already in the stirrup* ; for with very little alteration I may truly say, that with my foot in the stirrup and even now experiencing the pains of dissolution, I address to you, Senor, this letter. Yesterday I received extreme unction. To-day I have again taken up my pen ; the time is short ; my pains increase ; my hopes diminish ; yet do I greatly wish that my life might be extended, so that I might again behold you in Spain.”

Prefixed to the present edition is a good engraving, which corresponds well with the following description of his person in his preface to his *Novelas*. “ This man, whom you see with an eagle face, chestnut hair, open and easy countenance, bright eyes, a hooked but well proportioned nose, beard silvery, which less than twenty years since

was golden, large whiskers, small mouth with few teeth scattered at random, of middling stature, complexion clear, rather light than dark, somewhat heavy in the shoulders, and not very light of foot,—this man is commonly called Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra.”

With a single remark we will close this brief notice of Cervantes; and it is one that will make us more fully appreciate his character. It is that in reading *Don Quixote* we should remember it was not the result of youthful and buoyant feelings of ardent and ambitious hopes, that it was not written in the brightest and happiest season of life, but near the termination of a long and unhappy existence of hardship and suffering, and while age, affliction, and persecution were pressing heavily upon him.

It has often been erroneously thought that the literature of Spain is extremely limited. A greater mistake could not well be conceived; for in truth the literature of no nation would more richly repay the labor, which the examination of it would require. It is a mine of immense wealth that has but just begun to be wrought. It has a luxuriance, originality, and we might add an oriental character, which distinguish it from that of any other nation. In it are reflected all the dignity and pride, the loftiness and grandeur that were the distinguishing traits of this once brave and chivalrous nation. We see it indeed shining with sudden and fitful light, but these bright glimpses serve but to make the succeeding darkness the more palpable. In its early poetry we behold in vivid colors the traces of the heroism of its ancient knights, who for such a long time waged an unequal contest with their Saracen invaders, and in that of its most brilliant age, all the splendor and magnificence of its two most distinguished monarchs. Its dramatic literature is as great as that of all the other European nations together; and in devotional poetry it far excels any one of them.

The Spanish literature had a rich foundation and abundant were the materials for forming a solid, expansive, and beautiful literature. But bigotry came, and with it a long and dismal train of tyrants corrupting and suppressing the national spirit. With the decline of the noble Spanish character, the downfall of its popular literature was coincident. Thus in modern times it has stopped short, an *unfinished* literature. But may we not hope that in the onward progress of education and liberty, their quickening influences may be felt by the nation that has produced a Cid and Don Quixote ; that she will shake off the unnatural sluggishness in which she has so long been bound, be inspired with the spirit of her early knights, vindicate for herself a distinguished rank among the nations, and carry on and perfect her noble literature.

We cannot close these cursory remarks, without calling again the attention of the admirers of the Spanish language to the present rich and beautiful edition of Don Quixote. Its editor, Mr. Sales has for many years been distinguished for the zeal and ability with which, by his various publications, he has awakened and cherished a love for the Spanish literature in the new world. The American public have long owed him a debt of gratitude; and the present work, the execution of which is highly creditable to his judgment and acumen as a philologist,* and to his taste as a man of letters, greatly increases the obligation.

A.

* The notes are in Spanish, so as to adapt it better, as we understand, for the Spanish market. As every one, however, who wishes to enjoy Don Quixote in the original, would first make himself somewhat familiar with the language by reading a few modern productions, we are persuaded that the perusal of the notes, which are easy and plain, will be advantageous.

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